

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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DERWENTWATER.

The lakes of Cumberland have become of late years so celebrated that few tourists now visit England, who do not undertake a pilgrimage to a locality, famous as the residence of what are commonly called the Lake Poets, romantic from the touching history of Mary of Buttermere, and charming as a summer resort, from the picturesque character of the scenery.

The principal lakes of this region, though they may rather be termed expansions of the rivers to which they properly belong, are Bassenthwait, Buttermere, Ulleswater, Wastwater and Derwentwater.

At Rydal Mount lived Wordsworth, the great-

est of English philosophical poets. At Keswick, fifteen miles distant, Southey dwelt for many years; and scattered between and around these, the most permanent of all the literary men who made picturesque Cumberland their abode, were the residences of John Wilson, better known as Christopher North, of the Quaker Poet Lloyd, and of De Quincey, famous for his Confessions of an Opium Eater, and justly regarded at the present day as one of the foremost scholars and ablest critics in England. Here, too, Miss Harriet Martineau has of late years taken up her abode.

From Southey's residence, near Keswick, is a

fine view of Derwentwater. It is of an oval form, three miles in length, and a mile and a half wide. It is surrounded by rocky mountains, broken into many fantastic shapes. The precipices seldom overhang the water, but are arranged at some distance; and the shores swell into woody eminences or sink into green pastoral margins. The lake contains eight islands; one of which, near the centre, is famous for having been the residence of St. Herbert, the ruins of whose hermitage are yet remaining.

The vicinity to the lake itself would make this spot as a residence, most attractive. I think I like Derwentwater more than any other of the lakes. The mountains all around are so bold and so diversified in form. You see them showing themselves one behind another, many tending to the pyramidal form, and their hues as varied as their shapes. Some are of that peculiar tawny, or lion color, which is so singular in its effect in the Scotch mountains of the south; others so softly and smoothly green; others so black and desolate. Some are so beautifully wooded; others so bare. When you look onward to the end of the lake, the group of mountains and crags there, at the entrance of Borrowdale, is one of the most beautiful and pictorial things imaginable. If any artist would choose a scene for the entrance into fairy land, let him take that. When, again, you turn and look over the town, there soars aloft Skiddaw, in his giant grandeur, with all his slopes, ridges, dints, ravines, and summits, clear in the blue sky, or hung with the cloud-curtain of heaven, full of magnificent mystery. There is a perfect pyramid, broad and massy as those of Egypt, standing solemnly in one of its ascending vales, called Carrsledrum. The beautifully wooded islands of Derwentwater, eight in number, and the fine masses of wood that stretch away between the feet of the hills and the lake, with here and there a villa lighting up the scene, make it perfect. In all the changes of weather, the changes of aspect must be full of new beauty; but in bright and genial summer weather, how enchanting it must be! As it was at our visit, the deep black, yet transparent shadow that lay on some of the huge piles of mountain, and the soft light that lay on others, were indescribably noble and poetical, and the stranger exclaimed continually,—"Prachtig!" "Wunderschon!" and "Tres Beau!"

LIVING FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption: not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your

deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Great deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of Heaven.

The pains we spend upon our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give out of a good heart to others—the efforts of disinterested duty, the deeds and thoughts of pure affection—are never lost; they are liable to no waste, and are like a force that propagates for ever, changing itself but not losing its intensity. In short, there is a sense in which nothing human dies; nothing, at least, which proceeds from the higher and characteristic part of a man's nature; nothing which he does as a subject of God's moral law. Material structures are dissolved; the identity and fractions are gone; but mind partakes of the eternity of the Great Parent Spirit; and thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to the world, are never lost. They exist as truly, and perform their duties as actively, a thousand years after their origin, as on the day of their birth.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Thou hast forsaken me! we parted kindly,
I thou, with "God bless you!" on thy faltering tongue;

I, with a deep pure love that followed blindly,
Love thou hast from thee flung.

Thou hast forsaken me! I watched to greet thee,
Listened at midnight, wept at thy delay;
'Till, O my God! the cruel miserie reached me,
Crushing out hope for aye.

Thou hast forsaken me! my poor heart, bleeding,
Utters the cry in anguish and despair;
Yet I forgive; and while for strength am pleading,
Will plead for thee in prayer.

I knew thee changed—felt thy affection dying,
Grieved o'er the spell a syren on thee laid;
O, many midnights found me lone, and sighing,
Thy feet by her were stayed.

Can'st thou be happy? comes there not a vision,
Of a fair child, blue-eyed—with sunny hair?
It is *thine own*—sweet as a dream elysian,
She helps my heart to bear.

She has thy smile, thy brow, thy downward glances;

Whenever I weep, "Papa gone, gone," she cries;
How can I tell her as Time on advances,
How, of these broken ties!

Can'st thou be happy? comes there not to haunt thee,

Mem'ries of blessed days we knew of yore,
Ere thou wert tempted? But I will not taunt thee,
Thou art mine own, no more!

No more! no more! and yet thou art forgiven—
Thy desolate wife sends up on bended knee,
A yearning, tearful, suffering cry to Heaven.
She has been true to thee.

Farewell! I would not call thee back, for scorn
Has strengthened me. Thou'lt weary of her spell,

And yearn for the forsaken ones, when lorn,
In vain! O God! Farewell!

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

BY C. C. C.

Evening crept along the valley,
Blushed upon the distant hill,
And the golden hush of sunset
Fell so sweetly and so still,
That the meadow and the mountain,
And the ocean's heaving breast,
Seem to bathe themselves in sunlight
From the windows of the West.

Parting gleams, so gay and golden,
Streamed across the white and blue,
'Till the clouds 'mid azure heaven,
Melted in the blushing hue.
And it fell, that golden glory,
On the ripples of the sea;
Dancing, dazzling, ever wreathing
Smiles so glorious and free.

And the struggling of the sunshine,
Straying through the lifting trees,
Smiled upon a leaf-hid cottage,
Opened to invite the breeze.
And two wavy, glimmering sunbeams
Meeting in the open door,
One from Heav'n, and one from ocean,
Lit the ceiling and the floor.

In the meeting of the sunlight,
Where its glory kissed his brow,
Sat an old man on the threshold,
Thinking of by-gone—and now,
On his staff, his hands were folded,
And he rested there his chin;
While his face, with sweet expression,
Told the peace that reigned within.

Still he sat, intently gazing,
Through the aisles of arching green
Out upon the glorious vista,
In the mellow distance seen;—
Listening to the murmuring music
Of the wind and gentle waves:
Like approving ages, calling
To the present, from their graves.

Years of labor bent their voices
To the harmony within;
Deeds of love and duty chiming,
With a conscience void of sin;
Heav'nly sounds of holy grandeur,
Such as earth's may never be,
Heard he as he sat there, gazing
Out upon the sun and sea.

And the sun went sinking downward,
And his soul rose nearer home;
Drinking deep of healing waters
Flowing from the heav'nly dome;
Then the holy star of twilight,
Flinging dews upon the air,
Throned itself upon the sunset,
Like a spirit reigning there.

As the star, with light unbroken,
Gazed into his raptured eyes,
With its pencil-beams descending,
Came a message from the skies.
And the angel's gentle voicings,
Stealing sweetly from above,
Drew his soul still up and heav'nward,
On the wings of light and love.

Then the sun beyond the ocean,
Gathered in his rays to rest;
As a noble chief, in falling,
Folds his honors to his breast.
Outward sense and scenes were fading,
With the sinking of the sun;
But within, those angel voices,
Spoke eternal day begun.

Fading lights, still failing, dying,
Gilt the edges of the cloud,
Till the moonbeams fell upon them
Like the stillness of a shroud.
And the tints grew grey and leaden,
As the flushing followed down,
Where the sun, when in the heaven,
Last had worn his golden crown.

As the moonlight softly slumbered
Where was once the sunbeam's fall,
Round the old man closed the shadows,
With their dark and deepening pall.
Still upon his staff he rested,
With his weary, wintery head;
Gone was all the golden glory—
Day was done: the old man dead.

Who shall say how pure a vision
Rests upon that spirit's eye,
Changing sunshine into soul-light;
Faded to unfading skies?
Who can know how sweet that sunset,
Shadowing forth the gates of gold,
Which unto his soul unfolded,
Heav'n to earth is yet untold.

HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

Two brethren were riding in a wagon one day.
The conversation turned on the manner of doing
business.

"Brother," said one, "if we would succeed in
store-keeping, we cannot be strictly upright in
every little thing. It is impossible. We could
not live."

"It is contrary to religion not to be upright,"
replied the other. "Honesty is as much a part
of religion as prayer or reading the Bible, and
yet if he be not strictly an honest man, he can-
not be a religious one."

"I don't know about that. We must live—that
is my doctrine."

"But you pretend to be a religious man, don't
you? You are a professor, as well as I am."

"But we must live. I shall break down in my
store if I do not shave a little."

"And you will be more likely to break down
if you do. I tell you, my brother, honesty is not
only a part of religion, but it is the best policy,
too; and I will venture to say, the man who is
honest will succeed better in his store than he
who is not. The man who is unjust, either in
little things or in great things, is a dishonest
man, and an irreligious man; and the day of
judgment will convince him of it fearfully."

The above conversation, in substance, took
place in one of the counties of the State of New
York. The store-keeper did business in a village
near which they were riding. Since that time
he has failed in his business, and has been
obliged to leave the village.

MORAL—A man who is not strictly an honest
man, cannot be a religious man.



THE DANDY.

On the south side of Chestnut street, or the west side of Broadway, at all seasons in fair weather, may be seen the dandy. Where he comes from, or what his occupation may be, beyond these daily perambulations, is a profound mystery. In regard to personal value, he holds about the same relation to the world as did the lunatic, who said the only difference between him and other men was, that all men thought him

crazy, while he thought all mankind but himself in the same unhappy condition. The dandy thinks himself superior to all others, while, in the world's estimation, he is regarded as holding the meanest rank. Only those who lack brains, or the energy to accomplish any thing useful, ever become dandies. The artist gives us a fair specimen.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives.

We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging but boasting of their ignorance of all housework duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollection, we are free to say that taper fingers

and lily white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young Miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for the husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the smallest piece of food in the pot.



THE WATERSPOUT.

To the same class with the rotating and progressing pillars of sand, that singular phenomenon called the *waterspout* clearly belongs,—a whirlwind raising into a columnar mass the waters of the sea, and causing the aqueous vapors in the atmosphere to assume the same form, the two frequently uniting, the whole presenting a magnificent spectacle.

The Greeks applied the term *Prester* to the waterspout, which signifies a fiery fluid, from its appearance being generally accompanied with flashes of lightning, and a sulphureous smell, showing the activity of the electrical principle in the air. Lucretius refers to it in the following terms:—

Hence, with much ease, the meteor may we trace
Termed, from its essence, *Prester* by the Greeks,
That oft from heaven wide hovers o'er the deep.
Like a vast column, gradual from the skies,
Prone o'er the waves, descends it; the vexed tide
Boiling a main beneath its mighty whirl,
And with destruction sure the stoutest ship
Threat'ning that dares the boisterous scene approach.

Waterspouts exhibit various aspects, but a frequent appearance has been thus described, as it has been observed at sea. Under a dense cloud, a circular area of the ocean, in diameter from 100 to 120 yards, shows great disturbance, the water rushing toward the centre of the agitated mass, from whence it rises in a spiral manner toward the clouds, assuming a trumpet-shape, with the broad end downward. At the same time, the cloud assumes a similar form, but the position of the cone is inverted, and its lower extremity, or apex, gradually unites with the upper extremity of the ascending column of water. At the point of junction, the diameter is not more than two or three feet. There is thus a column of water and vapor formed, extending from the sea to the cloud, thin in the middle, and broad at the two extremities, the sides of which are dark, which gives it the appearance of a hollow tube. It moves with the wind, and even in calm weather,

when no wind is perceptible, the position shifts. Sometimes the spout preserves the perpendicular in its motion, but frequently, from the wind not acting with equal force upon its upper and lower extremities, or the one being more susceptible of impulsion than the other, it assumes an inclined position, and the column is speedily ruptured by the unequal velocity of its parts. A few minutes suffices in general for the duration of the phenomenon, but several have been known to continue for near an hour. Instances of repeated disruption and formation have been witnessed, and in the Mediterranean, as many as sixteen waterspouts have been observed at the same time. The mariners of former days were accustomed to discharge artillery at these moving columns, to accelerate their fall, fearful of their ships being crossed by them, and sunk or damaged—a practice alluded to by Falconer in the opening of the second canto of *The Shipwreck*: but the principal danger arises from the wind blowing in sudden gusts in their vicinity, from all points of the compass, sufficient to capsize small vessels carrying much sail. Waterspouts on land are not uncommon, and in this case there is no ascending column of water, but only a descending inverted cone of vapor. Vivid flashes of lightning frequently issue from them, and deluges of rain attend their disruption. A remarkable spout appeared and burst on Emott Moor, near Coln in Lancashire, in the year 1718, about a mile distant from some laborers digging peat, whose attention was directed to it by hearing an unusual noise in the air. Upon leaving the spot in alarm, they found a small rippling stream converted into a roaring flood, though no rain had fallen on the moor; and at the immediate scene of action, the earth had been swept away to the depth of seven feet, the naked rock appeared, and an excavation had been made in the ground by the force of the water discharging from the spout, upward of half a mile in length.



THE GEISERS OF ICELAND.

In June last, a paper of much interest was read by Dr. J. Tyndall, before the "Royal Institution" of London, upon the "Eruptive Phenomena of Iceland." We condense a portion of this paper. He said that the surface of Iceland has a gentle inclination downwards from the coast toward the centre, where the general level is about two thousand feet above the sea. In the middle of this, as on a pedestal, stand the Jokull, or Icy mountains: which extend both ways, in a North-easterly direction. In this range are situated the most active volcanoes of the island; and here, it is supposed, the thermal or warm springs, for which Iceland is famous, originate, thus suggesting their origin, and that of the volcanoes, to be the same.

Lower down in the more porous strata are smoking mud pools, where a repulsive blue-black aluminous paste is boiled, rising at times into huge bladders, which on bursting scatter their slimy spray to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. From the base of the hills upwards extend the glaciers, and on their shoulders are placed the immense snow-fields which crown the summits.

From the ridges and caverns of the mountains, immense quantities of steam issue at intervals; and where the cave lends reverberation, the sound is like that of thunder. From the arches and fissures of the glaciers large quantities of water flow, falling over crags of ice in cascades, or extending over large tracts of country before they find any definite outlet. A portion of this water being intercepted by fissures in the ground, is conveyed to the hot rocks beneath, where it meets with those volcanic gases which traverse these underground regions and travels in company with them, until it finds some vent either as steam or a boiling spring. The origin of these springs is atmospheric. The snow and rain are the sources from which the springs are fed, because nitrogen and ammonia occur invariably in the water of these springs, as in rain water.

The springs of Iceland may be divided into two

great classes—the one turns litmus paper red, the other restores its color—the one is acid, the other alkaline. Periodical eruptions are seldom known among the former, while to the latter belong the Geisers of the land.

The great Geiser consists of a tube ten feet wide and seventy-five deep, expanding at its top into a basin which measures fifty-two feet from North to South, and sixty-five feet in depth. The interior of the tube and basin are coated with a beautiful smooth plaster, so hard as to resist the blows of a hammer. This lining is pure silica. The Geiser water contains a large amount of silica; hence it may be concluded that the water deposited the substance against the sides of the tube and basin. But the water deposits no sediment, even when cooled to freezing point. It may be bottled and kept for years as clear as crystal, and without the slightest precipitate. How then was this plaster laid on?

Dr. Tyndall exhibited a painting of the Geiser, which being taken on the spot, might, he said, be relied on. According to this picture, the basin is situated at the summit of a mound forty feet in height, a glance at which was sufficient to show that it was deposited by the Geiser. But in building the mound, the spring must also have formed the shaft which perforated the mound, and thus we learn that the Geiser is the architect of its own mound. It is supposed that the mound was formed in this way:—

A hot spring, bubbling up from the ground, flows over its side down a gentle inclination; the water evaporates quickly, and silica is deposited. The deposit gradually elevates the side over which the water flows, until the latter is compelled to seek another course—the same result follows—the ground becomes elevated, and the spring has to go forward; thus it is compelled to travel round and round, discharging its silica and deepening its shaft, until in the course of centuries it forms the wonderful apparatus which has so long puzzled and astonished both the traveller and the

philosopher. Before an eruption, the water fills both the tube and the basin; the water in the pipe appears to be raised up, thus forming a conical eminence in the basin, and causing the water to flow over the side. Detonations are heard, evidently due to the production of steam in the caverns below, which, rising to the cooler water above, becomes condensed, thus producing an explosion.

Between the interval of two eruptions, the temperature of the water in the tube towards the centre and bottom gradually increases. Bunsen succeeded in determining its temperature a few minutes before a great eruption took place; and these observations furnished to his clear intellect the key of the entire enigma. A little below the centre the water was within two degrees of its boiling point, that is, within two degrees of the point at which water boils under a pressure equal to that of an atmosphere, *plus the pressure of the superincumbent column of water.* The actual temperature at thirty feet above the bottom was 122 degrees centigrade; its boiling point here is 124 degrees. We have just alluded to the detonations and the lifting of the Geiser column by the entrance of steam from beneath. These detonations and the accompanying elevation of the column are, as before stated, heard and observed at various intervals before an eruption. During these intervals the temperature of the water is gradually rising; let us see what *must* take place when its temperature is near the boiling point. Imagine the section of water at thirty feet above the bottom to be raised six feet by the generation of a mass of vapor below. The liquid spreads out in the basin, overflows its rim, and thus the elevated section has six feet less of water pressure upon it; its boiling point under this diminished pressure is 121 degrees; hence in its new position its actual temperature (122 degrees) is a degree above the boiling point. This excess is at once applied to the generation of steam; the column is lifted higher, and its pressure further lessened; more steam is developed underneath; and thus, after a few convulsive efforts, the water is ejected with immense velocity, and we have the Geiser eruption in all its grandeur. By its contact with the atmosphere the water is cooled, falls back into the basin, sinks into the tube, through which it gradually rises again, and finally fills the basin. The detonations are heard at intervals, and ebullitions observed; but not until the temperature of the water in the tube has once more nearly attained its boiling point, is the lifting of the column able to produce an eruption. In the regularly formed tube the water nowhere quite attains the boiling point. In the canals which feed the tube, the steam which causes the detonation and lifting of the column must therefore be formed. These canals are in fact nothing more than the irregular continuation of the tube itself. The tube is therefore the sole and sufficient cause of the eruptions. Its sufficiency was experimentally shown during the lecture.

A tube of galvanized iron, six feet long, was surmounted by a basin; a fire was placed underneath and one near its centre, to imitate the lateral heating of the Geiser tube. At intervals of five or six minutes throughout the lecture, eruptions

took place; the water was discharged into the atmosphere, fell back into the basin, filled the tube, became heated again, and was discharged as before.

Next to the great Geiser, the Strokkur is the most famous eruptive spring of Iceland. The depth of its tube is forty-four feet. It is not, however, cylindrical, like that of the Geiser, but funnel-shaped. At the mouth it is eight feet in diameter, but it diminishes gradually, until near the centre the diameter is only ten inches. By casting stones and peat into the tube, and thus stopping it, eruptions can be forced, which in point of height often exceed those of the great Geiser. Its action was illustrated experimentally in the lecture, by stopping the galvanized iron tube before alluded to loosely with a cork. After some time the cork was forced up, and the pent-up heat converting itself suddenly into steam, the water was ejected to a considerable height; thus demonstrating that in this case the tube alone is the sufficient cause of the phenomenon.

"J E A N."

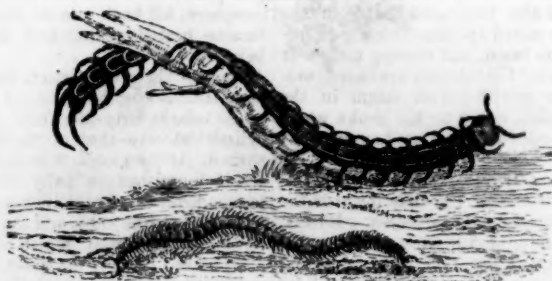
Loose among my heart's old papers,
Lie some little treasured scenes;
Most among them, this I cherish,
Of the boy we nick-named "Jean."
Only ten of his bright summers
Had he given to the past;
Giv'n as showers give back the rainbows,
Made too beautiful to last.
Only ten; the clouds I fancied
Gathering above his fate,
May dissolved be, in the sunshine
Streaming now from Pleasure's gate;
And the star that leads him onward,
May be one of Heav'n's bright lights,
Gleaming out upon the wayside,
To restore a wanderer's sight.

Oftentimes I lose the present,
In the earnestness of thought;
Wondering to him what changes
All these added years have brought.
Thinking, if upon that white brow
Any care has left its trace:
Not a print upon the snow-drift
Finds a fairer resting-place;
Or, if any tear has trembled
In his penitential eye,
Not the rain that falls in summer,
Ever dims a clearer sky.

Often, over the old pages,
Where we sketched the golden days,
And loved hands upon their margins
Left their pencil-marks of praise,
I am saying, Lost for ever,—
If the hours were but as dreams,
Would soon be the painted pictures
Of the flower-loving "Jean."
But they're of the past, not present,
Nor are they in slumbers made;
And, in differing from dreaming,
They will never, never fade.
So, among my heart's old pictures,
Lie the little treasured scenes;
Most among them, this I cherish,
Of the boy we nick-named "Jean."

"JESSIE BOSWELL."

VICTOR, N. Y.



THE CENTIPEDE.

I suppose that most of those who live in the country have made the acquaintance, more or less intimate, with a family of insects called *centipedes*. They are a curious family, and worth a little attention. The centipedes who live in the United States—certainly the Northern States—are, for the most part, harmless, I believe. But the same cannot be said of multitudes of the race residing in the West Indies, and other warm climates. In these places, the bite of the centipede is not only very painful, but often dangerous. I confess that I never was a great friend of the insect. Though taught to consider him quite an innocent sort of bully, I never could divest myself of the suspicion that, if he were thoroughly provoked, he would bite. Like some other animals, his appearance is against him. Many a time, when I have turned over a stone in the garden, or dug up an old and decayed stump in the woods, and one of these insects has scampered out, I have run as if forty snakes were after me. Still, I never heard of a centipede biting anybody in that part of Connecticut which was my home in my boyhood. Whether it be owing to the fact that Connecticut is the "land of steady habits," and that the lower animals, as well as men and women, consequently do not consider themselves licensed to be disorderly, or whether the Northern centipedes are a different and more good-natured branch of the family, I will not attempt to determine. But this I am sure of, that I never in my life heard of a centipede—or, as we used to call the insect, a *thousand legs*—biting, or attempting to bite, any of the good citizens of Connecticut.

In the West Indies, however, as naturalists tell us, the case is quite different; and I recollect seeing centipedes in the Southern part of Italy, which the natives told me would bite most unmercifully, when they considered their rights invaded. In South America, and in some of the West India Islands, the utmost care is necessary to prevent these wretches from getting into the houses, and doing immense mischief. They love to live in soft and decayed timbers, and are much more numerous in old houses than in new ones.

Their practice is to lie still in the day time, and steal out of their hiding-places at night, in search of prey. In spite of all the people can do, in those places where these pests are most abundant, they will find their way into sleeping rooms, and even into beds, to the great annoyance, and

often the danger of the sleepers. When a light is brought into the room, they always attempt to escape. Though they run with considerable swiftness, they are quite ready to stand on the defensive sometimes, when they are attacked, and when they consider themselves in danger. Their disposition to bite, as you may well suppose, renders them rather troublesome bedfellows. When they get into a bed, the least movement of the sleeper over whom they may be crawling, and who can hardly fail to be disturbed by their sharp-pointed feet or claws acting on his skin, is almost sure to provoke a venomous bite, which will be frequently repeated, if the midnight visitor is not removed from the bed. The bite of the centipede is exceedingly painful for the moment, and is followed, unless the wound is taken care of in season, by great inflammation and high fever. If the insect is a large one, and the bite is severe, life is not unfrequently lost, especially if the patient is of a delicate constitution. Bishop Heber speaks of centipedes as being very large and poisonous in different parts of India. These insects have occasionally been brought to this country in cargoes of hides from countries where they are abundant, and where their bite is poisonous. Some years since, a man, who was employed in unloading a vessel in Boston, lost his life, in consequence of a bite received from a centipede brought to the country in this way.—Woodworth.

THE FAMILY RE-UNION.

See Engraving.

One of our illustrations this month gives a pleasant fireside scene. It is a family re-union, such as, at Thanksgiving or Christmas, takes place in thousands of our happy homes. Innocent childhood, with its springing foot just on the threshold of life, and old age, wearied with a long journey, and ready to depart, are there; with manhood in its vigorous prime, and maiden beauty just unfolding, like a sweet flower, into lovelier womanhood. Look on the picture. Ah! If all could gaze thereon with undimmed eyes. But this may not be. For one such perfect circle, how many show broken links in the household chain! Ye who are yet spared to each other, keep bright the links of affection; and ye who mourn over broken ties, look hopefully forward to a blessed re-union in that better world to which your steps are tending.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Let us now take a brief survey of the Tower: this ancient pile, once the bulwark of London, as well as the prison-house of its secret crimes, has been alternately the residence and prison of royal and noble personages for a thousand years.

William the Conqueror built that portion of the Tower of London known as the White Tower. The history of this notable structure is rife with events of thrilling interest. As a palace and a prison it is more memorable than as a fortress. The historic details of the Tower, indeed, form a prominent feature in many chapters of the history of England, and we can scarcely venture even to refer to them by name. While the barons were waiting for the royal signature to the Magna Charta, the Tower was held in trust by the Archbishop of Canterbury. During the victorious reign of Edward III., among its illustrious inmates were the crowned heads of France and Scotland. It was also within its dreaded walls that the conference was held by Richard II. and the leaders of the insurrection of Gloucester, and the Tower was vigorously besieged in the sanguinary conflicts of the Houses of York and Lancaster; while during the civil war, it was successively occupied by the contending parties. From the Tower, too, Royal processions and pageants usually proceeded, as late as the times of James II. Among the most costly of these may be mentioned the coronation pageants of the haughty Elizabeth and the profligate Charles. It was in a cell on the first floor of the White Tower that Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, wrote his "History of the World." On the interior of the walls of this Tower are still to be seen the melancholy mementos of terrible sufferings. One of the most affecting is that of a hapless lady, who records the sad story of her twelve years' incarceration—it is signed A. W.; an inscription over the doorway of the cell reads as follows: "He that indureth to the ende shall be saved. M. 10. R. RYDSTON DAR KENT. ANO. 1553:" and yet another, "Be faithful unto the deth and I will give thee a crowne of life. T. Fane, 1554;" and beneath it, "T. Culpepper of Darford."

The Chapel erected in the reign of Edward I., and dedicated to St. Peter and Vincula, possesses great interest, from its being the cemetery where so many noble and worthy personages at last found repose after suffering from the cruelties of the tyrant Henry VIII. The gentle Anne Boleyn slept here, beside her noble brother Lord Richford; also Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas More.

The Tower has been designated by the poet Gray, as—

"London's lasting shame
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

How many have been the noble and heroic victims of state intolerance, cupidity, and mistaken zeal! One of these was the martyred Tichborne, who, though he refused to connect himself with the conspiracy for the assassination of Elizabeth, yet fell a sacrifice to suspicion. His pathetic verses penned just prior to his execution, are as follow:

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods are but vain hopes of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw the sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done."

The principal parts of the Tower usually inspected by visitors, are the Armory, containing equestrian figures in armor, from the reign of Edward I. to James II.; Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which is situated in the White Tower, and was the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh and others, during the reign of Queen Mary; the "Regalia," or royal jewels, contained in another apartment, are estimated at three millions sterling. St. Edward's Crown was made for the coronation of Charles II., and has been since used at the coronation of all the Sovereigns of Great Britain since that period to our days. This Crown is identically the same that Blood stole from the

Tower, May 9, 1671. The new crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, is a purple velvet cap, enclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a great quantity of diamonds. The upper part is composed of an orb, adorned with precious stones, and surmounted by a cross. Amongst these diamonds is a magnificent ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and a sapphire of matchless beauty. The value of this crown is calculated at £111,900. Think of a space of two feet square representing property to the value of \$15,000,000. In the Record Office are kept the rolls from the time of King John to the reign of Richard III.—*Saunders's Memories of the Great Metropolis.*

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"Can't afford it! Too many mouths to feed—too many backs to cover. It's a luxury I should very much like to indulge in—no man fonder of reading than I am—but can't afford it, sir."

"It's only three dollars a year. Less than sixpence a week."

"I know. But three dollars a year will buy half a barrel of flour and give my family bread for a month. It's no use to talk, my friend. I know exactly my own ability, and know that I can't afford to take the magazine."

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the matter with a persevering "canvasser," who was industriously trying to add to the subscription list of a certain highly popular magazine.

"I think you might have taken it, papa," said Mary Rivers, greatly disappointed. "I never see a magazine or newspaper, unless I borrow from Jane Tompkins, and I know her father grumbles at her whenever he catches her lending them."

"I might do a great many things, child, if I was made of money, which I am very sorry to say is not the case," returned Mr. Rivers. "If I could afford it, I would take all the magazines and newspapers in the country; but I can't, and so that ends the matter."

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers turned away from his disappointed daughter, and left the house.

Mary Rivers was extremely fond of reading, and had time and again begged her father to take some of the magazines or papers, but his uniform answer was, "I can't afford it;" so she was forced to borrow from Jane Tompkins, whose father subscribed for half a dozen, and thought the money well laid out. To have to borrow she thought bad enough, but the worst of the matter was, no sooner did she bring a magazine or newspaper into the house, than it was caught up by one hungry member after another, always including her father, and its contents devoured by each, and this often before she could get a chance to read half a dozen pages or columns. The newspaper or magazine, whichever it might be, never passed through the entire family of Mr. Rivers without being considerably the worse for wear. The papers were soiled, rumpled, the folds worn through or torn, while the magazines were sent home often sadly disfigured. All this to Mary was very mortifying, and often prevented her from asking to borrow the new numbers of the magazines, al-

though, to use her own words, sometimes, she was "dying to see them."

It was a warm day in July, and Mr. Rivers, who had, about six months before, joined the temperance society, felt very dry as he walked along the street. Before signing the pledge, he would have quenched a similar state of thirst with an iced punch or a mint-julep. Now he merely stepped into a druggist's and called for a glass of mineral water, for which he paid his shilling, thinking, if he thought at all about the expense, that it was the merest trifle in the world.

An hour afterwards he indulged in the luxury of a couple of oranges, at four cents each, which tempted him as he passed a fruit stall.

"Rivers," said a neighbor, stepping into his store after dinner, "it's terrible hot, and as there is nothing doing, I've made up my mind to take a little excursion down the river in the steamboat that leaves at four o'clock. Come—go along, won't you? We can be home by tea-time."

"I don't care if I do," replied Rivers. "I want a little recreation badly."

A thought of the expense, or whether he could afford it, never crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the steamboat, after having spent a shilling for cigars, which were shared with his neighbor.

"Come, let's have a glass of lemonade," he said, shortly after they were on board the steamboat; and the two men went to the bar and each drank a cool glass of lemonade, for which Rivers settled. Shortly afterwards the fare was called for. It was only twenty-five cents.

"Cheap enough," remarked Rivers.

"Yes, cheap as dirt. No wonder the boat is crowded."

Twelve-and-a-half cents more were spent by Rivers for an ice cream before he returned from the excursion. He could afford this very well.

On arriving in the city, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, it occurred to him that, as long as he had been enjoying himself so well, he ought to take something home for his family that was a little nice. While wondering what this should be, he passed a fruit shop, in the window of which was a large display of oranges.

"I'll take a dozen oranges home—that will do," he said.

And so he went in and got a dozen oranges, for which he paid thirty-seven and-a-half cents; and bought, besides, a shilling's worth of tobacco.

The extra spendings of Mr. Rivers, who could not afford to take a magazine, were, for that day, just one dollar and twenty cents, or at the rate of three hundred and sixty dollars a year! And yet Mr. Rivers thought himself a very economical man, and took merit to himself for saving on newspapers and magazines.

On the next day, Mr. Rivers felt as if he needed a little exercise—he was so closely confined in his store—and as it was dull, he could as easily be spared as not. So he hired a horse and sulky for a dollar and a half, and took a pleasant ride to himself. Previously to his riding out, he spent a shilling in mineral water. During the ride, he paid to gate-keepers, stable-boys at taverns where he stopped for lemonade, and for what he drank

and smoked, just thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in cakes for the children, laid out to satisfy the rather unpleasant sensation he felt at the idea of having indulged himself in a ride while his family remained at home, completed this day's extra expense of the man who could not afford to take a periodical; the whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding to this, fifty cents were spent in little self-indulgences; on the next, twenty-five cents, and on the day after, nearly a dollar. And so it went on, day after day and week after week, while Mary continued to borrow from Jane Tompkins her magazines, newspapers and books.

One day, shortly after the new magazines for the month had been announced, Mary called as usual upon her friend Jane. On her table lay "Godey's" and several other magazines.

"How much I do envy you!" she said. "What would I not give if my father would take the magazines for me as yours does for you; but he always says that he can't afford it."

Then Mary turned over magazine after magazine, examining and admiring the beautiful engravings. When she was going away, she said—"Are you done with the Lady's Book yet?"

Jane looked slightly confused as she replied—"I've read it, Mary, but papa isn't done with it."

"No matter—Graham or Putnam will do."

"I'm sorry, Mary," and the color rose to Jane's face, "but I can't let you have either of them. The fact is, Mary, to tell you the plain truth, papa has objected for a good while to my lending my periodicals and literary newspapers, and now positively forbids my doing so. But you can come and see me, Mary, and read them here. I shall be glad to have you. But I need not say that—you know I will. I wish papa wasn't so particular; but he is a little curious about some things."

Mary felt hurt, not with Jane, but at the fact. She went home feeling badly.

"Your friend Miss Rivers didn't get her usual supply of reading," said Mr. Tompkins to his daughter, shortly after Mary had left the house.

"No, and I was sorry for her," replied Jane. "She seemed hurt and mortified when I told her that I could not lend them. I'm sure, papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at all, and would have been such a gratification to her."

"Let her father subscribe for them, as I do. He is just as able."

"But he thinks he can't afford it, and now—"

"Thinks he can't afford it, indeed!" said Mr. Tompkins. "A man who spends two or three hundred dollars a year in self-indulgences of one kind and another, talking about not being able to afford magazines and newspapers for his family! Why it costs him more for tobacco and cigars than it does me for periodicals!"

"Still, papa, it is hard for Mary to be deprived of them. It isn't her fault. She says she often begs her father to take them for her, but that his only reply is he can't afford it."

"If she were the only one concerned, Jane, she might have them with pleasure," replied Mr. Tompkins. "But, you see, she isn't. It is plain, from the condition in which the magazines come

home, that they have gone through the hands of the whole family. That Mr. Rivers indulges himself in reading at my expense I am very well satisfied, for I have seen my periodicals at his store more than once."

"Yes, that is the worst of it."

"Besides, Jane, I am not perfectly clear in my own mind that it is honest towards the publishers to encourage anything of this kind. They go to great expense and labor in getting up their works, and certainly give the money's worth to all who subscribe. But if every subscriber lends to his neighbors who are perfectly able to subscribe themselves, and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will receive, at best, but an inadequate return. For my part, there is scarcely anything I would not do rather than borrow a newspaper or periodical. I never have been guilty of that meanness yet, and, if I keep my present mind, never will."

Mary Rivers, as has been seen, went home, feeling very badly. The more she thought about what had occurred, the more she felt mortified and really ashamed of herself for having trespassed upon Jane Tompkins for her periodicals and newspapers, to such an extent as to cause her father to interfere and forbid her lending them any more. For this fact in the case she was not slow to infer.

"Mary," said Mr. Rivers, as he sat that evening, listless for want of something to read or do, "ain't none of the magazines out for this month? Haven't you got a 'Gazette,' 'Post,' or a 'Courier,' from your friend Miss Tompkins?"

"No, papa," replied Mary.

"I thought you went there to-day."

"So I did, but Jane says her father has forbidden her to lend the papers and magazines any more."

"He has!" ejaculated Mr. Rivers, with surprise and something of indignation. "Why was that?"

"I don't know; but Jane said she couldn't let me have them any more."

"It's very selfish!" said Mr. Rivers, "very selfish! What harm could your reading the magazines do him, I wonder? But that's just like some people! They cannot bear to see others enjoy themselves, and will prevent it if in their power."

Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfortable about this refusal on the part of Mr. Tompkins. It seemed to him to be aimed at his family. He also felt uncomfortable at the thought of losing his regular weekly and monthly enjoyment of reading the newspapers and magazines "free gratis, for nothing." In fact, this standing of Mr. Tompkins upon his reserved rights, had an unhappy effect upon the whole Rivers' family, from the father down to little Tommy, who read the anecdotes, and a story now and then, with as high a relish as any of the rest.

Things remained in this posture for two or three weeks, when Mr. Rivers became so hungry for the mental aliment withheld by Mr. Tompkins, that he strained a point, even though he felt that he couldn't afford it, and went and subscribed for a magazine. He brought home a couple of numbers

with him, and tossing them into Mary's lap, said—"There's reading for you, Mary, and no thanks to Mr. Tompkins!"

Mary's eyes and face brightened as she caught up the magazine.

"Have you subscribed for it, papa?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, dear. You can read your own magazines now."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mary, the tears starting into her eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford it, Mr. Rivers felt happy to think that he had made Mary so happy. On the next day, he thought frequently of the delighted face of his daughter when he told her that he had subscribed for the magazine. Before night he determined to give her another agreeable surprise ere the week was out. It was Thursday. On the next evening, when he came in, Mary sprung towards him, and holding up a newspaper, said, while her whole countenance beamed with pleasure—"A man left the 'Gazette' here to-day. Did you subscribe for it, papa? Yes, I know you did; your face tells me so!"

"You seem highly delighted about it," Mr. Rivers said, with an irrepressible smile.

"And so I am. I've wanted to see the 'Gazette' badly."

Nor was Mary alone in her expression of pleasure. The younger sisters and brothers were in raptures at the idea of having a "Gazette" that was all their own to read; and even Mrs. Rivers, who was not of a very literary turn, remarked, on the occasion, that a newspaper was "an excellent thing among children," and that, for her part, she always liked to read a little in them now and then, especially in that part containing receipts and other domestic matters. Not for a long time had Mr. Rivers done anything that gave such universal satisfaction at home. Even though he couldn't afford it, he was very far from repenting of this act of extra liberality.

Many weeks did not pass before another magazine and another newspaper came to the house, and before six months, Mr. Rivers was as liberal a patron of periodical literature as Mr. Tompkins, and this although he "couldn't afford it."

A year or two have passed, but notwithstanding the heavy additional expense of twenty dollars per annum for magazines and newspapers, the mercantile community have not yet been startled by an announcement of the failure of Mr. Rivers, and we hope never will—at least not so long as he takes the magazines and newspapers and pays for them punctually.

A HARD SUBJECT TO PAINT.

Our steel engraving this month is one charmingly treated, both by the painter and engraver. A juvenile artist is represented as trying to fix the rather severe countenance of a young companion, but the task proves a hopeless one, as the looker on might naturally anticipate. The contrast between the earnest sketcher, the equally earnest subject, and the playful younger children in the group, is sufficiently striking to give harmony and interest to the picture.

THE OLD KING.

A lonely King is the Winter old,
With his stern and frosty visage cold.
His aged head wears an icy crown,
And his brow, a harsh, forbidding frown.
Regal and sad, on his marble throne,
He sitteth forsaken, and alone.

The Summer—she is a wilful child,
Of nature passionate, warm, and wild;
She mocks at her father's thin white hair,
Bleached by ages of grief and care—
Mocks, when he asks for a single flow'r,
To gladden his snow encrusted bower.
Her smiling vales yield no bloomy branch
To circle his realms of avalanche:
No fragrance—droppings, no sunny gleams,
People the old man's sombre dreams.

But Autumn was gentle, fair and meek,
With tender eye, and a blushing cheek,
Well loved, stern Winter, her step of grace,
The pensive loveliness of her face;
Gliding along in her golden veil,
Lovingly beautiful: fair, but frail;
Fading away, with the crimson fall
Of the forest leaves—her mourning pall;
Gently she died on his rugged breast,
Softly, and sweetly was laid to rest.

Yet there is one, who loveth him still;
Who humors the old man's captious will—
Mirth-loving Spring! with her joyous tread,
Who garlands her father's frosty head,
She spreadeth her dew-pearled vestments wide
His woe-stricken visage fain to hide;
Springing away from his fond embrace
With laughing glee in her merry face;
Tossing the May-bloom in childish sport,
Speeding away to her fairy court.
Flinging back beams of violet-dew,
Shining memories, silvery blue.
The old man heareth the song afar,
As he stands without the crystal bar
Of youth's elysium realms of bliss,
Which never—oh! never can be his.
Poor, foolish King! in his fruitless race
Round old eternity's rugged base;
Doomed, like Salathiel's ghost, to hear
That ceaseless prophecy: "Tarry here!"

MEETA.

NORFOLK, Oct. 1853.

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.

A beggar boy stood at a rich man's door—
"I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,"
Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.
"O! give me a crust from your board to day,
To help the beggar boy on his way!"
"Not a crust nor a crumb," the rich man said,
"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church—
His face grew grave as he trod the porch—
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service began—the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim;
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

[Concluded from page 386.]

APRIL 10th.

I have been ill, very ill, they tell me. In my fever, what may I not have said? Let me recall the past. Regina returned from her ride, spiritless and gloomy. My head has been aching all day. I felt wearied and lonely. In the twilight, by the window, I sat weeping and complaining in my heart of my sad fate—an orphan unloved and alone.

When Hetty summoned me to the tea-table, I sent an excuse. She returned with a cup of tea, which Katrine in the goodness of her heart wished me to drink. Into the hours of midnight I wept, and when morning shadows came creeping to light, fell asleep; but day summoned me to labor. I rose with a dizzy, bewildered feeling, and descended to the breakfast-room, with my head throbbing and burning painfully. I was late; the family had already finished their meal. No one spoke as I entered—Carroll balanced a spoon on the edge of her cup; Ruth traced the imagery on her plate with a fork, following every little vine tendril faithfully. How plainly I remember it all. Katrine handing me a cup of tea with her pretty white hands, made some inquiry as to my health. As I raised my cup to my lips, my eyes encountered those of Regina flashing and menacing. Soon they rose one by one, left the table, Regina and I were alone.

"So," she cried in a voice choked with passion, "Mr. Evelyn called here yesterday, and you suppressed his visit. Perhaps, amid our many kindnesses, you have forgotten that you are a governess, earning your daily bread. Forgetful of past favors, in your ambition you would soar higher in the worldly scale, you could not inform me that Ellwood was here—that he pressed your hand at parting, and whispered in your ear. Girl! girl! have I confided in you that you should play me false and deceive me. But believe me, Ellwood will never be yours, much as you love him, and you cannot deny it. To your shame be it spoken, you love Ellwood Evelyn."

In my astonishment I had risen to my feet. The cruel words burned in fiery characters on my brain. A suffocating feeling encompassed my throat. I had but one thought, one wish, to leave the room. I staggered to the door. Ellwood stood in the entrance; his clear eye fixed upon me. He had heard *all*! I gave one glance and remembered no more.

Occasionally, Katrine's angel-face floated in a dream around me; her soft, cool hands resting on my brow chased away the fever flame; but it soon vanished, giving place to fiery images. I learn from Ruth that Katrine has watched me, unwearily, night and day; that, in the delirium of fever, she alone was with me. Dear Katrine! so like her own, considerate self.

Ruth also tells me that, as I was fainting, Ellwood caught me in his arms. After summoning Katrine, and placing me in her charge, he requested an interview with Regina. She had fled to her room, and at first was disposed to refuse

it; but, on his sending her an enamelled ring, she went hastily into the parlor. Their conference lasted for more than an hour, and when Regina came from thence, she was weeping violently, and kept her chamber during two entire days.

Ellwood was pale, but calm. He inquired if I had recovered, and on learning that I was very ill, appeared quite agitated. He has frequently sent his servant to know if I were not yet convalescent; but he has not himself called again.

After Ruth left me, Katrine came in and forbade my talking more. As she moved quietly around the room, I noticed that she looked paler and more sadder than was her wont. An old look dwelt upon her face, as if some fleeting sorrow had at last lighted there, and left a shadowy seal impressed thereon for ever.

While pondering thus, Carroll came, even more smiling and joyous than usual.

"I have only stolen in to kiss you, Jessie," she said, "for Mr. Clermont is waiting to take me to the concert, at Rosedale. I am so very sorry, Jessie, that you cannot come also."

"Who is Mr. Clermont?" I enquired.

Carroll blushed and replied, in a careless tone: "He is an old friend of Katrine's, who has been here frequently since your illness. But I do hope you will be sufficiently recovered to go to the 'owl's' fete. Jessie, do hurry, and get well, there's a darling. But, good bye," and away she ran, singing clear and musically, even to the parlor door.

"Miss Netta has not been here frequently of late," said Katrine. "The little 'owlets' have had the measles, and although they have now entirely recovered, she is still devoted to them."

"Is Miss Netta happy?" I asked, after a long pause.

"I think so," replied Katrine, softly; "she has ceased to live for *self*, and is only happy in the enjoyment of others. Young girls, such as you, Jessie, are, too often fancy that a woman cannot be happy unless she is married. To be sure, they fulfil a higher destiny, if they meet with a congenial heart, in smoothing his pathway through life's pilgrimage, and losing her own identity in his thoughts, hopes and being. This is the *higher* destiny, truly. But cannot a single woman be happy and independent? a benefactor to mankind, the angel of many homes, diffusing that light abroad which, in the home of the wife, is 'hidden under a bushel.' Is not Miss Netta a useful and, therefore, a happy woman? Does not her brother and his lovely children look to her for all their comforts and enjoyments in life? If Miss Netta had married her early love, she *might* have been a *happier* woman, but he died a short time before her intended marriage, and Miss Netta still looks forward to their union in a better, brighter world."

This was a long speech for Katrine. She kissed me gently, and left the room. While pondering on what she had said, I fell asleep.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

Beryl had returned; had sought Katrine. He was handsomer than she had dared to hope. He took her hand with kindly greeting, said that she

had changed, spoke of their childish love, asked her if she remembered the old bridge, where, in the pale moonlight, they had broken the plain gold ring, in their youthful romance? He spoke lightly, even jestingly, of those by-gone days, and all so calmly, naturally, that Katrine could have gone mad at that very calmness.

Was this the return she had so longed and looked for? Yes, he had forgotten the love story in memory's book; the clasps had remained unopened for long, long years. If he should ever remember to read its pages, it would be with a half smile at his "boyish folly," while she, in her heart of hearts, would cherish it as a beautiful reality.

This was the first meeting between those who, ten years before, parted as lovers. Oh! life, varied and sad are thy lessons! How eagerly we read the pages of thy experience, and what does it teach us? Our own mutability, our utter insignificance.

Again and again did Beryl call, but no longer did he ask for Katrine. The witching Carroll had won his heart by her winning ways and sunny smiles. And as Katrine watched the unfolding of his character, beneath the genial warmth of the social circle, that character she had so worshipped in its young beauty, she detected many little blemishes, weaknesses in the man, she had not dreamed of in the youth. Carroll confided to her elder sister all the childish treasures of her heart. She and Beryl were already lovers.

Was there no little mischief-thought to whisper in Katrine's ear, to speak to Carroll of the past, and make the recreant suffer in his turn? No, Katrine looked upon him no longer as a loved one.

A maiden of seventeen will love a character that at twenty-five she will blush to own she felt a friendly interest in. Thus it is in very early marriages—the girl's mind is only a shadow of what it will become. It expands, blossoms in beauty, beneath the sun of years and experience. And in the light of wisdom finds itself mated to an uncongenial soul—her own being vastly superior. In the natural course of events, she is discontented, and her star of domestic happiness is hidden under a cloud.

Katrine, with her clear perceptions, saw all this. She could no longer lean upon his heart with trusting faith; she felt herself the firmer, the better of the two; that as his wife, hers must have been the strong arm to battle with life's foes.

With this knowledge vanished all love for Beryl Clermont from her heart. Life had no more dreams for her; it was a reality. Why should it be the less happy, that the shadows had fled and left the sunlight clear?

MAY 1st.

Spring is with us. How earnestly we long for her coming, through the weary Winter months, and sigh for a glimpse of her cheerful face. We hope for all that is beautiful and good in her presence.

Ralph has come with the flowers, and smiles brighten "the mother's" face. Carroll brought me a bunch of early violets. They recalled old

childish days. Their leaves were wet with shining drops. Was it dew or tears? I brushed them away, called myself a foolish child, and hummed a gay song as I sewed.

Ralph is quiet and dreamy. Sometimes he is forgetful, even of the presence of his betrothed.

Ruth, with a woman's keen instinct, knows that all is not right, and redoubles her efforts to amuse and cheer him. They wander hand in hand through the forest, climb the hill-side, and, resting on its summit, gaze at the lovely scenery below. Sometimes they row in a little boat down the majestic river to some fairy green isle, and come back laden with crimson blooms and golden rods. Ruth, at "the mother's" earnest request, abides with us as one of the daughters.

Regina, cloudy and stormy, refuses to receive comfort or become amiable. Judge B. has called frequently, but she refuses to see him. He sends, daily, written missives, that are returned unopened. What course of conduct "her majesty" will adopt is unknown, for even to "the mother" is she reserved.

Carroll and Beryl are engaged, and happy as the days are golden. He is a tall, fair man, pleasant in manner, but I fear, in his researches for riches, he has forgotten to look for wisdom. But Carroll is a childish creature. He has mind enough for her.

MAY 14th.

The "owl's" fete was a miracle of splendor. The lamp of heaven hung like a silver bow in the eternal dome, her star-pointed arrows glittering on the blossoms. The earth lamps shone through golden tissue, blazing from every bough upon bright faces and lovely forms. The paths were tortuous and embowered. In a gentle turn you came vis-a-vis to a cooling fountain or miniature waterfall. Now the door of a grotto invited you to enter; or, far from the variegated lamps you lost yourself in shadows, where you encountered a graceful statue gleaming in the faint moonlight. Music, softened by distance, came like the voices of the past, sweet but exquisitely mournful. On the green lawn danced the merry couples.

Regina, queen of the evening, moved graceful and fair amid the laughing throng. Judge B. was also there. His dark eyes sought hers in every turn of the dance, but never met them. In vain did he try to speak with her, to attract her attention. She was profoundly ignorant of his presence; never for a moment was she alone, and did not deign to glance towards him.

As the evening wore away, she, with her usual caprice, declined dancing, and, suddenly turning to me, passed her arm through mine, saying, in a low, despairing tone—

"Jessie, let us leave these lights. My brain is bewildered, my senses are forsaking me."

With hurried steps we passed from the tinted rays, through a labyrinth of lilacs, to the summit of a gentle slope. A statue of Venus, surrounded by Cupids, rose, in the pale heaven-light, beautifully majestic. A jet d'eau threw myriads of pearls into the air, and the flowers caught them in their cups.

Regina folded her hands upon her breast in this profound admiration of nature. The grand sublimity of the immortal hushed the trembling

heart of the mortal to rest. I wished her soul to become softened—to turn from self to adoration of the Divinity.

A grotto was beside me. I entered its inviting shade, and seated myself on the rustic bench. A rustle of the shrubbery attracted my attention. A figure sprang from the darkness to Regina's side. It was Judge B. With a faint cry, she staggered back. He caught her in his arms. She struggled to free herself, and, leaning against the statue of Venus, demanded, in a faltering voice—

"Why haunt you my footsteps?"

"Regina," he replied, (how musical were those tones—never sung syren more enchantingly), "Regina, queen of my soul, why ask not if I love you. Has not my watchful care kept nature quiet while you slept? The grass beneath thy window has been my resting place for many a night. Think you the light of heaven shines on your dear face, and I not see it. Light of life! glorious majesty of my being! never for a moment art thou absent from my thoughts. If I have frailties of the heart and head both; if I am guilty of crimes; if dark clouds encompass me; who can bring me to the light but thou? Regina shall pray for me, and with me, until all guilt is washed away in the music of her voice. Regina, my good angel, wilt thou leave me?"

He knelt before her, raising both hands in earnest entreaty. She trembled. Her face became pale, shadowless. She clasped both hands upon her brow, crying—

"Florian! Florian! save me from myself! You know not what sacrifices your request involves. Would you wish me to forsake mother, sister, brother, for thee? If it were not for them, think you I should have hesitated so long? If it were only myself," she continued, hurriedly, "if I alone were the sufferer, my choice would soon be made."

Her head sank upon her breast; her hands fell listless by her side.

"Regina," cried the Judge, springing to his feet, "you love me! you love me! Proud girl! our souls are one now and for ever. Dear one! I swear to you beneath these smiling heavens, never to give you cause to repent your choice; never to wound your heart, or bring a tear to your cheek. I have the means, and life shall be all golden to you, Regina, dear love;" he whispered in his music-tone. He drew her towards him; her head sank on his shoulder; she wept bitterly.

Like a dreamer had I stood listening; or, like a dull actor, who is gazing on the busy scene, forgets his own part. I stepped from my ambuscade directly in front of the lovers; Judge B. started slightly, but recovering himself immediately, said in bitterly sarcastic tones—

"Is Propriety playing eaves-dropper?"

I made no reply, nor by look or voice did I indicate knowledge of his presence.

"Regina, dear friend!" I cried. "Bethink thee of thy widowed mother. Shall she mourn thee, her best beloved one as dead. Shall Carroll's young joy be clouded, and Ralph's glory be darkened by thee? Think you, Heaven will smile upon a union that has no mother's blessing? Can

you trust the heart of a man, when the first lesson he teaches you is deceit; can you place implicit confidence in his word, when he implores you to forsake all holy ties, forget the duties of a child, and tread the wrong path in life? Shall I tell you what will be the end of your romantic union with this man?"

Here our eyes met for the first time, and his glance fell before my steady gaze; but Regina with her proud dignity stepped between us, saying in a calm, clear voice, as she placed her hand in his—

"Jessie, this is my choice, and despite all the world will I keep my troth with him."

They turned away, and were lost in the dark windings of the path. I was alone; my mind was in a chaos; I could not determine on my duty; and when Miss Netta came searching for me, I sat weeping in the moonlight.

"You foolish child," scolded Miss Netta, "what cause have you for tears? Only the old and world-weary should weep for another home. Who shall tell what is in the future for you? Yes—who shall tell?" and sighing, Miss Netta placed her arm in mine, and led me to the house, when, in listening to her merry voice, and varied charms of conversation, I was comforted.

MAY 20th.

There came a proposal for Regina, this morning, from Judge B. Courteously but firmly "the mother," denied his suit. He then requested an interview with Regina, but this was also refused him. He reproached "the mother," but gently she replied—

"Judge B., my daughter's happiness is dearer to me than life. I have no faith in you, and still less in your promises. I have watched you narrowly. My judgment seldom errs where my heart is interested. Regina cannot be happy as your wife, and I decline decidedly the honor of your hand for my daughter."

With a smothered exclamation, he passed hastily from the house, and in the hall Regina met "the mother" face to face. What was said, no one can tell; but bitter, defiant words passed Regina's lips, and "the mother" was pale and thoughtful all day. "Her majesty's" flushed cheek and glowing eye portended a furious storm.

JUNE 8th

Twilight.—Ellwood is going far away. This little note, and a bunch of forget-me-nots, are all that is left me in my loneliness. How my heart cries through the starless light unto the heavens for hope and faith; yes, it ascends through the stillness profound, far beyond the clouds unto the eternal throne—

"Father, Father, give me strength to bear this trial."

Midnight.—I sat beside my window. I could not rest; sleep visited me not, and dreams fled away; my heart was throbbing wildly; I longed for a mother's sympathy; her loving confidence and holy kiss. A light shone from Regina's window at this late hour; its rays fell in fiery streams on the liquid grass. The branches of the sweet-scented shrub parted; a form stood in the reflected light; it was Ellwood Evelyn. With folded arms he stood, erect and stately; his finely cut features were distinctly visible; his face was

pale; was it the light, or my imagination? Thus he stood statue-like for a moment; then sighing deeply, he turned away.

Was this sigh the last regret for an unworthy love? I believed so; and closing my window, sought my couch, where from very weariness I fell asleep. How long I had slumbered I know not, but I dreamed that Regina came in, attired in her dark travelling dress and bonnet, with a lamp in her hand. Placing it on the table, she approached my bed, and kneeled beside me; softly kissing my brow, she murmured, "Jessie, dear, gentle child, forgive me!"

I felt her tears on my cheek as plainly as if waking; repeating her caresses, she took the lamp, and silently departed. I awakened with a start: had I been dreaming? It was too real to be doubted; and these tears? ah; they might have been my own. I fancied I heard carriage wheels in the distance, and listened painfully. "It must have been the wind," I thought. At last I slept; and when I again opened my eyes it was a sunny morning.

Who has not, after a night of sorrow, risen with a questioning mind, as to what do we live for? What mourner has not seen the world a blank day, without events: years, time only to be endured; life, aimless, hopeless; nothing but a space or void? Thus felt I on this ever-to-be remembered day.

The morning meal was late. "The mother" appeared pale and anxious; twice had the bell summoned Regina, but she had not answered the call.

"Her majesty" is pouting," said Ralph, with a peculiar smile. Carroll telegraphed on her fingers. "That he should keep silent, for Regina needed sympathy;" he replied in the same talismanic language, "That one young lady, who was in love, readily sympathized with another in the same state of feeling." Carroll laughed, Katrine turned an anxious eye upon "the mother," who vainly strove to appear cheerful and calm.

"Go, Hetty," at length she said, "and request Miss Regina to breakfast with us."

Hetty returned instantly, saying, in a surprised voice—

"She is not there."

"Not gone? no, no!" cried "the mother;" "she would not leave me thus!" and springing from her chair she rushed with incredible swiftness up the stairs to Regina's chamber, whither we all followed in great perturbation.

All in Regina's room was disorder and confusion. Her best wearing apparel had been chosen to bear her company in her flight; here hung a robe, from which the lace had been torn by an unsteady hand—a sister's fingers had placed it there when last worn; a wreath of white roses was flung on the lounge; in the cup of one sparkled a tear in the sunlight. A mother had twined it into her silken ringlets, (Think you she did not remember all this in after years and weep tears of blood?)

"The mother," with faltering steps, reached the little writing-desk; it was open, a sheet of writing paper lay unfolded there. "The mother" read aloud, as if dreaming—"I go hence to make or mar my hopes in life. A girl of my age

should be mistress of her heart, at least. I am mistress of my actions. The strength of a god dwells within me. I will be no longer a child. Mother, mother, pray for me."

"The mother" placed her hand upon her heart, as if repressing there an agony of pain.

"Ralph, Ralph," she cried, wildly, "follow them—See that all is well!"

Ralph, with clenched hands and set teeth, stood immovable. His face was fearful in its pallid anger. The large blue veins were swollen in his forehead; his eyes were flashing with a desire for revenge.

"I will go, mother," he cried in a hoarse voice, "but woe unto him, if I overtake them."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," whispered Katrine in his ear; but he rushed from the room, and in a few moments we heard his horse's feet as they dashed through the gateway.

But we heeded it not, for the mother needed all our attention. She had been in quite delicate health during the winter, and this excitement hastened a hæmorrhage of the lungs, which we had so frequently dreaded. After placing her in bed, Katrine despatched Hetty for "the owl," who is the physician of Rosedale, and for Miss Netta.

They came immediately. "The owl" asked no questions, but was graver than usual, giving orders to Katrine, in a low voice, while she, poor girl, looked continually from her mother to himself. Miss Netta, on the contrary, drew from me all I knew of the matter; and I even related to her my strangely true dream.

"It was no dream, child, no dream," said Miss Netta: "the mental powers were more active than the physical, and you really saw all this without being able to move. But this is a sad lesson to 'the mother,' poor thing! Regina was to her more precious than a 'gain of fine gold'; but sand is often mistaken for gold, and it is only beautiful while the sun shines. As she sows must she reap."

And having uttered this moral proverb, with her head on one side, complacently stroking her black silk bag, and gratified her natural curiosity, Miss Netta went energetically to work, and with delicate attentions and encouraging words made "the mother" feel more comfortable and less alone. Soon she fell into a tranquil slumber, the effect of a quieting powder administered by "the owl."

Katrine and "the owl" had a long and earnest conversation on the porch. Ruth and I, arm in arm, walked up and down the gravelled walk. I remarked that "the owl's" glance followed us wheresoever we turned. I did not notice it particularly then, but long afterwards it recurred to me. As evening came, Miss Netta and "the owl" returned home.

We stood on the steps anxiously awaiting Ralph's return. How long those hours appeared! We would count the strokes of the clock, and then feel assured that it was wrong; that it was certainly two hours since it last chimed. Twilight deepened into evening, and evening into midnight, and still we stood there, scarcely daring to breathe, in our great anxiety. If a leaf stirred, or a stem fell from a tree, we gently

pressed each other's hands, dreading to give voice to our expectations.

At length Ralph came slowly riding down the walk. He was alone. Our hearts stood still, the blood curdled in our veins; we no longer breathed, for pale as a spirit "the mother" stood in our midst. Ralph sprang from his saddle and folded her in his arms; our hearts beat to a waltz; the blood danced in tumultuous hope.

"Mother, dear mother," he whispered. "I was too late; they were married at Glendon, and sailed immediately."

The mother sank on her knees in prayer. When she arose she was calm; leaning on Ralph and Katrine, she thus addressed us:

"My children, do not allow this unfortunate event to cloud your young hearts. I would see you all smiling, that my own cheerfulness may be sustained. Good night, beloved ones." And waving her hand to us, she was borne cheerful and smiling to her own apartment.

Was it strange that my thoughts should turn to Ellwood that night? that I should wonder how he would bear the tidings of Regina's wilfulness, and his loss of her for ever? that I should wish to be a hidden spectator when he received the news, that I might judge how very dearly he loved her?

AUGUST 1st.

It is now nearly two months since Regina's elopement, and not one line has been received from her as to her happiness or whereabouts. "The mother" is slowly declining. Ralph has been in the city for the past two months. His letters speak in rapturous terms of his projected voyage to Italy. Ruth will accompany him, as his wife, and as the sweet girl reads his glowing accounts of their pictured future, her eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, her cheeks glow with the reflection of his glory. Already has she waited four long years, with never-dying patience or hope, until they should be able to marry, and I rejoice with her that a home-light is brightening the future.

"He is poor," whispers worldly wisdom. But energy, prudence, industry, with true heart-love, "is more precious than rubies." This should be the true stamp of American coin, the only passport to the best society; it should be the watchword of mothers and a sentiment recorded on the heart by daughters. It speaks in the Declaration of Independence; it shines amid the stars of our national banner; it sings in our majestic rivers; echoes from mountain-top to valley; it is greater than "fine gold refined."

Carroll, "our singing-bird," the dancing flame on our household hearth, will soon be united to Beryl Clermont. They are only awaiting Ralph's return. My engagement will cease with my pupil's marriage; but Katrine would have me remain as "family friend," and besought me, in such moving appeals, to stay and comfort the mother, and assist her in her house duties, that I have consented to take Regina's place. And wherefore should I leave these beloved ones? Whither should I fly? Like the weary dove, I find no home ground on which to rest my weary heart.

Evening.—As I wrote in the library, a shadow

moved across the papers, and a lovely bouquet fell at my feet. In astonishment, I picked it up and discovered my name on a card attached to them. Rising hastily, I ran into the hall, and brushed quite uncereemoniously against "the owl." He was very red, and graver even than usual.

"See," I cried, holding my trophy above my head, "some fairy has smiled upon me. Have you seen any one pass?" I added, in the same breath.

"I do not remember," he very oddly replied.

I walked toward the door, when he called to me—

"Stay! You know the meaning of flowers. Read, then, this bouquet to me."

Myself (with a little vanity of knowledge): "This damask rose is bashful love."

Owl (with a sigh): "Very true."

Myself (somewhat surprised): "The primrose means—"

Owl: "Have confidence in me."

Myself (tremblingly): "Hawthorn says—"

Owl: "Bid me hope."

I raised my eyes to his. I could not meet that tender look.

"Jessie," he cried, taking my hand, "give me hope to one day call you my little wife. If you could only dream how I have loved you, dear one! How I have pictured your loving heart as having found a home in my affection. How I have pictured your sad face radiant with happiness, and you moving, a ray of light and joy, around my home, crowning my declining days with words of peace and love. Speak! may I hope? Speak to me, sweet child."

I withdrew from his grasp, and hid my face in my hands, weeping bitterly. How could I speak to him? How tell him, so good and kind, that there was no hope for him? That I could not love him? No, no, as these thoughts flew through my mind, I only sobbed the more.

"Jessie," said he, gravely, "do not weep longer. I will not ask you to decide now. I was too abrupt—too sudden in my offer of a hand. I will wait longer. Let us deem this as having never taken place. Have confidence in me as a true friend. I will ask no more."

I raised my head to tell him how highly I was honored; how grateful I felt for his kindness; how thankful I was—but my voice was choked, and I foolishly cried the more. He took my hand and led me into the library, placed me on the sofa, and took a seat beside me.

"Jessie," he tenderly said, "I am an old man. I am richly endowed with worldly goods. I am grave and homely; possess none of the graces with which to win a young heart; but the love of the beautiful, the holiness of truth, the purity of principle, the golden memories of youth, still dwell in my heart as freshly as ever. You are young and pretty; a thousand graces charm the beholder; you are truthful and candid; loving and unselfish; but you are an orphan, friendless, homeless, entirely alone in the world—we are, therefore, equals."

I rose and stood before him. I spoke from the depth of my soul.

"You have not reasoned with your usual solid,

good sense, dear friend! Love has blinded you. No, no, we are not equals. Your judgment, discretion and experience are vastly superior to mine. Your goodness and many virtues of heart I cannot hope to attain. Yes, in every way are you the superior; but, should I marry you without love, believe me, we should never be happy. It would be a marriage of convenience on my part. I would not wear on my heart that charm that enables a wife to overlook hasty words, forgive momentary unkindnesses, endure the trials and annoyances of life with smiling fortitude. Oh! believe me, a union built on any other foundation than the rock of love, will too soon, either from the war of elements or ice of seasons, slide from its sandy precipice into the abyss of ruin."

"Thou, good child! Thou art right," replied the "owl," rising. "A true woman, with a true woman's soul! Henceforth, we are friends; and this day will be buried in the past." And sighing, he departed.

I leaned my head on the desk. An old dream, long sleeping, had been rudely disturbed.

OCTOBER 24.

This morning, Ruth received a letter from Ralph, saying that he would take tea with us the next evening. Ruth prepared his room with her own hands, gave orders for his favorite dishes, and was very busy with a white muslin dress and blue ribbons. But at noon came another epistle. He must delay his visit: urgent business demanded his immediate attention. Ruth appeared much less disappointed than "the mother" and Katrine. She wrote a response immediately. I saw in her dreamy face a knowledge that he would come when he received this, and, as she folded it, she whispered to me—

"I have written just as bewitchingly as I can."

None of the family expected him but Ruth, and she was silent. The evening arrived, and Ruth, in the pure muslin dress, was lovely. A blue ribbon encircled her graceful neck, and a white rose nestled in her glossy braids. She stood near the window, watching, but darkness brought him not. She longed to ask if the stage had arrived, but a bashful shame prevented her. At last, Carroll, the mischievous, suspected the watcher, and laughingly calling her a Penelope watching for Ulysses—an Ariadne mourning a Theseus.

The mother lay upon her couch, smiling, as Ruth nervously paced the room, occasionally looking from the window as if her bright eyes could penetrate the condensed darkness.

"Do not hope longer, dear Ruth," whispered "the mother," as the clock struck nine. "Go to sleep, and perhaps the morning may bring him."

Very loth was she to relinquish this cherished idea; but badinage finally prevailed, and we went to our room. Reluctantly was the pretty dress laid aside. I imagined that tears were in her eyes. We heard a noise like distant thunder. We listened. It was the stage.

"There, there!" cried Ruth, bursting into tears. "I knew he would come; and, see, I look like a fright."

The ponderous vehicle dashed furiously to the gate. The driver sounded his horn. It passed by, the echo rumbling on our ears. Ruth stood

astounded, gazing from the window in speechless surprise. But now the coach rattled through the lane, and stopped at our very door! Ralph sprang from the steps and rang the bell hastily.

It was but the work of a moment for the delighted Ruth to gather her braids under a becoming, little morning-cap, slip on a delicate blue wrapper, run down stairs, and let him in. He caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly, we listening at the head of the stairs.

"Jessie and the sisters are watching thee, Ralph," said Ruth: "go and speak to them."

We sprang up the staircase, but we beat a hasty retreat into our room, locking the door, at which Ruth soon knocked.

"Now," said she, blushing, "I have left Ralph to eat his supper, and I am determined not to lose the effect of my white dress."

The braids were duly arranged, the blue ribbon and white rose adjusted, and looking prettier than I had ever seen her, she went away.

OCTOBER 31.

This is one of those hazy, dreamy days, when the sun peeps through cloudy, half-closed lids upon the world, and to the crimson veil of Autumn adds a golden ray. Ruth sat on the old moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree, weaving of the gorgeous leaves, a crown for his brow, who reclined at her feet.

I tried to engage my attention with a book. They did not heed me, but I turned from the page of fiction to the more interesting one of truth. I listened.

Ruth: "This is a beautiful type of the laurel wreath of glory, Ralph, that the future will place upon your brow. See; every shade of the rainbow is in this leafy wreath."

Ralph: "Yes, nature is beautiful, but artist glorious. I would dip my pencil in the heaven-hues, but I would paint the earth. But, Ruth, beloved one, you will not be with me when fame shall write my name in stars upon her loftiest temple—I shall be alone—"

Ruth: "Ralph, Ralph, give word to my fears. Do you no longer love me?"

Ralph: "Yes, a thousand times better than ever. Now that we must part, I must seek a name and fortune in foreign lands. I sail for Europe in two weeks. I go without you; but you will wait for me, Ruth, *only* five years. It will not be long, love. I will write to you often, very often, and think of you always."

Ruth sat pale and speechless. Could I not read the bitter thoughts in that loving heart?

"Only five years!" It was a mockery to her hopes. Already had she waited four. Did he not love art better than her? Could he doom her to five years' wretchedness in an unhappy home, poor and tyrannized over, as he knew her to be? Could he leave her? give her true heart, with its wealth of love, pearls of faith, for the fickle, fleeting, future hopes? Was love of self predominant in the one she had so worshipped? Did that black cloud darken the sunlight of his noble virtues?

Yes. As the breeze sighed in the tree-tops, and the gay leaves fell around her—on that day when nature was happy and beautiful—her idol fell from its ideal base. She loved him still, but

it was no longer the worship of the trusting, believing girl. It was the sad, trembling love of a woman, loving the virtues—knowing but forgiving the faults. Scarcely to herself did she dare to breathe that he was selfish; and to him she would not have whispered it for the world.

Ralph awaited her reply, picking to pieces the wreath she had woven. She smiled sadly. So had he torn from her heart its most beautiful fancies. The answer came, but the altered tones made him look with sudden surprise into her face.

"Ralph, I give thee to the world—to fame. Great will be their rewards, but not equal to one prayer from my heart for thy happiness. Your name will be spoken by many tongues with praise; bright eyes will smile upon you; glory's crown will rest upon your noble brow; but, alas! heavily. You will listen for one beloved tone; long for a glance of those eyes that have never reproached you; wish for the touch of those well-beloved hands to lighten the glory-weight with words of true affection. Go where you will, my love will haunt you.

"But, Ralph, we must part. I will not bind you with fettering ties. In your letters, words and actions have I read this sad scene. Ralph, you are free, free as air, farewell—for ever."

They rose. She held out both hands. He caught her in a last embrace. She fled to the house. He turned a disquieting glance upon me. I was intently reading. He threw himself on the ground, and covered his face with his hands.

"That is right," whispered I to myself; "you ought to suffer, and thought may bring you to yourself." Therefore, I quietly read on, my heart beating indignantly the while.

As the sun slowly sank behind the trees, he rose, without speaking, and walked to the house, whither I slowly followed.

Tea was on the table. Ruth was absent. No one asked for her, or wondered at her absence. The conversation was forced, languished and ceased by common consent. That evening, "the mother" and son held a long conference in her room. The day after, he bid us farewell and left for the city, to sail in two weeks for France. After his departure, "the mother" seemed entirely prostrated. Her strength had been garnered for this parting, and now she was unable to leave her couch. She sent for Ruth. The poor child came, pale and spiritless. At "the mother's" whispered request that she should remain, she kissed her faded cheek, and promised never to leave her. Beautiful love of a daughter and mother! Ruth and Naomi lived again. One affection bound them together.

In this sad season of family sorrows, was Carroll united to Beryl Clermont. "The mother" would have it so, and they left immediately for a distant home. How quietly, sadly passed the Winter with us! The cold, snow and rain were alike unheeded. All hearts and thoughts were centred in the little room, where dwelt "the mother." She was slowly fading away.

Miss Netta and the "owl" like good Samaritans, poured the oil of comfort on our wounded hearts, and bound them up again in hopes.

Miss Netta brought news and a cheerful face into the sick chamber. Delicacies, well prepared,

such as she alone could make, found their way thither, and blossoms from her green-house rested fragrant on the pillow of "the mother."

Joy-beams came in the shape of letters from Carroll.

She was happy, much beloved, and in gay society. A slight cough had kept her more at home than was pleasant; but Beryl was fearful, and she had no will but his.

A smile flitted over the pale lips of "the mother," and a blessing was breathed for her youngest blossom. Ralph wrote hopefully also, but poverty was a fearful foe, and fame was dearly bought. A prayer from two gentle hearts ascended to the throne of grace for him, the wanderer from the fold.

March has come again; "the mother" draws each day nearer the gates of eternity, and every word she utters is treasured in our hearts as coming from the Heavenly land, toward which she is journeying.

No tidings from Regina. Her name is an unuttered sound in the household.

Is she forgotten? No, no; the mother's cheek flushes with hope when the post-boy comes, and wears a weary look of disappointment when he has departed.

Katrine's tears often fall for the beautiful sister she has seen grow up under her watchful eye. But silent is her pen. Does no spirit whisper to her heart that a dying mother is passing from earth, awaiting her coming; that Death kindly lingers on his way from Heaven, giving her time to remember the tender love that nursed her youth.

When a daughter's love sleeps, terrible will be the awakening.

I sit in my own room, with a letter in my hand; it is open, I dare not read it. It is from Ellwood.

My eyes have devoured the words. What if it is only a friendly letter? Does not my heart rejoice that he has remembered me? Is not this sentence worth its weight in gold to me? "Jessie, sweet girl! the remembrance of your sad, gentle face, is often with me as I sit in my dusky office. From the first night you came among us, I felt a strange interest in your orphaned loneliness, and since then I have found reason to thank you for your kindly sympathy. Ruth often speaks of you in her letters, and from her account one would imagine you perfection. But, gentle friend, I needed none other to tell me that you were as worthy of the love I lavished upon her, as she was unworthy of it."

This day was marked with a pearl in my heart calendar.

With the first breath of Spring flowers passed "the mother's" soul to Heaven. And perchance the same cloud bore also Carroll's young spirit. She died on the same day as "the mother," and Beryl is desolate indeed.

We made a bed for "the mother" near the garden-bower, in the midst of beloved objects, under trees that her own hand had planted, beneath vines whose curling tendrils owed to her their beauty and strength.

The night is dark, the hearth is desolate, the sun has ceased to shine, nature is a mockery, and

life is undurable. When a mother dies we have lost a jewel from life's crown that can never be reset.

OCTOBER 12th.

I sit in the shady porch dreaming. Tray lying at my feet, dreams also, and growls as though some unhappy thoughts mingle with his dreams as well as mine.

Ellwood will soon return, and hope dawns in my heart. Beryl has returned, and even now he and Katrine walk in the garden, speaking of the lost one. Following closely on their footsteps, Ruth and a friend of Beryl, gaily conversing. Now they have passed into the meadow, and I hear their cheerful voices no longer. But I am not alone; happy thoughts are the pleasantest of companions.

Evening.—While I still dreamed upon the porch, a carriage rolled to the gate; two persons alighted therefrom; the first was a middle-aged woman, who carried in her arms a young infant. Behind was a tall, willowy figure—I thought I recognized the form, and springing forward caught her in my arms, crying "Regina!" She was pale, but more beautiful than ever, and could more appropriately be called "her majesty."

"My mother! Jessie!" she cried, "lead me to her. I long to place my babe in her arms and ask her forgiveness."

I turned away my head.

"Lead me to her," she resumed impatiently.

I took her hand, led her through the old hall beneath the accacia's bloom to the little bower. Silently I pointed to the grassy mound, covered with fresh wreaths—love-offerings to her memory from the hand of a pious daughter.

She turned upon me a look of shuddering horror.

"No, no!" she shrieked, "tell me not that she is dead! Oh! mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself upon the grave. "Did I leave you in anger never to meet again? Speak to me! Say that you forgive me—one little word; I ask no more. Never to see you smile again; never to hear your voice; never to say *mother* again through my whole life. Oh, I have hastened her into her grave—I have murdered my own mother! Oh, God! I too have a daughter; may she not cause my death. Why do not the clouds fall and bury me—oblivion, death, I court ye!"

Poor Regina! Life ceases not with our call for that endless sleep; but this, "O death! is thy sting: here O grave, is thy victory."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" and thus moaning and praying in such heart-moving appeals, she continued like one bereft of reason. I tried to raise her from the ground, and told her how "the mother" had prayed for her, when she fancied herself unperceived; and by entreaties and caresses calmed her agitation in some degree.

"I felt a strong impression that something had happened at home, Jessie. I have just landed from England; I had not heard of her death; I left Florian in New York to arrange matters and buy a house. I hastened with my child hither—a weight was upon my heart, an undefined fear disturbed my hopes, but I did not dream of this."

The party now emerged from the meadow. The

meeting between the sisters was affecting in the extreme.

No reproaches were cast upon Regina, and had they been, she would only have considered them just.

Her little babe was a miracle of beauty—too ethereal for earth. Regina was overwhelmed with remorse; her bursts of grief were terrifying to witness; and no consolation could be bestowed. She had never possessed any religious faith; none even of her own, and now she had no staff to lean upon.

She had remained with us a month; her grief was less violent, but a gloomy remorse had settled in its place. She sat for hours, her eyes fixed on vacancy, heeding no questions, conversation, or the cries of her infant.

But the little angel babe was seized with a violent fever. She mechanically performed the duties of nursing it. Katrine, with watchful care, was ever ready to interest her mind, but all in vain.

"This will never do," said the "owl," shaking his grave head, his grey eyes filling with tears; "this will never do, we must try some violent means to draw her from this dreamy state."

"Send her to that scapegrace husband of hers, who was the originator of all this sorrow," said Miss Netta. "I think that would be a violent measure; but for my part, I think gentle means much the best."

And Miss Netta departed in quite a glow of honest indignation.

But on the morrow, God had taken the little sufferer to himself, and Regina awakened from her dream-land to a sad reality. Holding the little lifeless form in her arms, she would not be comforted. To her there was no hope; she believed not that she would meet it after this life.

A week had passed since we had laid the babe to sleep on "the mother's" breast, and Regina was fast relapsing into the same melancholy mood—when to our surprise, one morning she arose calm and cheerful.

She continued thus for several days before Katrine or myself dared to question her as to the cause of her sudden change.

"It is a dream," she replied, "which I will relate to you. I thought I sat on the porch with my babe in my arms; it was very cold and still; the 'owl' passed by, I begged him to feel of its little hands. 'It is death,' he replied. At this moment I saw in the heavens a blazing meteor, and stars fell from it to the earth; I reached out my hand, and one of these little rays fell upon my hand and turned to white ashes. Soon it moved and fluttered, and a pure white butterfly arose from the ashes and flew towards the stars. I looked in my lap; the child was gone and I awoke. Yes, my beloved babe, we shall meet again, never more to part."

Her time of departure drew near—Judge B. would expect her return. She said but little of her married life; still we were led to think her not happy. Katrine begged her to remain with us.

"No," Regina would reply, "Florian is alone; he has but me in the world. It is my duty to cling to him through life. We are not entirely congenial; but he is kind to me, and I hope these

bitter lessons will make me more yielding and forbearing.

She left us. We have never seen her since, but often hear from her. Strangers speak of her as the queen of the city, living in splendor, admired and sought for. But we know her heart turns from the wealth of the city, its vanities and pomp to a little green spot in our garden bower.

DECEMBER 10th.

By the blazing hearth-fire I sat pondering on the changes, not of life, but of the heart. Ruth will marry. She is lovelier than ever; dimples and grace has Time added to her face, and depth and width to her mind. She is truly a noble woman; one to comfort and bless; one to be loved and cherished. Beryl's friend, Dr. F., is my beau ideal of a congenial spirit for Ruth. She is ideal, he real; she has much sentiment; he has just enough for life purposes and happiness; he lays at her feet a fortune and unspotted name, and offers a heart, true and warm, capable of holding a dozen common place affections. She loves him; loves his highly cultivated mind, his dignified manners, and good common sense. Should she remain true to a youthful dream of romance, the object being unworthy of her love? No, and from the deepest recesses of my heart is breathed a prayer for her happiness.

While thus lost in thought, I watching the ruby and golden flame chase the blue cloud smoke up the huge chimney, a hand was gently laid on mine, a voice breathed my name. I started to my feet in surprise. The intruder caught me in his arms and spoke fast and vehemently, while I could not free myself.

"Jessie! dear girl! think you a pearl of such price can remain hidden longer in this wilderness? Have you not known that I loved you since that day on which you looked on me so kindly? Know you not that I came beneath your window, breathing a last farewell on the evening I left home? Ruth has given you many messages, I have written you frequently. Think you all this was done in friendship? No, it was the truest love man ever felt for woman. I knew that you loved me; yes, ever since that fatal day when Regina so outraged your delicacy of feeling. That love was dearer to me than the wealth of the Indies.

"I felt sure of your love, and convinced of my own constancy. I therefore worked hard to build a cage for my little bird, and thither have I come to take her. It is an humble cottage, Jessie, but it is the heart makes the home. I can promise you comfort and happiness. Jessie, will you go?"

I did not reply: but quiet and happy I rested on that loving heart.

My girlish dreams were at last realized. A happy home and strong arm to lean upon. As Ellwood's wife, the future has no fears for me.

Ralph is still a lonely wanderer. May he, with his golden treasures, gather graces of the heart.

Ah, often amid lonely hours, will Ruth's prophecy be fulfilled. No sweet voice will cheer his pathway. A selfish man will never be beloved.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

Katrine stood with her old lover beside the window, where in times long gone by, they had whispered vows and made promises which he had broken.

His thoughts had gone back to their early youth, hers sang ever a dream of memory.

"Trina," he murmured.

Katrine started; it seemed like a note of dimly remembered music.

"Trina, do you remember our days of betrothal? When we stood here in this very spot and wrote our names on this pane of glass with crystal? I promised 'faithful 'till death,' you whispered, 'for ever true.'"

"Can you recall those days with pleasure, Trina? I can say I am unchanged in the knowledge of your worth and goodness, of your self-sacrificing spirit, of your high intellect and loving heart. I seem to have passed through a dream: that I could not have foreseen all this, have known thy superior virtues—oh, fool, fool, that I have been!

"Despise me, Trina, reject me if you will; but the love of youth sleeping for a time has awakened stronger than ever. Noble, generous girl! all your high resolves, truth, constancy of principle, burst upon me in such dazzling succession, that I am bewildered.

"Trina: thou art lovelier to me, than when in your youth I worshipped the lilies and roses of your face. Do not weep—answer me!"

Katrine: "A few tears are given to the dream that has fled for ever. When you returned, my heart was faithful, was entirely yours.

"How I had longed, prayed for that meeting; hoped through years of trial and sorrow. It was my hope, my comforter.

"You came; you had changed. I had grown older; had lost graces of form and face. You returned to Carroll. Then my heart cried bitterly for sympathy. I had duties to perform; I multiplied them. I read, wrote, lost self in my love for others; but lost, also, that love for you.

"No, Beryl, when love loses respect, he loses all. *It is like the arrow to his bow.*

"I have remained faithful to my promises. I am 'true for ever' to that dream—there, you are not as here. I cannot love again. You have doomed me to this isolated life. I do not reproach you. I would be your true friend for her sweet sake that made you my brother.

"I give you my hand in sisterly affection. It is all I can do. My heart died the night you returned."

Beryl left her, a wiser and better man. And through life's pilgrimage he strewed the flowers of charity by the roadside, that the poor and needy might rejoice. And for Katrine's sake he bore the cross meekly, and with content.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

In the large, magnificently-furnished parlor of a fashionable mansion, gather the beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. Diamonds vie with blazing lights; cheeks rival the fragrant exotics; feathers, laces, gems and rainbow. Colors mingled in beautiful confusion. Amid this high-born throng, moves the hostess; dignified, stately,

beautiful, attentive; every movement is grace; all gaze upon her admiringly; she is with them, but not of them. Her dress belongs to them, but her soul is far away. The black velvet robe is confined at the neck and waist with diamonds. Dance after dance continues; wine flows, tongues loosen; all is gaiety and life.

The guests have departed; one solitary lamp sheds a sickly light around. The lovely hostess is alone; her husband is still engaged in missions of fashion; no child-like voice disturbs the too profound stillness; no little mouth pouts for a kiss; no graceful white arms are thrown around her neck; no little dove nestles in her bosom, stealing away, by its manifold charms, life-troubles.

No; lonely, sad, uncheered, Regina lives; but no complaint passes her lips. She kneels before a little stand, where rests a large, open book, with clasps. She reads—no comfort hath she received from the light of the world.

Her lips move in prayer—"Mother, mother, thou hast forgiven me."

Weep, stricken one, tears of repentance wash away thy sin. She sees not the splendor surrounding her. A green mound, covered with fresh wreaths, in a sunny garden, dwells in her memory. A little pale form is visible to her spiritual eyes. It wears a white robe, and holds in its hand a golden harp. The mother has laid her treasure in Heaven.

THE WEST.

The prairies are nodding with silver grass, and bright countless hues. The Indian pink and lady slipper—the wild rose and geranium cluster in natural wreaths around a simple cottage. In the white-leaved poplar, the wild thrush mimics his woodland brothers.

The yellow willows dance on the dark, green waters of the Mississippi. In the distance the blue steeps rise precipitously to the clouds; frail pines and cedars hang thereon, and thus have clung for centuries—Indian mounds, and strange freaks of nature diversify the otherwise plain table-land beyond.

Foaming cataracts leap joyously down the hills, dancing in the valleys below. Timid deer peep with large wild eyes from the hazel thickets, and gentle prairie fowls rise from your very feet. The pheasants drum on the old moss-covered trees. The wild bee hides in the wild woods his luscious, golden store.

The West! the beautiful West! the cradle of the strong and brave, but yesterday a silent wilderness—to-day, a human forest—combining in nature all climates and resources.

Rich in forests, streams, and Indian lore; wealth lies under the green prairie sod; glittering ore and sparkling mines. Overhead stretches the huge branched trees; even they are converted into gold, by the sturdy Westerner.

It possesses the noblest of rivers, the most indomitable of men, "nature's noblemen," hospitable, brave and true. Women intelligent and fair, to industry born; devoted to their duty, and the right.

The beautiful, the grand, the graceful and sublime dwell side by side in her varied scenery.

Oh; who shall sing thy praises aright, thou land of promise?

Thy daughter's voice is all too feeble; her words too few.

In this fairy-land dwelt Jessie and Ellwood, happy and beloved. Jessie's heart expanded beneath the sunlight of happiness, beneath the smiles of nature. Her face wore no longer the sad, subdued expression of olden times; but smiles dwelt on her lips and nestled in the dimples of her cheeks.

In the cottage door she stood, shading her eyes from the sunshine, watching the road from the nearest town, to catch a glimpse of the truant husband, a few moments later than usual. In the room behind her, one can perceive a table covered with a snowy cloth, shining dishes, honey, wild fruit, white bread and golden butter. Who does not envy Jessie's pride of this simple meal? Ah; comfort and content, with a loving heart, is the paradise on earth.

RUTH.

In a spacious parlor, where the light falls in softened rays, where statues adorn the niches, pictures the wall, and little bijoux of art dwell in unison with home comforts;—here, where exquisite taste prevails, is a fine-looking gentleman in an easy chair; a dressing-gown of rich material is wrapped around him; slippers, embroidered in gold and silver, encase his feet.

His face wears an expression of true goodness; it is a countenance of truth and intelligence; one that verifies the old adage forgotten in our modern days—"A well-spent morn and noontide maketh a glorious even."

He is reading aloud, and as some chord in his bosom answers responsive to the book, he raises his eyes to meet the sympathetic look from the fair being opposite, without which life is a desert and sentiment flimsy and unprofitable. This is Dr. F. And Ruth, dressed with neatness and elegance, sits opposite to him, in her little sewing-chair, with a piece of light work in her hands, in which she makes but little progress; one stitch is taken, and now it falls from her grasp. Her eye is fixed on the changing face of the speaker; her ear heeds but the music of loved tones; a half smile of happiness plays on her dreamy face.

When he raises his head, and glances for a mute reply, she nods approvingly, and seems deeply interested; and so she would if it were a law-book, a ledger, or disquisitions on metaphysics, instead of an interesting fiction or history.

Oh, woman, woman! When you love you have no identity; you are more benighted than the heathen; you make to yourself graven images and worship them. But who would convert this sweet fanatic to another belief, when she is so perfectly happy in her self-immolation?

Ruth has no memory of the past. The present is sufficiently beautiful.

Hope has folded its wings contented. Life is numbered by to-days.

GERMANY.

In this land of Schiller and Goethe, of Melancthon and Martin Luther, where light first dawn-

ed upon the world, and monarchs now tremble; in this country of strange anomaly, of ideality and phlegm, of the spiritual and real, dwells Ralph.

In the dusk of the evening, he sits in his lonely studio, beside an open window.

A scene of exquisite beauty is before him; dark ruins, Gothic chapels and mouldering battlements, scarcely illumined by the silver-threaded moon. Purple vineyards, golden grain, graceful trees, and below a rippling stream.

What view could give greater delight to an artist? Who would not be enchanted by this ravishing picture of nature?

But Ralph has no delight in these harmonies of light and shade. A portrait of memory dwells in his heart; a sweet voice is sounding in his ear. The past is singing to him; what does it murmur?

Of broken faith, tears, and a pale, dreamy face. Of golden dreams never realized; of happiness slighted for an illusive ray.

Ralph turned sick at heart from the past.

What does the future present to his view? A lonely man, toiling up the steep ascent of fame, without gathering a flower on the way. A heart dead to sweet impulses, turned to gold, shedding no light abroad, and leaving all darkness and gloom within.

Now was the veil of self torn aside, and as he gazed upon the faults of his early life, he turned shuddering away, and breathed vows of repentance and reform, which an angel-mother bore to the throne of grace with joy and thanksgiving.

"THE OWL."

In the old-fashioned family room, Miss Netta is knitting energetically, pausing now and then to wipe away a tear.

"The owl," in the large arm-chair, wears a subdued look on his grave old face, and the book-nose is slightly red; it may be the fire-warmth, or perhaps "the owl," like Miss Netta, "is very apt to become foolish, when anything touches his heart."

Two little chubby faces rest on his breast; two pairs of large eyes gaze with wonderment into his; and four miniature boots scuffled on his knee: the same number of dimpled hands twist the brass buttons on his coat, and delight in the very broad-faced boys they see therein.

"The owl" presses the little rosy cheeks closer to him, and gazes with pride on the little white curly heads.

"Yes, Netta," he at length says, "I have confided to you my love and disappointment. Jessie was a bright ray in our life, and we can never forget her."

"I do not complain: I have these dear charges and you, sister, to cheer my pathway. I will henceforth dedicate my life to them and to you. Your happiness shall be my first thought."

"And as time glides by, we will embrace it gently, laying up good deeds on earth, and treasures in Heaven."

"Let the world laugh as it will, and call us old supernumeraries; we will live for each other, and in the face of nature, I say, Happy is the man who possesses that greatest of treasures an

old maiden sister; and happy is the world that such self-sacrificing spirits dwell therein."

Miss Netta's ball of yarn rolled into the ashes; she lost a dozen stitches; dropped her needle and held out her arms; her brother and his children rushed to embrace her.

Miss Netta was a proud and happy woman. A dear, good, cheerful, patient old maid.

KATRINE.

"Trina remains in her early home, alone, but not lonely. Nature is beautiful; chosen friends gather around her; birds, books and blossoms are at her command; and thoughts, beautiful and varied, are her companions."

The lofty and intellectual seek her; her name is an amaranth in the wreath of fame.

Her solitude is peopled with the long lost and loved; with beautiful images, glowing pictures of fancy; music of words, and imaginative musings. Nature and art vie with each other in the old well-remembered garden; flowers blossomed on the green mound near the bower, and birds sing above it, through the long summer days.

In the evening little lamp rays steal trembling from the window, and rest thereon, smiling.

During all seasons, rich buds rest there, perfuming the frosty air of winter.

Katrine felt not alone; this sacred spot was a friend to her. Here she held communion with the past.

Here the house was filled with young, joyous faces, and the pale mother moved like a dream-spirit amid them.

Here she heard angel voices, tones of spiritual music, always singing to her of that beautiful heaven-land where Ariadne's starry crown is awaiting her.

NORFOLK, July 1st, 1853.

THE ENGLISH WOOD THRUSH.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

A short time after the loss of our charming pet Brownie,* a dear friend presented my wife with an English wood thrush. It was a remarkable fine specimen—a male in the first year. We called him "Brownie the Second," and I have some curious things to relate to you of him too.

I had a theory which I often broached to my wife concerning this branch of the family Zurdinæ. It was that the wood thrush constituted the feathered incarnation of the Affectional Sentiment in Mankind—that in its mellow, clear and wonderfully liquid notes, we heard the natural language of tenderness, pity, charity and hope—and that therefore the fact of Brownie's feeding the poor Kelpie was no accident, but that the same sympathetic benevolence would be found to characterise the specimens quite generally and without regard to sex. Now, this bird (*Zurdus Musicus*) the song thrush of Europe, is so nearly allied to (*Zurdus Melodus*) the American variety, that the two were for a long time confounded among the Old World naturalists, and indeed, Wilson was the first who drew the clear line of

*The writer refers to a pet American Thrush, mentioned in an article published in the Home Gazette a year ago.

distinction between the two, and established ours as a distinct species.

This bird was presented to us in the Fall of the year, and as I had ventured to predict that with the return of Spring our new English friend would exhibit the same traits as his late American kinsman—poor Brownie—in feeding the first young birds of the family *Zurdinæ* presented to it. I was all eagerness to have the Spring come, that we might test the question fully.

It happened that a nearly fatal illness overtook me this Winter, and I was compelled to seek for restoration in the South.

We arrived at Charleston very early in the Spring, and by the time the mocking-birds began to breed, I was able to travel far enough by railroad to reach Columbia, the lovely capital of the State, where, under the care of that distinguished naturalist, physician and gentleman, Professor Robert W. Gibbes, I was soon so far relieved as to be strong enough to get out on short excursions occasionally. My wife was engaged in making drawings of birds for a volume now in press.

We had in addition to our pet Englishman alluded to, a fine male Southern mocking-bird, which was not quite old enough—though it sang very well—to furnish her the necessary definition of plumage for a correct drawing.

Her ambition was to achieve as nearly as possible the butterfly airiness with which this marvellous bird floats upward and around upon the eddying exaltations of its mighty song.

It was perhaps a presumptuous attempt—but presumption has ever been the synonym of daring. She made an hundred studies from the action of the caged bird all to the same end—but none of them were entirely satisfactory. At last the conviction came that we *must* have a specimen-bird—not a “stuffed specimen,” but one warm and yet throbbing with the last pulses of life—that could be placed naturally in the position studied from the living bird, and sketched rapidly before it grew cold in the rigidity of absolute death.

When my wife announced to me that she *must* have such a specimen—that although she had studied the wild bird on the wing at a distance, and the tame bird near at hand, and had many good ideas of this movement in her sketches—yet there were numerous details of outline and finish which it was impossible to achieve without the warm specimen. I well recollect my despairing answer.

“The fact is, I would rather face a panther on the bound than shoot a mocking-bird—I hope God will forgive me—but as I see clearly it must be done, it *shall* be done!”

This was said with a tragic earnest, that must have been comical, for my wife said, with a quiet smile—“Well, now, heroed as you think you are, I do not believe you *can* do it!”

This conveyed an implication upon my marksmanship—of which I am, by the way, excessively proud—and also upon the firmness of my nerves, which could by no means be endured. So with a sovereign wave of the hand and an extra straightening of my person, I left the room, saying, “You shall see, madam, that my *will* can accomplish *anything* that is necessary!”

Fifteen minutes afterwards we were embarked

in a light buggy, attended by a bright mulatto boy, bound for the outskirts of the city—I with gun in hand, and my wife with a most provoking look of archness upon her child-like face. I was going forth slaying and to slay, and vowed that I had as soon kill a bird of Paradise as a mouse, when the interests of science required it, and persisted—like the boy whistling in the dark—in convincing her that I should certainly shoot for her the finest specimen of a mocking-bird that we could find! Indeed, for the purpose of reassuring her smiling incredulity, I went on to remind her that she had seen me perform miracles with the rifle. She had known me even to place six bullets in successive shots upon the space of my thumb-nail, which I thrust forward to show her was not a *very* large one!

“Oh, yes!” she knew I was a “good rifle shot—a wonderful rifle shot—if I insisted upon it—but—shooting at buffalo, deer or even Camanches, was *not*, strictly speaking, shooting at mocking-birds!”

“Nonsense! If a man knows how to hit one thing, he knows how to hit another!”

I felt somehow funny, I must confess, at this persistent dubiousness. It could not be that she thought that because I had become accustomed to shooting at large objects, that therefore I should miss the small ones as a matter of course! What could the woman be driving at? Why I could shoot a bird on the wing a great deal easier with the shot-gun than a deer on the ran with the rifle, which requires you, in order to bring him down, to place a single ball in a much smaller space than even the snipe would cover with its wing on its flight. She cannot mean that I am not a good marksman—for that she knows I am?

Hah, there is a mocking-bird, well known in all this region as a magnificent singer! See him bounding up from the top of that pear tree inside the garden! The people will all curse me, I know, for slaying the angel of song in their neighborhood—but then I hope to make peace with them in explaining that it was a necessity of science and its accompanying art.

The buggy was stopped, and out I sprang. He was but a short distance off, swimming and bounding “on the billows of sweet sound.”

My wife said as I left her—“Be sure you get him—he is a splendid creature—just the specimen that I want!”

“Yes—you shall see!” said I, faintly.

I walked up towards him. He did not observe me—he was too much absorbed in his hymn. I was now within twenty paces of the low pear tree—yet he soared and floated unobservant of the stalking murderer in his front—he knew no evil in this hospitable land, and music had been “plate of mail” to him. I pointed my gun at him three times—but always I could never see the end of the barrel—for my eyes grew thick with tears. I could not see him, he was

“—hidden in the light” of music!

I tried, in the desperation of my *will*, to pull the trigger in that *direction*, but the gun would not go off. I could not make it go, and found that somehow it was only on half-cock. Even then, after it was on full-cock, and the beautiful

creature undauntedly floated and sung, I found another pretext for dodging my boasted inexorableness. I saw the female fly into the same tree, though lower down, and came to the instantaneous conclusion that, as they must be building there, it would be an unpardonable profanity for me to shoot the male under such circumstances.

I went back to the buggy, and although my wife attempted, hysterically, to keep up her bantering tone, and vowed that if I did not shoot her a mocking-bird she would do it herself—because “she *must* have it!”—yet I felt that her voice trembled in this assertion of the inevitable requisitions of art, and not another word was spoken between us as we drove back to our hotel.

A week had passed, and still her studies made it more apparent that we *must* have a fresh-slain specimen to enable her to complete the drawing contemplated.

At last, upon one of my well days, we were transported to the edge of an extensive woodland, intersected here and there by large old fields, or commons, which had been deserted for years. These were the most likely places to find the highest specimens of the Southern mocking-bird. After leaving the buggy, we traversed, on foot, some quarter of a mile of foot-path, over an undulating upland, and suddenly found ourselves introduced to a small meadow on the bank of a feeble rivulet. This had, many years ago, been a farm, but had for some cause been deserted. I saw at once it was the place for mocking-birds, and we accordingly sat down beneath the shade of a heavy pine to watch the aspects of the scene. In a little while, we saw, in the meadow below us, two mocking-birds, flitting to and fro as if this was their familiar home.

The male was a splendid specimen, and although I shot at it with, as I supposed, my nerves worked up to the last degree of tension, I never hit it, although within astonishingly short distance.

At last, as my wife had brought out paper and pencils for drawing, and wires for fixing the bird in position, I was compelled to shoot one of the pair, in spite of myself. It was fixed upon the wires immediately, and she commenced making the drawing beneath the shade of a pine.

I left her, saying, “I am convinced that those birds have a nest in this meadow. You continue your drawing, while I go to look for it.”

I wandered around the meadow, looking into every isolated clump or thicket without distinction.

Every secret place had been searched, and as the mate came along, I, in a splenetic mood, brought it down also.

But then the idea haunted me—they have a nest of young in this meadow, and now that I have done murder upon their natural protectors, my business is to protect the callow children of song.

There was a small clump of blackberry vines mingled with more vigorous shrubs and more luxuriant foliage, which occupied the central place of this old field, and into which I had glanced an hundred times in passing. The foliage was impervious to sight, but at last it occurred to me to thrust my cane into the im-

pervious bosom of the brake, and, turning aside the thorns gently, I saw, sure enough, as I had suspected, four yellow mouths, gaping out of darkness to the stir which reached only the darkened sense of their sealed vision.

Carefully, through the environing thorns, I lifted the dim family, and bore it to my wife.

“What can we do with them?” said she, despondingly.

“Never mind—we have the English wood-thrush, Brownie the Second—and rest assured he will take care of these callow younglings.”

Well, we got the little things home; and Brownie the Second behaved very much as Brownie the First had behaved. He exhibited the same tender solicitude as Brownie the First. After we placed the nest in his cage, he continued, for an hour or two, to jump around with a wonderful expression of wonder and uncertainty, until the little creatures began to gape their mouths with hunger, and utter a feeble cry for help, then came our valorous song thrush, and with just the same movements which I have described in the conduct of Brownie the First towards the dismal Kalpie, he established an immediate sympathy with the forlorn little ones.

He fed the young mockers at once, and sedulously cultivated them into respectability; and it was very amusing to notice, as the young birds grew up, how insolently they attempted to assert their supremacy. They could make nothing out of the song thrush.

What he did was a *sentiment*. Let your insolent autocrat of song say what he might, in splendid fiction, but he never yet dared to emulate my song! I am the voice of love—his of ambition! So let us stand: and thus they stood, so far as their farther relations were concerned.

When the young mocking birds which he had cultivated became obstreperous, and presumed to peck—with their usual selfish and ungrateful propensity—at the very head and eyes and heart that had nourished them, he would keep quiet until patience was utterly exhausted, and then turn about and give them a tremendous drubbing.

I have seen the song thrush in many associations, but I never saw it fail to thrash the mocking-bird and every other bird of its family, when they had carried their aggressions up to a certain point. This bird will not fight if it can help it, but when it does, it fights like a desperado, and always wins!

Both the American and English varieties are equally quiet in this respect, and never commit aggressions upon their neighbors, but resent them with equal fierceness.

There is a curious book, called “The Natural History of Cage Birds, by J. M. Bechstein, M. D., &c., &c., of Waltershausen, in Saxony,” which furnishes many interesting particulars in regard to the habits of the song thrush. We shall proceed to give them, as being somewhat rare to American and general readers. Speaking of the song thrush, he says:

“We might, with Brisson, name this bird the *small missel thrush*, so much does it resemble the preceding in form, plumage, abode, manners and gait. Its length is only eight inches and a half,

three and a-half of which belong to the tail. The beak is three-quarters of an inch, horn brown, the under part yellowish at the base, and yellow within; the iris is nut-brown, and shanks are an inch high, and of a dingy lead color. All the upper part of the body is olive brown. The throat is yellowish white, with a black line on each side; the sides of the neck and breast are of a pale, reddish white, variegated with dark brown spots, shaped like a heart reversed; the belly is white, and covered with more oval spots."

Here we have the usual inaccuracy of old authors—but let us hear him:

"When wild, this species is spread all over Europe, frequenting woods near streams and meadows. As soon as the autumnal fogs appear, they collect in large flights to seek a warmer climate. The principal time of passage is from the 15th of September to the 15th of October, and of return about the middle or end of March; each pair then returns to its own district, and the male warbles his hymn to Spring from the same tree where he had sung the preceding year.

"On confinement this bird is lodged like the missel thrush, and much more worthy of being kept, as its voice is more beautiful, its song more varied, and being smaller, it makes less dirt.

"This species generally build on the lower branches of trees; the nest being pretty large, and formed of moss mixed with earth. The hen lays twice a year, from three to six green eggs, speckled with large and small dark brown spots. The first brood is ready to fly by the end of April. The upper part of the body in the young ones is speckled with white. By taking them from the nest when half-grown, they may be easily reared on white bread, soaked in boiled milk; and they are easily taught to perform airs. As this thrush builds by preference in the neighborhood of water, the nest may be easily found by seeking it in the woods beside a stream, and near it the male will be heard singing.

"Of all the birds for which snares are laid, those for the thrush are most successful. A perch, with a limed twig, is the best method for catching a fine-toned male. In September and October these birds may be caught in the water-traps, where they repair at sunrise and sunset, and sometimes so late that they cannot be seen, and the ear is the only guide. When they enter the water haste must be avoided, because they like to bathe in company, and assemble sometimes to the number of ten or twelve at once, by means of a particular call. The first which finds a convenient stream, and wishes to go to it, cries in a tone of surprise or joy, 'sik, sik, sik, siki, tsac, tsac, tsac;' immediately all the neighborhood reply together, and repair to the place. They enter the bath, however, with much circumspection, and seldom venture till they have seen a red-breast bathe without danger; but the first which ventures is soon followed by the others, which begin to quarrel if the place is not large enough for all the bathers. In order to attract them, it is a good plan to have a tame bird, running and fluttering on the banks of a stream."

So it is with the gentle and affectional natures of humanity, they are easily caught by the

"limed twigs" of pretence. But here is what the German says of the European bird:

"The song thrush is the great charm of our woods, which it enlivens by the beauty of its song. The rival of the nightingale, it announces in varied accents the return of Spring, and continues its delightful notes during all the summer months, particularly at morning and evening twilight."

The habits of the English or European song thrush agree so perfectly with those of the American bird, that we are almost tempted to pronounce them identical, except that we have heard their songs. One is brilliant, keen and cold as hawthorn hedge-rows; and a systematized civilization would require the other wild, bold, liquid; and free as the very breath of harmonious liberty could demand.

At all events, the English bird is true to *sentiment*, and that is all we demand!

THE HILLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Would you centre your home in a panorama of beauty, surpassing all others which the great artist has painted? Build your house among the hills. Not in the valley-depths, with near mountains rising all around you, so that your eye is as weary as your feet would be, with constant climbing; but on some gradual slope, where you may command the contrasts of valley and stream, and hills ever retreating into the shadow of greener hills; where you may see far off summits standing blue-veiled before the rising sun; or, wrapped in robes of purple mist, swimming and floating in the ebbing tide of sunset splendor.

If you let the Hand which pencilled that unutterable beauty write its translation within you, and if the souls around you grow up understanding it, then have you completed the harmony of the scene, and have caught some dawning beams from the glory of the "new heavens and the new earth." For what can that golden time be, but a perfect unison in the song that rises from nature and from the heart of man?—a correspondence between a beautiful humanity, happy because holy, and a beautiful universe, no longer blank and meaningless, because men are blinded by sense and sin.

It is a thing to be grateful for, to live where the inward vision can always float away through the outward, over the undulations of a hill-horizon; the sadness it brings is humanizing, the mystery it hints of, elevating; and beholders are better for beholding, although they may not always know it themselves.

But to dwell among the mountains cannot be the lot of all. Well, the little hills are everywhere; the prairie has its mounds, and the seaside its rocky cliffs.

Do not children show the upward instincts of nature, in their squirrel-like fondness for climbing? Here, upon this barren height, perched over with blueberries and juniper, its gray granite rocks fringed round with the graceful boughs of the barberry-bush, we are far enough removed from the grandeur of inland mountain-

scenery. The juvenile population around, doubtless, think this hill raised for the express purpose of sustaining that white-walled, black-roofed powder-house, and for the exhibition of sky-rockets and Roman candles to the town, on Fourth of July evenings. Yet even this elevation of earth brings with it a conscious elevation of soul. These children, who have come up to share our after-tea ramble, feel it as well as we.

Little two-year old Frankie there, who thought himself so tired, that he must be carried through the fields, insists upon climbing all the highest rocks, without assistance; and when he has reached the top, gives vent to his emotions of the sublime, by throwing up his cunning little arms, and uttering a prolonged "oh!" It is the only symbol-note he can command, for he has not learned to talk yet.

He does not see what we older ones do, in the wide scene around; we, who have trod those grounds in childhood and mature years, with both joy and grief for companions. We can fancy the laughter of our playmates even now echoing along the banks of yonder sparkling river; the waves of yon blue ocean wear a tinge of sadness for hopes of ours they have buried, and dear ones they have borne far away. That graveyard, thickly filled with white stones as a harvest-field with sheaves, reminds us of our sweet love-blossoms, which the Reaper has gathered in with the grain.

But, Frankie, dear child! only feels that his little soul has come out into a great cheerful room, which he is trying to fill with his energetic "ohs!"

And there is Lizzie, his sister, standing upon a ledge of trap-rock, crossed over curiously with lighter veins. She has heard that these veins were pushed through the older rock, when the melted mass was hot; and being struck with a singular moisture in their appearance, is shouting to us to know if they are cooled sufficiently yet, to make it safe for her to step upon them.

This other boy, who has never seen the sun go down, except behind clustering house-tops, wants to know what it is that makes the clouds in the west have such bright ruffles around them; and, as the departing day-god drops slowly out of a purple robe of clouds, fervidly ejaculates, "That isn't the same sun that shines up in the middle of the sky!"

No, little Ben! no more than you are the same now that you will be in the high noon of manhood, or the sunset of old age. And yet it is the same, only the varying clouds make it seem so different. So, down to a serene old age, whatever the changes of your skies, may your spirit always be a sun in light, and warmth and beauty.

And oh! ye children, be it ours often to come up to the hills with you; for in such an hour as this,

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can, in a moment, travel thither.
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Common sense is an excellent article, although there are but few men or women either who use it, except in homoeopathic doses.

THE BLIND BOY.

An editor, from whose selection we take the following lines, has beautifully said that, for himself, he could not see to read them through:

It was a blessed summer's day;
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she gently put—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long:
So do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed and gently said:
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there;
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell;
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind;
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"O Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild,
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said: "Oh, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But mother, dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 't is you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

BY ANN E. PORTER.

"I'm glad *my* husband isn't so notional!" said a gossiping neighbor to a friend, whose husband had just passed out of the room, after finding fault with some little domestic arrangement not exactly within his sphere.

"I am sorry Mr. C. has this habit," replied the other, mildly; "but, as I cannot remedy it, I must bear it patiently."

Such were the words which passed the lips; but the hearer little knew what a train of sad thoughts she had elicited for the day.

That afternoon, as Mrs. C. sat alone, engaged with her sewing, her mind was busy with the days of her girlhood, when, free from care, she was a loved and cherished daughter, gathering the flowers of life, but bearing none of its burdens. Then followed those days of blissful anticipation, when he whom she now called husband was a frequent visitor at her father's house; she recalled the hours when together they read, rode or sung; when time was swift-footed, and the old family clock seemed to measure its revolutions by her own quick pulse and light step. But, O! how different was the present from the past! She had been married five years; their first babe, a beautiful child, had been carried to the grave just as it had learned to lisp the word "mamma;" their second was now an infant, but a fretful child, requiring much patience, and many hours of personal attendance. The mother had grown pale and thin under the heavy duties of nurse and housekeeper. Her husband was a physician, with the practice of a small country village—enough to afford a comfortable support to his family, but requiring much prudence and good management to enable them to lay up anything for old age or a rainy day.

It was necessary, therefore, that Mrs. C. should "look well to the ways of her household;" nor could she, as a faithful wife, "eat the bread of idleness." Sometimes the body was weary, and the spirit, too, would flag beneath its duties. Then, too, she had learned that her husband had his peculiarities. Yes; she must acknowledge it to herself, that he was very notional and set in his way. If there was a single heavy streak in the bread, or a grain too much soda, he would be sure to notice it; if the baby sneezed, it had taken cold; or if a button was missing from his shirt, he wondered that it should have found its way into the drawer until repaired. Yes, all this was true; and, as his wife thought it all over during the baby's nap, that afternoon, she began seriously to think that she had trouble—that life was full of sorrow and perplexity. Soon the child awoke, and cried. This set it to coughing; a short spasm followed, which alarmed the young mother, and it was some time before she could get the little one quiet. Then, on looking at the clock, it was near the usual time for tea. Seating her child upon the floor, and giving it some plaything, she hurried into the kitchen; but the doctor soon came in.

"Ah, my dear, isn't supper ready? We must try to be more punctual."

"It will be on the table soon," said the wife, trying to suppress a choking sensation in her throat. As she uttered this, she sighed, and in her heart wished "she had never been married." It was a well-defined wish, and, although it was unuttered, it was for the moment the real language of her soul. In the meantime, little Jessie had found the way to her father's arms, and was crowing with childish delight.

"Now for some supper," said the doctor, cheerfully, as he placed the child in its high chair, not forgetting (for he was a particular man) the linen pinafore. He then assisted his wife in putting the dishes upon the table.

He was tired and hungry, but the frugal meal revived him. If it is true that "no diplomatic difficulty is so great but it may be covered with a table-cloth," then, surely, a pleasant tea-table may prove an antidote for slight domestic jars.

"Sanford has paid me that bill to-day," said the doctor. "I never expected to get a cent of it; and now, Emma, I can purchase that illustrated edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which you have so long wished to own. I am glad we did not buy it before, for there are some at the bookstore, to-day, bound in morocco, plain, but firm and good."

In pleasant chat the hour of tea passed, and Mrs. C. felt a pang of self-reproach, as she moved busily about the house, replacing the tea-things and preparing for breakfast. "I was wrong, after all," she said to herself, "and forgot how many blessings are given to me."

The next day, when he returned home, he brought the new work, and, in looking at its beautiful illustrations, every unpleasant thought was forgotten. When they knelt at the family altar, and the husband used a petition which he had often offered before, each felt its force, and, unknown one to the other, added from the heart a fervent amen. "O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest, and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes and final separation."

These last words, "final separation," softened each heart. The young wife thought of widowhood, and shuddered. "Such a punishment would be just for my rebellious thoughts, yesterday," she said within herself. The doctor, with true affection, looked with interest upon his pale, gentle and still beautiful wife. But though such feelings tended to subdue irritation for the time, their influence was only temporary. The next day brought its domestic duties, and the thousand petty trials which are always the portion of the wife and mother who performs her own household labor and takes the care of her children.

Mrs. C. was gentle-tempered, quiet and unobtrusive in her manners. She was not what is termed a literary woman, but she had a taste for reading, and her proficiency in the common English branches, taught in the village academy, was rather better than that of most of her companions. But she took little interest in the abstruse subjects which occupied the attention of

her husband. He had a decided taste for the physical sciences, and his attainments in chemistry and philosophy might have fitted him for a professor's chair. He delighted in making experiments, and being, as we have already seen, a precise and particular man, he was generally very successful; for his weights were exact to the fraction of a grain, and all the furniture of his laboratory scrupulously clean. It was no wonder, then, that he thought bread and meat, puddings and pies, might be uniformly good.

"Have an exact rule, my dear, and always adhere to it, and never 'mix up,' as you term it, in a hurry; like cases will produce like results, physical laws are invariable, and there is no more need of heavy bread or overdone beef than there is that one ounce of my paragonic should be unlike another, one box of blue pills be of different proportion from its neighbor."

Alas for the poor wife! Such doctrine was rather discouraging. She knew nothing of practical chemistry in housekeeping. She did as her mother had done before her, and, though a good housewife, yet she did not always satisfy the somewhat exacting demands of her husband. Let me not be understood that he was fretful—far from it; but he could not comprehend why all the details of housekeeping could not be as methodically managed as those of his own library. On the other hand, his wife was conscious that her husband was becoming more and more absorbed in his profession and studies, and had less leisure for herself and child. She had little time to give to society, and began to feel more and more her somewhat isolated and lonely position. It was well for her that she had a child, though it could not yet disp her name, and was sickly and fretful. The consciousness that her neighbors thought her husband "precise and fussy" annoyed her. She dwelt upon it when sewing in her quiet sitting-room, or when busy in her kitchen.

Her husband's practice about this time increased, and with it also his ambition to excel in those branches most nearly connected with his profession. Now, it never once entered his scientific head that the fire of domestic affection must be supplied with fuel, or the flame would diminish. He was careful to keep bright the coals in his laboratory furnace, but he forgot the fireside which conjugal love should carefully guard. He married from no mercenary motive; he believed it was true affection which led him to select his Emma from the rest of the world, and he had not the shadow of a doubt that her whole heart was his own. He had now and then wished she was more fond of scientific pursuits, yet it never occurred to him that she viewed him in any other light than the very model of a husband—for such he intended to be.

He could see some trifling deficiencies in her, to be sure, but he believed that her affection was such as to blind her to all defects in his own character. And here we find them, a couple "happily married," as the world would say, and, for aught the world knows, and as far as outside appearance would indicate, enjoying a more than common share of conjugal felicity. But there is a sadness in that house, a little cloud in the horizon,

which may spread till it darken the whole sky, or may fade away like the light mist of morning. We have taken this instance because it is so common, and because there is in so many homes a little root of bitterness, marring the joy and beauty of married life. It may not be the "fussiness" of Mr. C., or the sensitiveness of his wife, but something as trivial—some bad habit indulged, some peculiarity unchecked, which embitters life, and sometimes leads to separation. We have not taken, as we might, the sad picture of the drunkard's home, where all conjugal happiness and love are drowned in liquid fire. With such we weep and pray, and look forward with hope to the day of our nation's deliverance, by the power of law, from this curse which has made so many homes wretched. Neither have we introduced our readers to the fireside of the gambler, the adulterer, or the modern fanatic, who laughs at the sacredness of marriage, but still lives in the family relation. These gangrenes of society need desperate remedies, and a skillful physician. Our business now is with the little foxes that spoil the vines; with those homes where the plague-spot is so small that it is considered hardly presentable to the priest.

We have been astonished to observe how much conjugal happiness has been marred by bad habits or want of mutual confidence. Sometimes, when we have heard of the separation of a married couple, or the remark that certain persons did not "live happily together," our thoughts have gone back to the little cloud, once no larger than a man's hand, and we have mourned as we thought how easily it might then have been chased away.

We sometimes feel that, if we are ever so blessed as to arrive at Heaven, and are given an angel's mission on earth, we would choose, were it in our power, to carry conciliation and peace to hearts bound by the legal ties of wedlock, but sundered in spirit. But, at present, as a weak, feeble woman, we desire to say a few words to those married people who now and then find their horizon darkened by a storm.

Scattered throughout the pages of the *Mother's Assistant*, like the golden sands in the soil of California, are directions to young ladies as to the choice of companions for life, and advice as to the best method of preparing themselves for the duties of wife and mother. So frequent and so good has been this advice, that I should hesitate long before I venture to add thereto; but, my dear married friends, let me whisper a few words to you. The world calls you happy, and, if they judge by appearances, they judge rightly; for, when neighbors enter, are not all "domestic jars," as they are called, and harsh words, hushed for the time being? It is when perplexed with the annoyances of every-day life—the care of children, sick, playful or turbulent, as they are by turns—or when, with a small income, we must manage to supply the numerous wants of an increasing family—when business hurries, and household help is needed and not obtained, or if obtained, is careless and troublesome—when pecuniary losses depress the husband, or weariness and care steal the smile from the wife's cheek—it is at such times we need to draw from that fund of conjugal affec-

tion which should be constantly accumulating interest as the years of wedded life pass.

See that young couple at the altar! The blooming girl in satin and orange-blossoms; the groom in his fresh coat and white gloves. How bright the future looks to them, and how faultless they seem to each other! Talk to them as you will, they cannot be made to believe that they have imperfections of character which will call for patience and forbearance, or that the love which now shapes their paradise must be accompanied with *principle—firm religious principle*—or they may be driven from that Eden which seldom opens a second time to receive the self-banished exiles.

It is not enough that they are professing Christians; they must learn to make that religion a *practical, living, every-day concern*. It must lead them to banish suspicion, not *thinking* evil, and to return a soft answer for hasty and perhaps angry words. There will a time come—it comes to all—when married life wears a very sober hue to the young couple: when they pause and look back upon the careless, free days of single life. No situation is free from perplexities, and He who instituted the family relation has sent joys to overbalance all the trials of our lot; and be assured there is more happiness in married life, where the parties are united in heart and principle, than in any other condition.

And, I may add, that an unhappy married couple are made doubly wretched by the bonds which unite them. The same soil which yields the richest products beneath the hand of the skillful husbandman, is also most luxuriant in weeds when neglected. Our Father in Heaven was merciful when He gave Adam an helpmeet—"compassionate like a God," when He allowed that helpmeet to wander from Paradise with him, hand in hand, to go forth 'mid the gloom and the thorns and briers of a world upon which they themselves had brought the curse. And we believe, also, that, as woman first led man to sin, she has graciously been permitted the largest share in winning a lost world back. I mean by this that her gentle persuasion, and her more impulsive, enthusiastic nature, are better fitted to win man to right and duty than the sterner sex. Think not, then, that I speak aught derogatory of woman's rights, when I assert that in the first domestic difference which springs up between them, where no duty is concerned, it is most becoming that she should be the first to yield. Let her do it gracefully and quietly, and she has made a conquest greater than he who wins a battle. A woman who governs her temper is more respected by the other sex than she who can command an army or discuss politics. They can do the one, but, alas! they know how much easier it is to guide a ship in a storm than to curb evil passions.

With the cares of life comes also the sad consciousness that we have not married a faultless being. The warmest affection cannot conceal from us this fact. Now, let us beware when that knowledge slowly but surely dawns upon us. Whenever the wife, in the quiet loneliness of her home life, sits down to brood over the hasty temper or other short-comings of her husband, she is in danger of marring her own peace, unless she looks also upon the reverse side of the picture,

and holds his virtues to the mirror of her thoughts.

We surprise ourselves sometimes when we stop to reckon the good traits of a neighbor, and a discontented wife will sometimes end a sad hour with a song, if she will try this experiment when disposed to find fault with a husband.

Beware, also, how you speak of a husband's failings to your female friends. If you do this but once, you will find that those faults are magnified in your eyes, and you have unconsciously weakened the sacred ties of married life. There is sometimes a certain light badinage among married people, which, to say the least, is productive of no good, and sometimes leads to positive evil. It may be like

"An arrow sent at random,
But finding mark the archer never meant."

Let me give an example from real life. A gay young girl is visiting some friends, who have been married eight or ten years, perhaps. She is fond of society, and, as the wife is necessarily much at home with her little ones, the husband politely attends their visitor to the concerts, lectures, evening parties, and so forth.

All this is not displeasing to a lady who loves her children, and has learned to prize the quiet joys of home; she goes, too, when she can, but finds it no sacrifice to remain in the nursery when duty calls. Indeed, she is pleased to see that her husband retains the gallantry of his youth, and looks with a wife's pride upon him, and the young visitor leans lightly upon his arm.

"We will return early," says the husband, as the wife sits in a rocking chair with a babe in her arms.

She replies, cheerfully, "Don't hasten on my account. I shall not be lonely."

There is perfect confidence between that husband and wife, as nothing has ever yet occurred to mar it. Pity that a light jest should do that which years of care and trial have failed to produce.

The gentleman and the visitor return in fine spirits from the concert: the piano is opened, the wife orders refreshments, and a merry hour ensues. They sing, laugh and jest. The husband jokes the lady about a certain young gentleman who seemed so eager to assume his place that evening; and one thing follows another, till, at last, he says, "No, Mary, don't marry him. I shall want a wife, one of these days, perhaps. Julia, my dear, what say you to my second choice?"

This seems rude and unfeeling; but it was uttered as a joke, and was taken as such, for the wife knew that she held the first place in her husband's heart. She had proved his love, and she rested upon it as upon a rock; but, nevertheless, the unfeeling words struck a chord in her heart which vibrated to tones of deepest sadness.

While she smiled with the lip, there was a tear forced back to its fountain. These words haunted her for years.

"How could he speak so lightly of my death?" she would often ask herself; and it was not until she lay upon a bed of sickness, with little hope of life, and saw his agony at the idea of separation, that she ventured to tell him how much sorrow

those idle words had given her. He had forgotten the circumstance, and could hardly be made to believe that he had ever been guilty of such folly and rudeness. But most tenderly did he watch by her bedside, and in after years proved, by his increased devotion to her, who seemed raised almost from the dead, that it was only a joke.

We believe husbands are more addicted to such jokes than wives, and we would kindly caution them. A woman's heart is sensitive, and where her affections are concerned, secretive. A poisoned arrow may rankle there for years unknown to you. Heaven help you if you find at last that it was your hand which sent it!

The breach widened daily between Mr. C. and his wife, the parties with a sketch of whose domestic life we commenced this article. The doctor, as we have said, loved his profession; he devoted all the hours which he could spare from active practice to his study. Medical journals, reviews, new cases of instruments, manikins, colored lithographs of all parts of the human frame, not in the symmetry of its natural proportions, but distorted by disease or accident, filled his study and thinned his purse, leaving little for such books or pictures as would have suited his wife's less scientific taste. Once or twice he made feeble efforts to interest her in his pursuits; but the very sight of a skeleton made her faint, and a medical book was immediately carried to the study, if left by chance on the parlor-table. Her own domestic cares were not lessened as time passed, for when her little girl was but two years old the mother gave birth to twin boys. Now, if never before, as the neighbors said, "the doctor was fussy and notional." He required the most exact and punctilious attention to be paid to his boys—the morning and the evening bath, the daily exercise, regular hours for feeding and sleeping, and no anodynes, at the risk of his great displeasure.

"Maybe this is right enough," said Mrs. Sloan, who lived near them, and was the mother of six robust, ruddy-faced boys: "it's well enough, if one can have strength and help. My babies all come up somehow, but I never had no rules about it; I nursed 'em when they cried, washed 'em when they got dirty, and give 'em peppermint and soot tea when they had the colic. Your husband's 'mazin particular, Mrs. C., and don't know nothin about woman's work, or he wouldn't expect you to be regular as the clock with three children, and only one girl to help. He forgets there's washin day, and bakin day, and ironin day. Lawful sake! if he should see my Tim rollin about the floor, Monday, with an old woollen frock on and a crust of bread in his mouth, he'd think the child would have a fit of sickness; but he's fat and healthy as a pig. The long and short of it is, Mrs. C., you must learn to have a mind of your own, and take no notice of the doctor's whims and notions."

But she felt that her husband's plans were best, if they could only be executed; and she strove, with her one inefficient girl and her three little ones, to gratify his taste for system, and fulfil his directions as to the management of the children. They were possibilities, but he expect-

ed of his wife that which never has been and never will be accomplished.

The doctor was seldom with his family now, for his practice and his study demanded nearly all his time; but he came as regularly as his profession would allow to his meals, and he was disturbed if he did not find them as punctual as himself. More frequently than ever the bread was heavy, and the meat indigestible from overcooking. Sissy could eat no dinner, because she had been fed between meals; and an old cradle, (a very useless thing, he averred) was found in the kitchen, and Betsy was rocking and singing with all her might, to hush the loud cries of one of the boys.

"O, dear!" he would exclaim, "I do wish, Emma, you would try to understand the laws of health, and be more systematic; the health, and perhaps the life of our children, depend upon attention to these little things."

Poor Emma had heard this so often that she was wearied, and, if the truth must be told, was becoming indifferent. She had struggled to perform what the doctor called a wife's duties, till her pale face and wasted form ought to have told him that she had a task beyond her strength. But he heeded it not; he was engaged in writing a treatise on the "causes of tubercular diseases," and he had little time to waste just then upon the sad, pale face of his wife.

It is not strange that in that wife's heart there sprung up a yearning for sympathy, a consciousness of neglect, and of unassisted and unappreciated efforts to do right. There was now and then a looking back to the happy days of girlhood, but oftener a sense of present weariness and desolation overcame her. She had no time to read, and the doctor seldom read aloud, or if, at rare intervals, he did so, it was some medical treatise, which he requested her to hear for the benefit which she might gain. One sunny spot in the desert only remained—it was their hour of evening worship. At that time the domestic and the children were generally asleep, and quietly, without interruption, they read a portion from the Book of books, sung their evening hymn, and mingled their petitions at the Throne of Grace. Blessed moments, that, like one golden thread, kept these hearts together!

But, one evening, as Mrs. C. sat alone in the quiet sitting-room—quiet only when her little ones were hushed in slumber—she was alarmed by the abrupt entrance of two men, supporting her husband in their arms. "Don't be alarmed," said the doctor to her. "I have broken my leg, but am not otherwise hurt." His voice relieved her fears, for her first thought was of death, and who shall say what agony was concentrated in that one half-moment of time? How differently do our hearts measure hours, minutes and seconds, from the far-distant sun, the regulator of our clocks!

None but those who have known by experience can tell how wearisome are the days and weeks of confinement with a broken limb. To the doctor, who had at this time a busy round of practice, it was very trying to lie almost motionless upon his bed, and in such a position that it was very difficult to read. After making various

efforts, and finding his eyesight weakened, he gave it up in despair. His only amusement was in watching the three children, and conversing with his wife in those rare moments when she could bring her sewing and sit down at his side. He noticed how seldom this happened, and, at the same time, how much pleasure it gave her when she could find an hour free from domestic cares. For the first time in his married life, he began to have some conception of the various cares and manifold labors of a wife and mother. In silence, he watched from early dawn till twilight gray the constant step of his wife. If she was away from the kitchen any length of time, things were sure to go wrong there; the cooking was spoiled or the work undone. If her eye was not constantly on the children, then trouble ensued; now a burn which mother's hand must soothe and bind; now a fall which mother alone can ease; the next minute, perchance, the molasses-jug was robbed of its stopple, and the apron, just now clean, must be exchanged; or a pan of milk was tipped over by some careless little hand, and the recipient would come tottling into the sitting-room, dripping with the milky shower. And when, at night, sleep, that most efficient aid to the tired mother, came and wrapped the little ones in her soft mantle, there was the work-basket with its pile of "auld clathies," waiting to be made "almaist as weel as new" by the same hand which was required to work so many wonders during the day. The doctor saw all this with a mingled feeling of wonder and self-reproach; reproach that he had ever spoken harshly to, or required so much from his wife, and wonder at the patience and long-suffering of a woman who could, day after day, perform these duties without a murmur. But for the present "he communed with his own heart, and was still."

"Emma," said he, one day, "I wonder if Mr. Hall, the schoolmaster, would come and read to me an hour every evening, if we should send for him. I wish very much to know the contents of my last medical journal."

"Wouldn't you like to have me read awhile?" she said, mildly, as she rose for the book.

Now, there is a little perversity in men, as well as women, sometimes; and, though the doctor knew that his wife disliked the very sight of his professional books, he consented, and for an hour listened to her pleasant voice, as she read a chapter on tumors, containing a minute description of some difficult surgical operations for the same. Every night, for a week, she found time to read, until the book was finished; and let me add, to the doctor's credit, that not once during that week did he find fault with the cooking, though one day the beef was baked ten minutes too long, and the rice-pudding not long enough.

The doctor's limb was doing well; he would soon be out again; none the worse physically for his accident, and morally a wiser man.

"To-morrow I shall try the crutches," he said to his wife, as she closed her book for the night, "and I hope I shall not trouble you to read any more. My eyesight will be better now, I have no doubt."

"I hope then, you will read aloud," she re-

plied, "for I am getting quite interested in your books, and have found them very useful to me. I really ought to ask your pardon for having formerly treated them with so much neglect."

This was too much for even the doctor's firmness to bear. He drew his wife to his side, and, with her hand clasped in his, told her how much he needed her forgiveness for his former exacting, fault-finding spirit. "I little knew your cares, Emma, and far less did I know the patience and wisdom which a mother needs. Henceforth I will aid you in your duties to the best of my ability, and let me beg of you to let your husband's heart be the repository of your cares and trials; their recital will never annoy me again."

Tears blinded the eyes of the wife; she could not speak, and yet her heart was full of joy. Beautiful, indeed, was this melting of hearts that had been estranged, and pleasant to hovering angels were the mutual promises made, that, with God's help, they would aid each other in their duties, and bear their mutual burdens. Sweet as incense on holy altars was the prayer offered that night, and full of meaning that petition, again repeated:

"O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest; and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes, and final separation."

There is now many a silver thread amid the dark locks of the doctor's hair, and his wife has donned a cap, and looks very matronly with her three girls and her twin boys; but her brow is smooth and her heart at peace, for her husband is a tower of strength unto her, and his heart trusteth in her. On the blank leaf of his last present to her (don't smile, reader—it was *Condie on the Diseases of Children*) he wrote—

"Our spirits ne'er grow old with age,
Eternity's their heritage;
Our love, once nursed 'mid hopes and fears,
That grew and bloomed with added years,
Will strike its roots still deeper there,
And fruit immortal ever bear."

[*Mother's Assistant.*]

THE BOY-KING OF THE BRITISH ISLE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

Mackintosh, in his history of England, tells us that, during the brief reign of Edward VI., he held many interviews of a social character with his sister Elisabeth, then herself quite young, and that the affectionate sobriquet which he gave her on such occasions was "Sweet Sister Temperance."

Thou boy-king of the British isle,
Thy pulses had a vigorous play,
When courtly phrases cast aside,
And the heart-instincts gratified,
And frozen formulas defied,
Thou gavest to converse sweet the day.

That princely sister, in whose hair
Full many a polished gem was sleeping,
Upon whose robe of silken hue
Embroidered flowers stood out to view,
Speaking of lineage high and true,
Thy heart's gold key was in her keeping.

And not within an audience hall,
The brother and the sister met,
Where guardsmen halberded drew near,

And lawn and mitre lent the ear,
While counsellors brought up the rear,
In fawning order trimly set.

But in the sweet secluded room,
Where canvas breathed and statues clustered,
Mid favorite books with gilding dight,
And lute and harpsichord in sight,
Charms which would melt an anchorite,
Their heart's best feelings mustered.

Those flowers, in alabaster vase,
Whose fragrance charmed the atmosphere,
Bepictured genial souls set free
From courtier-like chicanery,
Who gave one hour to gaiety,
And sweets commingled there.

We see them yet—that maiden bright,
With twenty summers round her stealing,
And that dear boy, whose lightest word
A nation to its centre stirred,
Now carolling like woodland bird,
His childhood's guilelessness revealing.

He, with his arms around her thrown,
Or sporting with a sister's tresses;
She, with her white hand on his head,
Where twelve short years their bloom have shed,
Years which his name have chronicled,
That brother fond caresses.

Sweet Sister Temperance! thou to me
Art as the honied hoard of flowers,
To that dear treasure hies the bee
With quickening buzz of melody,
And thus my spirit bounds to thee,
Enlivener of my tedious hours.

Sweet Sister Temperance! here I sit,
And read thee some Provencal glee,
Or tracing up our stately line
Where sage and hero intertwine,
Rejoice that blood as pure as thine
Runs in our pedigree.

These moments speed their flight too soon,
These recreative spells of pleasure,
When the pent heart-floods play and leap,
Like streamlets down a mountain steep,
And on their course our feelings keep,
Unheeding courtly measure.

Sweet Sister Temperance! when the crown
Thick with its spiky cares is on me,
I turn in musing mood to where
I told the jewels in thine hair,
While in the calm and quiet there,
Thine eyes were bent upon me.

Oh, gentler feelings of the soul,
In palace as in cot upspringing,
No pomp of art can steal away
Affection fresh as new-born day,
Heart-throbbings which will last for aye,
While man to man is clinging.

The creature yearneth for some arm,
On which to lean confidingly;
Some bosom to whose inmost chime,
Its moral pulses all keep time,
Whate'er its lot, where'er its clime,
As thus, boy-monarch, 'twas with thee.

On stern volcanic steep the flower
Blushes amid the stifling air,
So, mid the fever-heat of kings,
Friendship puts forth its blossomings,
And Hope and Love, those beauteous things,
Are budding everywhere.

NEIGHBOR GRAY'S BOUND GIRL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

There she was—right across the road. I could see her as I peeped through the crevices of the blind, and somehow my heart ached for her. She looked just about my own age, and she had come to neighbor Gray's the day I picked my first snowdrop for grandma. How long ago that seemed, for it was now the heart of Summer. I remember how glad I was as I saw her descend from the stage, for there was no little girl that lived near our house, and I thought we should have just the most delightful time playing hide-and-seek under the pear tree and picking berries in the belt of woods back of our house, but somehow she never played, or did anything like other little girls; and though neighbor Gray's green front door and our own stared each other straight in the face, and though she had been there so long a time, we had never spoken to each other. Everybody called her "neighbor Gray's bound girl," and every day I saw her, with an old brown sun-bonnet, and her long curls—golden bright as the sun-flashes that danced and peeped so impudently, every morning, through the rose bush by grandma's bedroom window—dragging that clumsy "go-cart," with its green curtain, up and down the street; while Johnny Gray, who was, I thought, the crossiest, biggest, homeliest baby in Christendom, rolled and squalled inside.

But, from the time that neighbor Gray's bound girl set foot upon the steps opposite our cottage, my sympathy had been warmly enlisted in her behalf, while my curiosity had been kept alive by her isolated position and the atmosphere of mystery which seemed to environ her.

One day this latter had grown insupportable. I saw her coming down the road, and resolved to run across and meet her, and have one good look into her face, and, if I could, muster resolution to speak to her. The former of these feats I achieved, but when she raised her little, sad face, and looked at me a moment with eyes whose color I likened to the August sky at noon, my heart misgave me—I could not even smile.

But the little white face haunted me more than ever after this, and I watched, more frequently than ever, through the crevices of the blind, the green "go-cart" and the little girl.

But, one afternoon, I sat there, wishing my little neighbor had just such a grandma to love her, as I had, and wondering *why* she had not, until, at last, some very sceptical doubts found their way into my thoughts, and some very unorthodox premises sorely puzzled my little cranium.

"Grandma," was the audible conclusion of my mental argumentation, "didn't you say God *loved* everybody?"

"Yes, my child," answered a soft voice by the table.

"And didn't you say He could *see* everybody too?"

"Yes, Annie, His eyes are never closed—darkness and day are alike to them."

"Well, then," I said, impatiently, "if He *loves* neighbor Gray's bound girl, and *sees* her drag-

ging Johnny from morning till night, and knows, just as well as I do, she's tired almost to death, why don't He do something to help her, when He can, just as well as not?"

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne!" said my grand-mother, in tones whose solemnity thrilled my heart. "Come and sit down here, Annie, and listen to all I say."

I brought my stool to my grand-mother's feet, and she laid her dear hand on my head, and talked to me a long time of the Great Father's goodness and mercy, and how He had promised to hold those that loved Him in everlasting remembrance, and how at last we should learn that all our trials here had worked together for our good, and how we should not mind them for the happiness that should come hereafter; and before those words of faith and love, my rebellious murmurings were hushed, and my momentary scepticism vanished, and then my grand-mother told me, perhaps, I could devise some method to assist the little bound girl; at least, I could pray for her.

That night, I lay awake a long time after grandma had left her good-night kiss on my forehead. I remember how the moonbeams painted the high bedposts with silver, and filled the chamber with a dim, ghost light, which metamorphosed the two old chairs in the corner into grim, misshapen giants with glaring ghoul-eyes; but I was not afraid, for right before me stood the pale face of the bound girl, and I was too much absorbed in schemes for her benefit to devote much attention to giants, which I knew were the old chairs, after all.

A thousand plans had been suggested to my mind, and dismissed as Utopian and impracticable, and I was beginning to grow discouraged, when one less amenable than any of its predecessors to such censure, presented itself. In the garden, by the gooseberry bushes, stood a young peach tree, all my own, as grandma had repeatedly affirmed. Three early peaches, the first of its progeny, lay among the long, slender leaves. How I had watched them all Summer, and beheld with such delight the mellow hues which crept along the side nearest the sun, and the rosy streaks which stole over the downy, transparent covering.

And at last these were fully ripened. Grandma had promised me I should gather them the next day. She must, of course, have the biggest; but the larger of the other two I would reserve for my little neighbor, and present it with my own hands.

I felt very happy and very sleepy after I had matured my plans, but I did not forget to pray that God would be very merciful to the object of my solicitude; "and please don't wait till she gets to Heaven, either," I said, and then I turned over, and went to sleep.

The next day, grandma and I went to the peach tree, for I was not tall enough to reach the fruit, and after she had plucked it, and I had given her the largest peach, I disclosed the plan which I had devised the previous night. She assented very cordially to my proposition, and that afternoon, when I saw the brown sun-bonnet and

the green cart coming out of the front door, I took my peach and walked bravely down to the garden gate.

"Little girl," I said, but my voice was strangely tremulous, and I doubt if it floated beyond the trunk of the old oak that stood just outside the gate. I essayed again. "Little girl!" It was spoken louder, but the rumbling of the wheels must have drowned the words long before they reached the organs for which they were intended? I resolved to make one desperate effort. "Little girl," I shouted at the top of my voice. Ah, she certainly heard me then, for she stopped, and looked wistfully up and down the street, and at last, shading her eyes with her hand, she desisted me. "Won't you please to come across here?" I said as deferentially as I could; "I've got something for you."

She gave one fearful, deprecating glance at Mrs. Gray's, but nobody was at the windows, and then she came across the road, and behind her came the lumbering cart and the squalling Johnny.

I held out the peach. "Grandma's had one," I said, "and I've had one; so I saved the other for you."

A glad, eager light filled the blue of her eyes, and the muscles around her mouth quivered as she received the present. "Thank you," she said, just as grandma told me always to say it.

Then came an awkward pause; but my first success had inspired me with unusual confidence. I opened the gate. "My name's Annie Dale, and I live here with grandma," I said. "Now, what's your name, little girl?"

"Emma Lee," she answered.

"Well, Emma, I like you very much, and I should be glad to have you like me."

The next moment the cart handle was dropped, and a pair of small arms were clasped tightly around my neck, and Emma was straining me wildly to her heart, while deep sobs were almost convulsing her child-frame.

"Don't, Emma, don't," I said, as I stroked soothingly the long, golden curls. "Why, did you ever!—I'm crying too."

In a little time, we both grew calmer, and I seated her on the stone by the wicket, and put my arm around her, while Johnny played with the fringe of the curtain, and, for a wonder, was quiet.

"Emma," I asked, "what made you cry, just now?"

"Oh, Annie!" she answered, "it seemed so strange to hear anybody say they loved me, that I couldn't help it." Here I drew up closer to her. "I didn't think I should ever hear anybody say so to me again; nobody ever speaks pleasant to me now; nobody ever calls me 'little Emmy,' though I was only ten last April, and before mamma died she used to say it so sweetly, every night, when she tucked me up in bed, 'My little Emmy, I love you,' and then she would kiss me, and sometimes I dream I am lying in my own chamber again, and I see mamma standing over me with that sweet smile on her face, and hear her speak just as she used to, and then I wake up, and find myself in Mrs. Gray's dark, old gar-

ret, and it's all gone." Here Emma cried again, and so did I.

"Emma," I said, when we could talk again, "hain't you got any brothers or sisters, or anybody to take care of you?"

"I've got a brother, and his name's Willy," answered the child. "Oh, you can't begin to think how I loved him, and how happy we used to be in our home before mamma died. It was such a pretty house, Annie, with green grass in front and a great apple tree, where Willy and I played every night—and there was a brook a little way from our house, with mint that grew all around it, but mamma wouldn't let me go there without Willy, for he was two years and two months older than I. Then you see, a great way off, there was a hill—I could see it from our kitchen-window—and the top of it just hit the sky, and one day I told mamma if ever she should die, I would go to the top of that hill and climb right straight up into Heaven, and ask the angels to please to take me to her. But she smiled, just as mamma always did, and said the hill was as far off from Heaven as our cottage was, and that, I know, was a great way. But one day mamma was taken ill with the fever, and she grew worse and worse, and the Doctor and the nurse whispered together very gravely, and Willy and I wouldn't go to the brook or to the apple tree any more, and they wouldn't let us see mamma. One morning the nurse came and took hold of Willy's hand and mine, and led us to her bedside, and her eyes had grown so large and shone so, though her face was whiter than the pillow. She said, 'God is going to call your mamma home. He will be your only parent now, and you must love and trust Him!' Then she rose right up and put her arms round us, so tight, and said, 'Oh it is so hard to die and leave you here all alone in the cold world;' and her face grew whiter all the time. Oh, how Willy and I cried! I thought my heart was breaking. But mamma's head fell back, and then I screamed, for she looked just as if she was dead, but she opened her eyes again, and told Willy there was a paper in one corner of her bureau drawer, where she had written the name of our uncle, who had lived in the West Indies a great many years, and she made Willy promise to write to him and tell him we were all alone in the world—and then—. Oh, Annie! I can't tell the rest," said the child, endeavoring hard to keep down the sobs. "Two days after they buried her, and I thought as I looked down, down into that dark grave, where they let down the coffin, if they only *would* lay me close to her, only I didn't want to leave Willy. After that some men came to our cottage, and they talked a long time, and I heard one of them say, 'Every dollar of the property was spent; and that I must be bound out, and Willy must go to a trade.' I thought it would kill me to leave Willy, and I clung fast to him until one of the men took me away," and Emma wrung her hands. "The last words he said to me were, 'Emmy, as true as I live, I'll write to that uncle, and tell him all about it, and how they took us away from each other, though we had never been parted a single day! Oh, Annie,'" and again the hope-light broke into Emma's blue eyes. "When I lay awake in

the dark crying, I remember Willy's words, and think perhaps he and uncle will come for me some day."

"Oh! I hope he will!" I responded, eagerly.

And so I and my new friend sat on the stone step and chatted away the long summer afternoon. I furnished her with a verbal epitome of my own history. I told her of two graves lying under the green willow, where the wind sighed its low, mournful monotone through the long grass, and that there my parents slept with folded hands the sleep that knows no earthly waking. And I told her how my grandma would part away my curls and look in my eyes, and say they were just like my poor mamma's, and that I was all God had left her to love, and I promised her my grandma should love her too.

I remember the blush of the sunset brightened the Western sky as Emma rose up to leave me, and how we interchanged promises of meeting next day, and that Emma said she had not felt so happy since she left Willy.

The intimacy which had had so auspicious a commencement, continued uninterrupted for several days. Every day I met my little neighbor at the gate, and every day I filled her apron with the cakes and the berries I had saved for her, while she assured me that she loved me better than anybody but Willy, and I confidently affirmed that grandma was her only rival in my affections.

"Here! I should like to know what right you have to be sitting there, instead of dragging Johnny, you lazy, sly, good-for-nothing thing," broke in the harsh voice of Mrs. Gray, one afternoon, upon our conversation, and there she stood in the front door, her cap awry, and her thin, cadaverous face inflamed with passion.

"Oh, Annie, what *shall* I do?" and my companion turned toward me a face from which fear had chased every vestige of color.

Now, reader, I was the most shrinking, coward-hearted child in Christendom. A dog, or a good sized cat, did it but open its green, glassy eyes suspiciously upon me, could send me panting and trembling inside of grandma's gate, where I entertained a sort of undefined belief that no evil could obtain ingress. But that afternoon, I walked straight across the road, holding Emma's hand, and, looking up at the cloud on Mrs. Gray's brow, said in a clear voice, though I trembled all over with the effort:

"Please, Mrs. Gray, don't scold Emma, for I asked her to set down on the stone step, so you see it's my fault, not hers."

"Wa-ll," answered that lady, somewhat mollified by my words; moreover, she stood in considerable awe of grandma; "seeing you ask it, I'll let her go this time, but mind you don't do the like again, or you'll get a trouncing you'll remember one while," she said to Emma, as she pushed her into the house and slammed the door in my face.

I went straight home to grandma, but as soon as I saw her, the unnatural tension of my nerves gave way, and with a sob I buried my face in her lap and related the sad termination of my intimacy with Emma, and how the thought of seeing her no more almost broke my heart, and

grandma answered me with her own soothing words, and assured me she would endeavor to find some method of making neighbor Gray retract her unjust prohibition.

"Annie," said my grandma the next morning, as I was wandering uneasily around, for thoughts of Emma lay heavy at my heart; "I want you to pick me some gooseberries—your new basket full will just pile up my china bowl with them, and as I am going into neighbor Gray's this afternoon, it may be for your interest to pluck the largest and fairest ones."

I was not slow in comprehending her hint, and down among the gooseberry bushes my fingers worked unceasingly that morning. The Summer birds warbled their songs on the spray, but I did not pause to listen. The butterflies, with the sunlight glancing along their crimson wings, flew past me, but my feet followed not their passage, and before noon I carried very triumphantly to grandma the fruits of my labor, with the dark leaves tastefully ranged round the large ripe berries.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Dale. Why, Annie, how d'ye do? Walk in."

And the thin, cadaverous features actually relaxed into a smile as Mrs. Gray's eyes rested on grandma's china dish piled up with the tempting fruit.

Well, reader, we walked in, and Mrs. Gray was in a wonderful good humor, as she emptied the fruit into a bowl and sat down to give grandma a prolix history of the trials which she was daily called upon to encounter, among which the ignorance and wilfulness of her "bound girl" occupied a prominent position.

Grandma had a delicate mission to execute, but she performed it with a tact and skill which a diplomatist might have envied.

She informed Mrs. Gray she was exceedingly fond of babies, and she had often wondered why Emma did not bring Johnny over to the cottage more frequently, and she praised his red cheeks, and said his great eyes were just the color of his mother's, (no great compliment, I thought;) and at last, when she said she would send him some blackberry jelly, Mrs. Gray said Emma might bring him over to our house whenever she liked.

I was out of the house and down the road after Emma with this precious information before grandma had reached the front door; but I heard her last words, "Mind, and don't forget to send for the jelly, Mrs. Gray."

After this, our intimacy was undisturbed by Mrs. Gray. Every day the green cart was drawn up before our wicket, and every day we gathered fruit in the garden and played under the trees, and Emma left me every day with the smile-light in her face and the rose-hue lying in her white cheek. Johnny, who had conceived a wonderfully strong liking for grandma, would lie in her lap for hours playing with her cap ribbons and listening to her nursery lullabies.

Summer went by in her glory, and Autumn embrowned the green hoods of the far-off hills, and the brooks caught a moan in their babbling, and still from the far-off city where he had gone, there came to the eager heart of Emma no whisper of Willy.

"Mrs. Dale, won't you lend me Annie's new green dress? She's just about her height, and so it'll fit her," and Mrs. Gray pulled Emma into the cottage very unceremoniously one October morning, and informed us that her uncle had come from the Indies, bringing with him a "power of money," and that he had "taken her all aback by his grand airs."

"Lucky for me," she said, "Emma was in the kitchen; so I just told him I'd bring her in, and I ran out, caught hold of her, and we slunk out the back door and came over here. La, child, stop crying. What'll your uncle say if your eyes look so red? I wish I'd known you had any rich relations before; but maybe he'll pay us something for giving you up now. Oh, dear, I was so frustrated when that handsome carriage stopped before our door, that it's completely upset my nerves;" and the lady, whose confusion I was naughty enough to enjoy exceedingly, seated herself in grandma's chair, panting with excitement and exertion, while I ran for my green dress, and grandma combed out Emma's long tangled ringlets.

How pretty she looked in my green dress!—and I put my arms around her and whispered, "I'm so glad, Annie," and then Mrs. Gray hurried her off.

An hour later a handsome carriage drew up before our garden gate, and a sun-browned, but fine-looking man in the prime of life, dismounted and lifted out Emma and approached our cottage.

He came, so he said to grandma, at his niece's representation, to thank her for all the kindness she had shown to his sister's child, of whose situation he had no sooner learned, than he had hastened to her assistance, and he placed his hand fondly on my head, and told me he would come for me to visit Emma some time, for I was crying to think he was about to take her from me, and Emma put her arm round me and said, "I'm going to see Willy to-day;" but there were tears in her eyes too, and so her uncle shook hands with grandma and me, for he was in great haste, and they entered the carriage again, and I watched it through blinding tears as it rolled away, and far as I watched, the sweet face of Emma Lee looked out of the carriage window after me.

The afternoon of that day, Mrs. Gray came over to the cottage, and told grandma that Emma's uncle was a "rich old bachelor," and that she expected the "little huzzy" had told him they hadn't treated her well, for he said that the mother had consigned both the children to his care, consequently they could have no legal claims upon him, and hadn't paid a cent.

"I hadn't the face to tell him that the dress she had on was a borrowed one, and she rode off in it, so I s'pose I must get Annie another," was the conclusion of that lady's virulent remarks.

Grandma hastened to assure that she would not hear of such a thing, and this seemed to modify somewhat neighbor Gray's anger, as she took leave.

I was very lonely that day and the day after; but grandma said I should remember how God had answered my prayer, and given Emma a new home, and such a kind uncle, and should be very

thankful, and I tried to, but it was *so* hard at first.

"O! Annie, darling, if I only could have a cup of tea. It would taste so good; but there's no use wishing," and with a heavy sigh, my grandmother laid back on her pillow. Eight years subsequent to the time when neighbor Gray's bound girl went forth from her ungenial home, did my grandmother speak thus to me. It was a winter morning, and the frost fingers of the night had wreathed their fantastic chainwork over the small windows of the single chamber that was our only home, and the late winter sunshine struggled down through the tall brick edifices which lined either side of the street, and looked in with a wan, sickly stare upon us, as I resumed the sewing I had laid away very late the night before.

We had lost, and left all, reader. Our pretty cottage, with its green garden, where I had played away the days of my childhood—the great sentinel oak before the wicket—the roses that looked in at grandma's bed-room window, and the little chamber, which the moon used to paint with silver, the belt of woods with their trees making curtsies to the sky, and the gray, far-off hills, all, all had gone. One of the former owners of the land pretended to have discovered some flaw in the bill of sale, and, after a long, troublesome law-suit, which sowed my grandmother's hair with silver, and gathered fresh wrinkles on her forehead, our cottage passed into his possession, and in her old age my grand-mother went forth from the home of her fathers, with a sad, patient smile on her face, that it almost broke my heart to look on, and yet she said, every day, "God's will be done!"

We came to the city, and I shrunk closer to grandma's side, as the great human tides surged through the broad thoroughfares, and wished we were lying under the willow, in the graveyard, by my parents.

At first we went on tolerably well; only I longed so for my little chamber and the dear, old garden, but, at last, my grandmother was taken ill, and the money she had saved was well nigh exhausted. My pen glides hastily over the record of those dark hours, reader, for I know your brow has grown sad in its sympathy for us, and I am longing to call back the light to your eyes. Suffice it, the dawn of my eighteenth winter found me in a single chamber, located on the fourth story of a brick building, where, for three months, grandma and I had managed to exist, and that was all, upon the proceeds of my needle, for I had obtained, through the influence of a laundress, who occupied the first floor, the "plain-sewing" of two or three families who resided in the upper portion of the city.

But that morning our pecuniary resources were entirely exhausted. Our last mouthful of food had disappeared, and the night previous I had prepared, with many tears, my grandmother's last cup of tea. By sewing very diligently, I thought I might complete the dress I had on hand by noon, and then I had resolved to carry it home, and request immediate remuneration for it, although it was the first I had ever made for

the lady who owned it, and whose name I did not even know, for her domestic had furnished me with her address.

But grandma's words, wrung from her lips by pain and hunger, when she was only partially awakened, had undermined all my resolution, and I laid down the folds of silver lace, and covered my face with my hands, while the tears gushed fast through my fingers. I cried there a long time, but very still, so that I need not awaken grandma, who had settled into an uneasy slumber, and then a plan for procuring her some food—for I did not think of myself—flashed into my mind. I would write a note to the lady, requesting her to pay me before the dress was completed, and carry it myself, for my distress rendered me desperate. I seized a pen, wrote a few hasty words, and, throwing on my bonnet and shawl, glided noiselessly from the room.

It was a long walk, and the air was very cold. I drew my green veil around my face, and cried almost all the way. At last, I reached the large, elegant stone edifice, and, ascending the steps, pulled the bell. I delivered my note into the hands of the porter, and requested him to inform his mistress that I waited a reply. I remember that I sank, dizzy and faint, upon the rich cushions, in the spacious apartment where he led me, and that I heard him say, "Here's a note for you, Miss," to some person in an adjoining room.

"Annie Dale! Annie Dale!" were the next words uttered in a loud, eager voice, and full of pathos, which had reached me; "where, where is she?" and the next moment the door was thrown widely open, and a light, girlish form bounded through. I knew her at the first glance, though eighteen summers had ripened into graceful girlhood the form and features of Emma Lee. I rose up, and tried to speak, but the sudden surprise, added to my long abstinence, proved too much. I slid from the sofa, and her arms alone caught and saved me from falling.

When I awoke, I lay in a large, lofty chamber, with faint footfalls and low voices all around me; while Emma Lee was holding my hand, and her tears were falling fast upon my face, and by her side stood the sun-embrowned gentleman, whom I recognized as her uncle.

"Oh, Annie," said Emma, "open your dear, brown eyes, and look at me once more. I have not forgotten how pityingly they used to look on me when I was only that cruel, cross woman's bound girl; oh, I never thought I should find you reduced to working for me! Kiss me, Annie, darling," and she put down her bright cheek to my lips, and I kissed it, and then I whispered, for I was very weak—

"Emma, my grandmother is sick, and almost starving, and she will be so alarmed if she should wake up and find me gone."

"Mrs. Dale sick, starving!" cried Emma. "Where is she! Oh, uncle, send for her, do send for her," and she turned to the gentleman who had been blinking his eyes, and staring out of the window quite auspiciously for the last few minutes. He came forward, and took Emma's hand, and my own, and said—

"Be calm, my children. We owe you and your grandma a great debt, Annie, and we will

try to repay somewhat of it. Where does Mrs. Dale reside? I will go to her, myself," and I whispered the number of the house, and he left the room, and Emma put her arms round my waist, and we both wept, just as we did one summer day by the garden gate, and then the domestics brought me some delicious tea and toast: and in a little while I could sit up, and tell Emma the sad history of the days since we parted.

How brightly the picture of that winter-day looms up amid the darkness which lies in the back-ground! Before night grandma was sleeping quietly under the home-roof of Emma Lee; and her physician was assuring me that relief from the pressure of mental anxiety, and careful nursing, would soon restore my grand-mother's physical energies. And so they did. That winter glided away, all light, and happiness and love, for the home and the heart of Emma Lee were all my own.

One day, when the bounding pulse of the spring had quickened the great heart of our mother-earth, "Uncle Charlie," as I had learned to call Emma's uncle, invited us all to ride. How delightful it seemed, as we cleared the suburbs of the city, to hear the warbling of the spring-birds, and to see the violets lifting their dark, meek eyes along the ridges of the meadows. Our route proved a very circuitous one, and, though I continually teased Uncle Charlie to tell me where it would terminate, he only replied by a shake of his head, and a comical blinking of those dark, handsome eyes. At last I thought objects began to assume a familiar appearance; and while I was vainly striving to identify them, we turned a sharp angle of the road, and drew suddenly up before our cottage-gate. It never looked half so pleasant as it did that afternoon, nestled among its fair spring shrubbery. But it was no longer our own. I covered my eyes with my hands. I could not look on it, when I thought of this. Uncle Charlie insisted upon our alighting, although grandma and I pleaded strongly against it; but he would hear of no refusal. We walked up the front path, and grandma trembled almost as much as I did; but we did not see any strange faces at the windows; and Uncle Charlie led us into the little parlor, which new furniture had completely regenerated, and then he said—

"Mrs. Dale, I have discovered that you were unjustly deprived of your property. I have also succeeded in proving it, and now restore your cottage, and the adjoining land, back to you."

I wish I could paint for you, reader, the rest of the scene in that little parlor; but I cannot, for the tears fill my heart, and blind my eyes whenever I think of it; but that night, as I laid down in my little chamber to sleep, and nestled up close to Emma, I wondered if the angels could be happier than I.

After this, Emma and I attended school at M—, for two years; but Uncle Charlie and she passed their summers at the cottage; and I used to tell Emma how I watched for the green "go-cart" through the chinks of the blind; but Mrs. Gray and the old house are all gone now.

And now, reader, before we part, there is a

word I would whisper in your ear: I have seen Emma's brother—William Lee. How slowly my pen writes that word, as though it lingered lovingly over every letter. He has Emma's blue eyes, but his hair is darker, and the contour of his features more strongly defined. Last summer most of his college vacation was passed at our cottage; and one evening Uncle Charlie and Emma went to walk, and William and I went down to the peach-tree, (it is a large tree, and its broad arms are loaded with fruit now), and under that tree, William Lee whispered in my ear three little words, which sent the blood to my cheek, and a quicker throb to my heart. I must have behaved very foolishly, for I leaned against the tree, and burst into tears; but somehow William seemed to understand all I wanted to say, only I couldn't, and—but I cannot tell you what he said, reader; suffice it, that Emma draws her arm around me almost every day, and looking into my face with her blue, roguish eyes, says: "Next autumn, Annie, you will, in truth, be my sister;" and that comical look, which is always the precursor of some pleasantry, comes back to dear Uncle Charlie's face as he says: "But she will not be William's sister any longer," and then I always cover my face with my hands, for it is very singular, but I never can hear William Lee's name spoken without my foolish little heart bounding just as it did one midsummer night under the peach-tree.

FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves: its organ thunder;
Its dome the sky.

There, as in shade and solitude I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the
sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

HOMŒOPATHY.

BY DR. SHARP, OF LONDON.

The misrepresentation of homœopathy by its opponents is a difficulty which I feel great reluctance to notice. Such disingenuous conduct reflects so much discredit upon my professional brethren, that I would it did not exist, or that I had no need to allude to it. Charges, without proof, of quackery, of fraud, and of falsehood; attempts to hinder the circulation of our books; to erase our names from college and other lists, and to refuse diplomas to our students; accompanied at the same time with the unacknowledged adoption of some of our best remedies, betray a state of feeling greatly to be lamented.

The general ignorance which prevails upon the subject of Homœopathy, is not only a great difficulty in itself, but is also the origin of most of those we have already noticed. Both the profession and the public need to be better informed as to what Homœopathy really is. How few persons have any definite idea of the *principle* of Homœopathy, and of those who have, the great majority entertain a mistaken notion. They think it teaches that what causes a mischief will cure it, thus confounding *similis* (like) with *idem* (the same). Some of Hahnemann's own illustrations may have tended to foster this mistake; but it is highly desirable that the point at issue should be clearly stated and understood before it is discussed. Many things taken into the stomach, in a state of health, are found by experience to nourish and support the body—to preserve life and health; these are called *food*. Many other things, when similarly taken, are found by experience to cause pain and injury to the body—to destroy health and life; these are called *poisons*. We have also learnt from experience that some of these latter substances—these poisons—when given in natural disease, act beneficially and remedially upon the diseased body. Homœopathy implies that experience further teaches us that the best mode of administering these remedial poisons, is to give them in such cases of natural ailments as resemble in their symptoms those injurious effects which such poisons produce when taken in health. If a person has suffered a bruise, he is not supposed to require a second blow to cure him, as is often stated, in order apparently to throw ridicule upon the subject, but some substance is to be sought for, which, when taken in health, will produce pains and sensations similar to those of the bruise. A plant called *Arnica Montana* does this, and a small dose of the juice of this plant is found by happy experience, to relieve the pains of the bruise far better than any other remedy yet discovered.

It is objected that the symptoms produced by these poisons, when taken in health, and said to be similar to those symptoms in disease for which they act as remedies, are not invariably produced; for instance, that *Belladonna* does not *always* produce symptoms resembling scarlet fever, or that *Mercury* does not *always* produce salivation, or ulceration of the throat. No one ever asserted that they did, nor is it at all required for the truth of Homœopathy that they should.

If they have ever unequivocally done so, it proves that they are capable of producing them, which is all that Homœopathy asserts.

Again, on the question of the small dose, we are frequently told that it is putting a grain of the medicine into one end of the Lake of Geneva, and taking a wine-glass out at the other. The North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean are similarly referred to; but such observations only betray the ignorance of those who make them. The medicines for homœopathic use are prepared in a very simple manner. A medicinal plant, when in its perfection, is bruised, and the liquid part separated from the solid; a portion of this liquid is mixed with an equal quantity of pure spirit of wine—this is called the “mother tincture;” two drops of this tincture are mixed with ninety-eight drops of spirit and shaken—this is the first dilution; one drop of this is mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirit, and shaken—this is the second dilution; one drop of this is mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirit, and shaken—this is the third dilution, and so on for other dilutions. These are sometimes made on the decimal scale, instead of the centesimal, that is, two drops of the mother tincture are mixed with eight drops of spirit, instead of ninety-eight, to form the first decimal dilution; one drop of this, with nine drops of spirit, to form the second decimal dilution, and so on. But, when not otherwise expressed, the scale of one in the hundred is understood. Solid substances are similarly prepared by rubbing together one grain with ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk. Where there is nothing to conceal, the truth has only to be simply stated. By so doing, the responsibility of rejecting it is thrown upon those who venture to do so, and ignorance itself becomes criminal.

A GERMAN STORY.

I had a neighbor at the Cathedral who was never missing as often as I attended divine service. She was an elderly lady, and apparently unmarried. Even now I could paint her as she was then, in her high brown pew, surrounded by its carvings of lily-cups, roses, vines and angel heads, with her book before her, which had a silver-mounted cover of black velvet. Her whole appearance, including her fine cambric handkerchief, lace veil, and the material of her dress—she was always attired in black—bore a certain expression of Sabbath-like life and feeling.

There was something attractive to me in her eyes, notwithstanding the sternness of her somewhat strongly marked features. She joined in the singing of the congregation with more ardor than any one else, and followed the discourse with the utmost attention, evincing, however, more firmness and reflection than fervent devotion, and in general her manner bore the character of strict Protestantism.

By degrees a slight acquaintance had sprung up between us, confined mainly to the finding of the hymn, and on speaking when coming or going. Her bowing, and all her movements, betokened simplicity and a noble carriage. Her short person glided gently along over the tombs on the floor of the cathedral, beneath which, pro-

bably, the dust of her ancestors was reposing in the shade of the Gothic pillars, strewn over with the floating flowers of light, which the sunbeams cast through the stained glass of the windows.

When leaving the church, amid the parting tones of the organ, I often saw my acquaintance cross the square and disappear within the door of a stately old mansion nearly opposite the cathedral. The neighborhood of old churches imparts a peculiar aspect of seriousness to mansions of this kind, and in portraying the character of this lady, I easily fancied to myself a correspondence between the two,—the arched windows and deep niches in the wall appeared to me so taciturn, and yet at the same time so full of gloomy peace. The coat of arms of her ancient family was hewn in stone over the gateway, and this family was to become extinct with this its last, lonely owner. I never saw any one else enter or leave her abode.

Near about that time events took place in my family which, in an indirect way, had a bearing on my own life. Brother Max began to write verses, to deal with florists, to become passionately fond of dancing, and to prance on horseback along our most fashionable street. It is the first pang of disappointed love, to be obliged to give up a brother to another woman, from whom he will never return the same,—ah, how early is woman taught, in all kinds of ways, to practice resignation! Dorette was pretty, very pretty, and, what was more to my advantage than hers, so pleasing to myself, that after my poor heart had once overcome its deep, undeserved sorrow, I could accustom myself not to begrudge her my dear, proud, Maximilian. His lady-love and her sisters met me, his former darling, in the most friendly manner, and soon the ties of a cheerful friendship was woven between them and myself. The mother of these girls was too fond of her children to oppose the affections of any one of them; and Max was by far too noble and welcome a suitor to put her indulgence to too severe a test. It was decided that their betrothal, which had been brought about rather precipitately, in consequence of the over-tender feelings on all sides, should, for the present, remain a secret; partly on account of the youthfulness of our couple, and partly with the view of humoring the whims of a relative, whose approval of their union was to be secured.

Aunt Francesca, the only sister of the mother of my friends, was described to me as being a very stern and singular lady. She appeared to me as an invisible power, feared by all. "See," the children would say to me, "she is inexorable even with regard to the most harmless amusement. If she were to see the new ball dresses mamma has given us lately! Had she her way, we should always have to go dressed in grey all over. No tailoress, no hair-dresser, no lady's maid would be permitted to come near us. According to her idea we ought to be working always, work as if we had to do it for money's sake. But every thing can be carried too far. At another time she lectures us about learning how to save. Do you think she has ever given us one pearl, one stone of all her splendid jewelry, which she never touches once herself? and O,

when our ill star brings her into our room—then she finds fault with things never being in their proper places. How can people who have imagination, be so precise? One is awe-stricken at seeing the order reigning in her whole large house, where every word, every foot-step finds an echo. Every thing there seems to have been blown off. I believe aunt even helps to do the scouring. She never can keep her maids long. One dies there with ennui. There are no flowers there, no birds, no music, nothing except the tones of the organ in the cathedral. There are no arm-chairs there, no divans, nothing but bare walls, or the smoky portraits of her ancestors; hard chairs, old-fashioned wardrobes, everything dating from A. D. whilome. We have never been in her boudoir, it is true. No mortal eye has ever penetrated thither. It remains locked up with the seal of Solomon. Who knows what is hidden there? Perhaps aunt is a disciple of Freemasonry. She has no intercourse with any one. And yet one cannot deny that she is intelligent. But taste, *that* she never has had.

Soon afterwards I chanced to make the discovery that this Aunt Francesca, and my neighbor at church, were one and the same person. My friends jested me upon the high favor I enjoyed with her, and recommended themselves to my protection.

"Aunt will not approve of our happiness, I am afraid," Dorette complained, "for she hates wedlock."

"Because she did not get a husband herself, or she wanted none," said Lilly.

"No," rejoined Augusta, "because her lover died forty years ago: that is the reason, too, why she always wears mourning. Since that time she hates men and lovers."

Hate? I shook my head incredulously. I now thought of that smile of hers, which, on leaving church one day, she had bestowed on a distressed-looking child, of whom she had bought some bunches of violets, and to whom she returned the flowers, together with the money. It was the only time I ever saw her smile.

"You will not believe us?" chimed pertly the voices of the three. "She is an old maid out-and-out; the completest, fairest copy of one! Full of oddities, differing in every particular from everybody else, positive, always hurt, gall all over, always criticising, displeased with herself and the whole world!"

An old maid! I have often been shocked at seeing the cowardly vile world, which judges every act, and every life, by its success only, stamp with a nick-name what ought to be a mark of distinction. An old maid! In the Kingdom of Heaven, where the last will be first, there she will rank next to the innocent children, and the souls of maidens, which departed before the rose-time of life. How it moves me, that form, as it is gliding along through time, a stranger to all, wrapt, nun-like, in invisible veils! A flower which an inhospitable climate permitted not to expand! Ever and ever to see others happy, always to resign, to know no wish, no envy.

I could kneel down before them, before these heart-like shrines, closed but replete with much.

How much love, how many dreams, unseen and unknown, are wafting along over the planets, blossoms falling, as it were, on flower-beds of graves! In your poverty what riches! It is the old maid only who knows altogether, and comprises in her heart, the love of woman, wife and mother. Ye sisters of mercy, on whom the world has so little mercy! But even though the victims of an ailing, rotten social system, you are, nevertheless, not its unhappiest ones, not like those who, cruelly humbled, are dragged to the altar, whose unheard death-cry rends the clouds, whose sighs in a lingering death awaken no echo on earth.

It can be imagined that I proposed to myself (hereafter) to look with very different eyes on my neighbor at the cathedral. But it did not come to that. One should never pass by men as unconcernedly as it is generally done; it might be the last time. I did not see Francesca again, after I knew her by that name. Contrary to her custom, she staid away. I heard that her health was declining. She grew worse, and soon after died. All souls felt new sympathy for her. The hidden virtues of the aunt emerged. Of her faults I heard no further mention made, but so much the more of mourning dresses, of her funeral, last will, of bequests, legacies and charities. The nieces decked with flowers, the poor with tears, the coffin of their benefactress. I was thrilled with melancholy upon seeing it borne through that door, so well known to me, covered by a pall upon which her coat of arms was embroidered. The black plumes waved solemnly, the crape streaming from the horses' heads along the street. During the interment a hymn was sung, which the deceased had herself selected for that occasion.

Soon after, the authorities made their appearance in the house, to perform the customary official duties. How dismal, how dreadful it is, this public intrusion of the mechanism of law, into the cloister-like quiet of a maiden lady's home; into those apartments kept hitherto so firmly guarded, into her sequestered room, into the very recesses of her being.

The charm of solitude is frightened away from within these walls by the stern and almost rude looks of these functionaries; the breath scarcely grown cold, of a delicate, retired life, which has for ever fled, is followed up as a matter of fact, by a profane curiosity; the recent traces of a thought, a feeling, of unpretending daily habits, of the many little joys and sorrows, are turned over and gazed at through ever so many spectacles.

My friends gave a description to me of all the particulars. The gentlemen of the law, after having wrung the bell with an air of grave authority, became somewhat impatient until the massive door was opened to them, which led into the fire-proof arched hall, with its round, grated windows, the tessellated stone floor, the marble basins, and the fountain in the grotto, formed of shells.

More than once the foot of one or the other of the gentlemen was near slipping on the shiningly-waxed stairs, while passing by the ancient hunting pieces. First they proceeded to examine the

well-crammed, polished wardrobes, with their little fluted columns, then the stores laid up in the cellar, pantries, garrets. Everywhere profusion and thrifty housekeeping were manifested; in case of a siege, the purveyor would not have been wanting in anything; especially glasses of preserves in the closest array betokened the careful administration of a gentle hand.

In the ante-chamber, with its stucco ceiling, and where from the walls in a row hang the ancestral portraits in full length; the ministers of the law in the room, and the old patricians on the walls, decked with gold chains of honor, the knights in complete coats of mail, the powdered dandies in their gala dresses, and dames attired in satin robes or Amazon costume, were eyeing each other most curiously. The unwonted footsteps of so many made the smooth floor creak. The servants looked on wonderingly. They loiter before they unlock the folding-doors. All enter now the large dwelling-room, with its tapestry stiff with enwoven Moors, palms and camels; there is the gigantic stove of white and blue porcelain—under it sleeps a white Angora cat upon her cushion; below the mirror, in a vessel of crystal glass, float silent little gold fish, kept there as if by magic; in the recess of the window is the work-table, and on it a work-basket and scissors, thimble and little spools of fine thread. To the left is seen the solitary bed-chamber; in an alcove stands the bed hung with green silk, over it the portrait of Francesca's father in a hunter's uniform; upon the little table alongside the bed lie the New Testament, a pair of spectacles, a smelling-bottle, a hand-bell, and a watch in a velvet case; the latter had run down during the night of her death, and had not been wound up since.

At the right hand, from the dwelling-room, there are other folding-doors, leading into the drawing-room, which the deceased had always kept like a sanctuary, which no one else had ever been permitted to enter. A long search is made for the key; one is tried after another, but in vain; at length the lock opens. So much the more eagerly all now press into the room; its walls are hung with red silk, trimmed with gold borders; chairs and sofas are of the same color; on the pier-table, under the mirror, stands a splendid old time-piece, its hands pointing at the ninth hour; two large oil paintings hang on the opposite walls, one representing the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, by one of Durer's scholars; the other a night piece by Shalken, representing the Wise and Foolish Virgins, with the lamps in their hands. Before the sofa, over which the latter painting is hanging, stands a round table, covered mysteriously with table-cloths. They remove them. They, like the cloth upon the table and the napkins, are of the finest damask, but all are in a state of decay from the effects of time. The heavy plate on the table is of the richest kind, but tarnished. The table is, apparently, set for three. Everything is gazed at and examined piece by piece. The time-worn linen falls apart so soon as a finger touches it; in some places even it crumbles into dust. Where may those three persons be now,

that were to have dined here sociably? How long have they been waited for? Even our prosaic officials seem to feel some kind of emotion; a fit of awe came upon them in looking at this meal for the dead. Many questions arose around this riddle, to which the grave only seemed to have the clue.

For there was no one who knew anything about it; the lady herself had given no intimation of this affair, either previously or in her last moments; although death had not surprised her, and every preparation for it had been made by her long before. Her vault had been prepared, under her directions, during her lifetime, and to those around her she had pointed out the very drawer in which they were to find the attire in which she wished to be laid out. The nearer her dissolution approached the less she seemed to suffer. She lay, much of the time, quiet in her bed, apparently slumbering. Once, about midnight, she raised herself a little, and looking around said, "It will soon be day." With these words all was over.

And true enough, in the above-mentioned drawer, put up neatly and fresh, as if done yesterday, everything appertaining to the laying out of her corpse: a robe of white satin, a myrtle wreath, a lace veil, instead of the cap usually worn, silk stockings and slippers, even the cambric folded, which is put under the chin. In all this forethought is revealed a silent bravery, a heroism, such as is rarely found in the other sex. Thus Francesca reposed in the coffin, in her bridal dress. The first time in forty years she had laid aside her mourning. This points out a re-union. A few hours after her demise her features had assumed a mild expression, all traces of suffering having passed away. None had ever seen her countenance look so lovely.

But all this could spread no light over the singular discovery. Neither could the mother of my future sister-in-law furnish us with any information concerning it. For there had never been any congenial intercourse between the sisters—the two differing both in years and dispositions. Whilst the one was still a child, the other, already a blooming maiden, after receiving her education in a distant boarding-school, marrying early, had, with her husband, spent many years abroad; and only recollected the circumstance that once Francesca had been engaged, and that about forty years ago, her lover might have fallen in the battle-field.

It can be imagined how much this wonder of the drawing-room, assuming almost something of the ghost-like, engaged our attention—and how it put our young imaginations on the stretch. We were dreaming of it day and night; and yet were never able to find out its meaning.

One day, many weeks after those events had taken place, I was sitting in my room, at the window, beneath which the stream, (Rhine) along its green banks, rolls in powerful rhythms its lay of distant lands of deeds and glory; I looked beyond it, to the glistening snow-capt peaks, along the horizon. The door opened. "Are you alone, dear?" said a voice. Dorette's little head, with its jet-black ringlets, and her pretty face, peeped in. She ran up to me—

"Do you think we shall be interrupted. I have made a discovery; the mystery of the three covers is solved! You know the work-table of my sainted aunt fell to my share. Look here, what I have found in a secret drawer."

She held up to me a dark blue little book, the clasp of which easily gave way to the touch. Seating herself on a stool, and leaning over my knees, she began to read in her dear, silvery voice:—

NEW YEAR.

A real new year! I should never have believed it, that all of a sudden, everything can become so different, so beautiful. I, too, am different. I breathe so lightly; I am good—because I am happy! One can see that God has created us for happiness, and happiness for us.

If I only could remember all! I should not like to forget anything, not one word, one look, one second, I would lock up all in myself, to be my own for time and eternity. I should like to tell all to the angels in Heaven, and give it to them to keep. How has it happened to me? Him I have loved at once. When looking around among the girls and married women of my acquaintance, it seems to me as if there were two kinds of love, one kind which is made, the other which is found. The one is of slow formation, that is the artificial one; the other has always existed primitively, that is the real one. You cannot evade it; cannot add anything to it; it is destiny. I have often asked myself, why there are women who can be untrue in love, can divide their affection, whilst there are others again with whom love absorbs their whole being. I explain it to myself thus: The former are merely *dilettantis*, mere tinkers in love; the latter have the genius of love: with them it is inspiration, a beam emanating from the Deity itself. They *must* love, the others only *desire* to love.

Yes, him I loved at once. When Bettie's husband was introducing him to me, as a friend of his early youth, who was to sojourn with him for a few weeks, previous to his departure for the army, the stranger's voice penetrated to my very heart, as no voice had ever done before. For a long time I did not venture to look at him, until he accosted me, and my eyes had to meet his. Then I felt as if at home, and as if I had always known him. That look of his, how earnest, and yet how child-like. I also liked his noble bearing. Often, when I could do so unnoticed, when holding a book in my hand, or when playing with the children, I listened to his words, each of which inspired me with confidence. He used to tell us of his past life, and of the world, or he would read to us. His stay with our friends being principally made with a view to recovering fully from a wound, he was a frequent attendant in the sitting-room. By the rich culture of his mind, new regions were expanded in my own. I was thankful to him, in my thoughts, for looking encouragingly upon me as a member of the family. I did not desire more; I did not hope for more. When saying to myself, that he would have to go soon, I felt fearful of the void in my future life; neither was I able to comprehend my past life without him.

His departure drew nearer and nearer. The

holy Christmas-eve was at hand. Bettie had invited me to be present on the occasion of the distribution of the gifts. We all sat around the dwelling-room, waiting for the signal to be given, and looking at the slowly parting rays of the day, as they were dyeing, with a purple hue, the snow-covered, peak-like cupola of the dusky Cathedral. News had arrived, ordering our friend, sooner than had been expected, to join the army, and fixing his departure on the day after Christmas. His looks were wandering around among the objects and faces that had become familiar and dear to him; they also rested on me with an expression of tenderness, which inly affected me.

Soon the little hand-bell was ringing through the twilight. Young and old were now crowding through the door of promise, from which a dazzling light was streaming towards us. How the many little lights were sparkling among the green foliage of the tree! How the children were laughing out of their eyes! The festal manifold gifts, laid out upon the white-spread tables, and all and everything thrown back in glistening reflection by the mirrors. Joy, earthly and heavenly, doubly blessed, consecrated by the finger of an invisible angel. My eyes were filled with tears.

"Francesca!" breathed some one near me.

I turned, the eyes of the friend were fixed upon me, radiant and speaking. I understood what they were saying. Christmas joy thrilled through my being; my life's happiness was born! He took both my hands, which I held folded, in his. The Christmas-tree was arching its tent over us. The little tapers were rocking on the fragrant branches; I felt as if we, the beloved one and myself, were standing amid the sweet solitude of a forest, the stars twinkling through the fir-trees. Yet, ere the tapers had burned down, stars of the moment, lights of bliss, Herman had let go my hand—it had been but one moment, and yet it appeared to me as if I had lived in that moment unspeakably long! Thus, with the blessed time itself, will hereafter pass measureless.

Only children can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. That is as true, as that, suddenly, happiness again makes children of us. All of the hundred little tapers had died out. Life's sorrows and joys seek to expand themselves in solitude. I took refuge in my window-niche, seeking to cool my face against the glass. My heart unbosomed itself to the Christmas stars above.

"Francesca!" sounded once again, but more firmly—the voice of Herman, who had approached unnoticed by me.

"Francesca! I part from everything, and yet should like to take everything with me. Will you keep a home, will you keep happiness for me? My future hangs on the point of a sword, it is hidden in the smoke of battle-fields. I came a stranger, and as such I go. I can call nothing my own. Bestow upon me the highest boon that can be solicited and granted. Francesca! be my own." I spoke not, but I left him my hand, I let his eyes meet mine. He read in them an affirmative, for he breathed a "Thank you" from the bottom of his heart, pressing my

fingers to his lips. "Kriess Kringle!" he said, and we smiled at each other, as blessed ones, or as happy playmates.

The friend had, besides, requested me to grant him an interview at my own house the day following; to which I had determined to invite cousin Lore, my nearest and dearest relative. As I took leave of Bettie that evening, I perceived by her lively embrace that she had found us out. And old Sebastian, the servant, who with lantern in hand had walked before me, on my way home, when opening our house-door, was shaking wonderingly his gray, stubborn head. I had given him more than one wrong answer, I suppose. I moved as if in a dream. I saw and felt only that one moment of happiness—amid all the perils and sufferings around me, in a whole life replete with anxiety, only that one moment of happiness! Thus man, like the chimney-swallow, may hang his nest even on the smoking ruins of a volcano. Neither separation, which was so near at hand, nor the possibility of my losing my friend, was able to vanquish the delight I felt at having found him. Joy, genuine joy, always excels sorrow, and with right, for sorrow passes away, but joy remains for ever. I was so happy in those hours, that to sleep then, would have seemed to me robbing me of my own.

"I know now where my happiness is, even though I were never to return again," said he to me on the last afternoon.

I received from Herman his mother's wedding ring; he from me, one which my father had worn to his last hour.

We had to confer much and long about various matters, to explain and arrange many things: the Canoness—so good Lore was called in our family—little interfering with us by her presence; still more in consequence of her religious turn, than because of her deafness, she is used to retiring within herself. With her pale, calm features, which are brightened up as it were, by pensiveness, she sat on the sofa before the centre-table, engaged with fine needle-work; Herman and myself were sitting in the bay-window. He requested me to conduct him about the house, to enable him, from a distance, in his thoughts to find me everywhere. I did it most willingly, so that the objects which had surrounded me from my infancy could in future speak to me of him. Leaning on his arm, how I felt myself protected against all the world, and misery and death. I had hitherto been so lonely, my parents having died very early. He was now everything to me—father, mother, brother! So near, and very soon so far! In moments like these, the close relation between joy and sorrow betrays itself.

One more hour! only a few moments more! I felt as if the watch were quivering within my heart. For the last time, hand pressed hand, and eye met eye.

"Francesca!" "Herman!"

The Canoness stood by with folded hands, her lips moving in a low prayer, delivered as if at the altar—or the grave. Now, the last parting at the head of the stairs. The house door creaking, I hastened to the window to see him once more from behind the curtain. He passes quickly across the square—he does not turn round. Now,

at the corner of the Cathedral he looks back; once more he looks back. He is gone. My tears are flowing for the first time; how could I have wept in the presence of my beloved? Happiness then was still with me! Flowers too are covered with dew only before the sun rises, and after he has set. No lamentation, nothing but thankfulness.

We belong to each other; he and I are ever together, whatever be the distance. To part without separating from each is the bitterest by far; if eyes that have once shed their lustre over thee, should become otherwise cold, gloomy, strange! But in *love* there is no parting.

EASTER.

This time I am left without intelligence longer than usual. I tormented myself with a thousand suppositions; I was waiting in fearfulness. Then, about a week ago, I dreamed I was standing or sitting on a little balcony, the beloved one behind me—I knew it without seeing him—so near to me, that his breath touched me. All at once the balcony flew off and away with us. With dizziness I looked down a fathomless depth beneath me.

On the second or third morning after that night, I received a letter from him, informing me that some honorable mission was bringing him on this way, and that the armistice, holding out the prospect of a longed-for peace, it would be granted to us to pronounce the vows of our hearts and complete our union for time and eternity. Heaven be praised!

Herman writes, "You must not delay the fulfillment for a moment. If you love me, you will prepare everything, so as to be able to follow me to the Cathedral the day after my arrival. How my looks will search for it, and welcome it when seen upon the blue distant sky. I shall set my foot again upon the spot where I turned to look back upon your house, for the last time, to see the bay-window, the familiar room—thine eyes! On Easter I shall reach you at some hour in the evening. Sweet bride, await me!"

That is to-day. And how my heart is throbbing! I have run a dozen times to the window to look at that corner of the Cathedral, though it is not later than noon. Everything is ready. The white wedding-dress hangs stately in the wardrobe; the veil, the myrtle crown. I should have liked my little sister to be present, the only being in the world nearest related to me. Abroad, they will, alas, over-refine her, make her un-German, and spoil her for domestic virtues. It is the fault of our perverse guardian. I would like most to educate the child myself, as I also formerly nursed her. I would most faithfully take the care of her. Well, perhaps, when I shall be a wife, Herman will support me in my duties towards the little one. Now, only the spirits of my parents and their friends, such as are left, will accompany me to the altar. I have asked the Canoness, for this evening, to take the place of the bride's mother, and to share our joyful repast. Now I am having the Passover prepared. One would not know old Sebastian; I have never seen him so bestir himself. He has plundered the

garden entirely, to decorate the house from top to bottom. I shall lay the table myself, at which I am going to sit with my lover. I would not permit any one else to do that. I arose very early to arrange everything in the red-room. The finest table linen, with wreaths of roses and our coat of arms on it; the pair of chandeliers, the gilt cups and silver cans, the flagree baskets, three covers; one for *him*, Lore and myself. With what satisfaction I arranged his cover! There is still to be placed on his napkin a bunch of fresh violets, the first of the season. . . . I cannot go on writing, I must weep—that is the dew before sunrise.

ASCENSION.

Lord, Thy will be done! Yes, it was Easter-day.

"Lore, do be glad with me!" cried I shaking both her hands, as if I had to wake her up.

"I feel fearful of so much happiness," muttered she to herself, and again her lips moved in prayer, whilst I was fidgetting from one place to another.

The clock struck five, six—I listened and listened. . . . My whole soul was eye and ear. I heard and saw only to be disappointed.—How many passing forms and sounds tormented me!

"He cannot be here yet, Lore," said I, "it is hardly seven o'clock. Perhaps he will not be here until night-time."

She sat upon the sofa praying in a low murmur—it frightened me. The twilight was fading, single stars began to twinkle; it was growing dark, quite dark; here and there in the neighboring houses lights were seen flickering. I felt again as if the watch was quivering in my heart. I had the tapers lit. The Canoness sat pale as a ghost opposite me, on the sofa, against the red-wall, before the three untouched covers. Only Herman's chair was vacant.

There was a hard ringing at the door-bell. I started—hurried out to the stairs. . . . A stranger's face! . . . Only a letter! . . . A black seal!

I do not know how I got back into the room, but I saw the hand of the piece pointing at the ninth hour! I know not how I opened and read the letter. . . .

"He is dead!" shrieked I, and sank down upon my knees beside his vacant chair. The Canoness was moving her lips in a low prayer. She appeared to me like a watcher beside a corpse. I covered my face with both hands and buried my head in the cushion.

"Dead, dead! Never to see him again. Never to hear his sweet voice again! Never! Far from me, in the strange, bloody ground."

On the day intended for his departure, he had fallen in a treacherous skirmish, that had occurred among the outposts. His chair remained vacant. My burning tears moistened its cover. The Canoness and Sebastian had difficulty in removing me. They locked the door. To-day I opened it for the first time. I do not complain. In *love* there is no parting. How much more poignant is the pain if we lose the beloved one in life; if through death, how hopelessly hopeless! Now I

share my friend with God only. With Him is the dearest I had in good keeping.

NEW-YEAR.

Forty years ago! They have been long years, and yet I wonder now at their having passed so, day by day. The bell, high up in the tower, has been chiming over my sorrows and hopes; and its clock, which was to strike the happiest hour of my life, keeping time with the impatient beating of my heart, has counted all its sighs. How loiteringly and yet how rapidly time passes with one who unremittently watches its pulsings; they, like the strokes of the mariner's oar, accompany every act of our outer and inner life, bearing us ever onward.

All is past. Everything around me has changed, the whole generation among which he was known has died out. Only the Cathedral stands unchanged in the strange world without. There, where I am wont to pray, and at the same altar where I was to be wedded to him, I commune with my friend in the presence of God. My house too stands unchanged; my room and the bridal table. I have shut myself up daily in that room, and have knelt every day by the vacant chair.

Through forty years I have spread the table in the adjoining room for the Passover. How I have struggled near that spot, nursing my sorrow beside it, drawing my comfort from it! Waiting forty years for the bridegroom! To wait through a whole life—the hard lot of man! To wait in vain—no, not in vain! Keep the table prepared for the Lord. When the hour comes no one knoweth. . . . The bride awaits thee.

Dorette's cheeks had become more rosy, her eyes more sparkling during the reading.

"What an excellent woman Francesca must have been!" she said, shutting the little book. "I wish I had known her—known her well, I mean—my poor aunt! I love her dearly now. But I shall never again judge by appearances, since a person with such a heart as hers could have become so repulsive in manner."

"Yes," I answered, "your aunt has shown how the mechanism of life may fashion the manner of the individual, whilst the soul preserves itself unaffected by it. Thus every human being, worthy of the name, may bear within itself through life, a secret destiny of slumbering or extinct happiness."

The little blue book was preserved as a holy relic, and not unfrequently produced by way of a special treat.

"It is the dearest to me of all that I inherited from her," Dorette used to say.

When I now saw her exceeding fondness for her aunt, as for a tender confidant and companion of her youth, for that dreaded old aunt, who, while sojourning among us for so many years, had never been sought after by any one; and when I saw that fondness coming too late for both the deceased and the survivor, it made me sad to think how seldom love meets love, at the right time, on earth.

From this, we learn that we best know how to love when unembarrassed by the material presence

of the object. For we must love in spirit, that we may love in truth.

While Dorette was reading to me from that little diary, her looks would often wander from the book to my brother's portrait, which hung over my secretary. In fact, Max never had reason to complain of Francesca's influence over his happiness.

After reading those pages, a change came over Dorette; she grew more serious, her whole being had taken a loftier turn.

I also derived good from having beheld that stern form, which had assumed, in the long course of years, something of the Cathedral; uniform like its clock, like the peal of its bell; stone without, altar, image and light within. What patience, what firmness of faith there must have been in that life, passed in calm acquiescence! A martyrdom of the heart! Is not that female heroism? She suffered herself not to be drawn off from the home-life of her soul, by any storm or event of the outer world; and still more, not even by the contracted machinery of every-day life. And after all, what would woman's life be without that dream and ideality of an inner existence, soaring above all the trifles of earth? Women are poets above all poets. Their souls unceasingly weave poetry.

An old maid! Since that time I can still less bear to hear them mocked at. I ever think of my neighbor in the Cathedral—than whom, no other one has ever afforded to me an instance of such an union of hope and resignation, such an abundance of love—and yet so great a destitution.

She had more of faith and fortitude than many, but she too, like the rest of mankind, suffered loss and want. Each human being has this lot in common with the old maid. And where in this world is there a secure possession? The most secure is patience—we all are awaiting the bridegroom.

JUVENILE INVENTION.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated papa and mamma, the gardener, and the servants, to go down into the well to recover the drumstick. In this distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Francis. He secretly carried off all the plate from the side-board, and threw it down the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search was commenced. In the confusion, Master Frank runs in out of breath with the news that he had found the plate.

"Where, where?" was the cry.

"Down the well," replied the urchin. "I can see it quite plain, shining at the bottom, spoons, ladles and all."

The family hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was visible. A ladder was got, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished for, Master Francis silently whispered to the servant at the bottom, "As you are down there, John, I will thank you just to bring my drumstick along with the soup ladle."

THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

See Engraving.

In the rural districts, the merry-makings have a natural heartiness about them never seen in cities, towns, nor villages. Overweening self-respect has not come in to fetter the motions of the body, nor to smother the laugh in its free utterance. Feeling and action are in close relationship. You come nearer to nature, untrammelled by custom and unaffected by art.

A merry-making, *par excellence*, is a New England husking frolic. The husking frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There it is a congregation of negroes from the various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal almost for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ears polite by the "Serenaders" who have so highly amused the public during the past two or three years. But, at the North, the "husking," like the "quilting," draws together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times, the "husking" was a wilder affair than at present. Straight-laced conventionality is gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the "city folks," gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirit; and, when they assemble for enjoyment, they check their impulses, restrain their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No; "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the threshing-floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leavy coverings, amid laughter, music, and the mingling of sweet voices, as of old, mere "labor" comes in too often to perform the service, and silently and coldly does its work. Yet, here and there a farmer, who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, sends forth his annual summons after the maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merry-making for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him, the annual "husking" was never omitted. It was like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in the omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D—, when invitations came to attend a husking party at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties, and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made

that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic that, from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, and she set off, when the time came, to make one of the party, in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed in on the arrival of the party from D—, who quickly joined some score or two of young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that to be husked?" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"Oh yes; all that, and more, perhaps," was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, gals," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on as the young folks gathered, with bright faces, around the golden grain, "now for a good old-fashioned time. If there are not half a-dozen weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voices and laughter, the whole company upon the floor, in all graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side; and down sank Kate, feeling, for the first time, a little awkward and confused. Beside her was a stout, rough, country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough, brown hands, coarse garments, and unpolished face, with a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him towards her friend.

"Oh, plenty of room, Miss! Plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer. "The tighter we fit in the better. Lay the brands close, if you want a good fire."

Kate could not help laughing at this. As she laughed, he added—

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn, and was already stripping down the husk. "A red ear, by jingo," suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and, as he spoke, he sprang towards, or rather upon Kate, with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rooms off. Ere she had time to recover from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation, occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half around the circle of struggling girls, kissing both right and left with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from the young "fellers," who envied his good fortune.

That was a new phase of life to Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought that the custom was too good to have become obsolete; but a practical view, and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had, in none of its vagaries, conceived. An old-fashioned, straight-backed, flag-bottomed chair stood

near, and, unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every girl in the room.

"First-rate, that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had, by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing with the merriest. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all the nerve required to go through with his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. Springing from her chair, she fled into the next room: but this only increased his eagerness to touch the lips of "the beautiful girl from Boston," and he soon had his arms around her, and his hands upon her cheeks. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden, but her fate was to be kissed, and kissed by a rough young countryman whom she had never met before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl, was led back in triumph to the room from which she had escaped.

Red ears were in plenty that evening. It was shrewdly guessed that every young man had come with at least two in his pockets, for all the girls avowed that never before had farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed and kissed, until making, as she alleged to her friend, a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length, the great pile of corn disappeared, and the company arranged themselves for dancing; but they had hardly been on the floor half an hour when supper was announced—and such a supper as that was! No pyramids of ice-cream or candied oranges. No mock nor real turtle; nor oysters in a dozen styles. Turkeys there were, but not scientifically "boned." No; there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but, instead, "a gigantic round of beef in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bouncing junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and end of the end dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; whilst pumpkin-pies, apple-sauce, and a host of other 'fixings,' filled up the spaces."

This was the bill of fare for the evening, and our city belle looked on with a new surprise, as she saw the articles disappearing one after another like frost-work on window-panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves, gals—make a long arm; and let the men folks take keer of themselves. If any on you likes turnips *squat* and buttered, *squat* and butter 'em to suit yourselves"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good

things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:—

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witticisms, and flashes of fun would occasionally 'set the table in a roar.' All appeared determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'"

"Soon as supper was over all the girls lent a hand, and the table was cleared away in a jiffy. Blind-man's-buff was then introduced; the company now was uproarious! Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunker screwed up his viol, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and heel-inspiring notes of Fisher's Hornpipe; whilst a number of the party, who were somewhat skilled in the terpsichorean art, put in the 'double shuffle rigadown.' Presently the lookers-on caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young, adepts and novices, took the floor and did their utmost:

'Twas right and left, and down outside, six round and back to back:

Harum scarum, helter-skelter, bump together, whack!"

"And thus was the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; then broke up this jolly gathering."

So it was at old farmer Bradley's. When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she had enjoyed a new kind of merrymaking, and avowed her purpose to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off.

T. S. A.

JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIRE-MAN.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert-giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the store doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Cramer, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesman behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka, "Con ye teall me if Measther Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple, (for he was the one addressed;) and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that particular ashy color, slightly begrimed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and warmth of the sun.

"Wull 'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ya'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk summut about ees gooin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga ower wi' um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him? Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cood do 'um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How? You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, thot's nowhere here nor there, but aw blaw t' ophicleide sum—they say at whoam, betther thon ony mun in t' coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the coal moine."

"Yes: well how much do you earn a week?"

"About sixteen shillin'. And then, too, aw belong to a brass bond, and wemak summut by gi'en yan or twa concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher, having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps towards the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye moight jus' loike to hear me play a bit. 'Gin ye'll gi' me an instrument, aw'll show ye what aw con do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming:

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands, that were hardened, cracked and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which emotion was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide.

The Yorkmanshire glanced it once through, and astounded his listener by executing it with marvellous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple, "Monsieur Jullien

must hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Ye thought aw di'nt play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room; and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist, was in that same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen different languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! *C'est extraordinaire*. Mr. Chapple, we must have him. Hire him, hire him at once, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple. "Why, he'll be glad to go for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds (\$25) a week. He's worth it!"

On the north-east side of the orchestra, gentle reader, away back upon the highest platform, you will see, if you attend Jullien's concerts at Castle Garden, this same raw-boned Yorkshireman. He is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue; and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide. —*Musical Review and Choral Advocate*.

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the very merry summer time

That garlands hills and dells,
And the south wind rung a fairy chime

Upon the fox-glove bells;

The cuckoo staid on the lady-birch

To bid her last good-bye—

The lark sprung over the village church,

And whistled to the sky,

And we had come from the harvest sheaves,

A blithe and tawny train,

And tracked our path with poppy-leaves

Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a summer-day

And we were a happy set,

And we idly bent where the streamlet went

To get our fingers wet;

With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,

And the woodbine twining through;

With the broad frees meeting everywhere,

And the grass still wet with dew.

Ah! we all forgot, in that blissful spot,

The names of care and pain,

As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot,

To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh

As I think of that hour

When my heart in its glee but seemed to be

Another woodside flower;

For though the trees be still as fair,

And the wild bloom still as gay—

Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,

And Heaven as bright a day;

Yet the merry set are far and wide,

And we ne'er shall meet again—

We shall never ramble side by side

Along that old green lane.

STRAWBERRIES.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"What are you preparing to plant in this soil, my son?" asked Mrs. Martyn. "Do you intend to raise the *Carduus Benedictus*?"

"No, mother. I have here, you see, a fine basket of strawberry plants; more useful if not so ornamental."

"And quite as well adapted to your condition. The strawberry always seems to me a fitting emblem of domestic happiness. Delicious and healthful, and wholly unpretending; easy of culture, yet entirely ruined by a few years neglect."

"You are given to moralizing this morning, mother."

"I cannot help it, James. I own I am anxious about the fate of this fragile flower that you have gathered, that is so sweet and graceful now, and that, if it receives your untiring cultivation, will crown your whole life with beauty."

"Are women such frail exotics, mother? I thought they were indigenous and tolerably hardy. I should smile to see anybody cultivating *you* for instance."

"But Eliza is not like me, you know."

"No, thank Heaven! I mean," he added, checking himself in some confusion, "that it would not answer to have two suns in one horizon."

"You are right, my boy. Eliza is no self-controlling sun. She was formed for a satellite, and must be governed by the laws of attraction. And I seriously fear that my long widowhood, my domestic *regency*, as it might be called, has accustomed you to look for more self-reliance in our sex than we usually possess. I am afraid you are rather unfit to be the sole guardian of a being so delicate and sensitive as Eliza."

"Then why didn't you warn her not to marry me? It is now too late to recede."

"Because I was a little selfish, James. I thought she possessed many beautiful gifts, to unfold and perfect which might make the happiness of your life. I thought her confiding gentleness might mitigate the harshness of a character like yours, whose rougher traits are a little too prominent."

James laughed and colored as he said, "And now you begin to be afraid that the experiment will fail. But take courage, mother. Your contemplated removal will make me feel an undivided responsibility, and when you get all arrangements perfected in your Western home, you must come and see what a charming woman I have made of the sweetest girl in Greenville."

"Well, James, I will take you at your word. And recollect that seven years hence I shall expect to be feasted with strawberries of your own raising."

Nearly seven years after the above dialogue took place, Mrs. Martyn, whose Western home was now a model of thriving plenty, left her little kingdom under the vice-regal government of a daughter of seventeen, and set out to revisit the home of her wedded life, and the residence of her eldest son.

The nearest approach that she could make to

Greenville by railroad, was the little town of Rutland, at whose principal inn she proposed to pass the last night of her brief and pleasant journey.

As she drove to the door, she saw a beautiful girl mounting on horseback for an evening ride. As the fair equestrienne threw back the veil from her plumed cap, Mrs. Martyn half-thought she recognized Eliza, the daughter she was about to visit. But the rich brown curls, the merry eyes, the silvery laughter, and, finally, the well-bred glance of a stranger, convinced her that her anticipations had lent a delusive coloring to her perceptions.

The inn was kept by a widow, a Mrs. Roberts, who came in person to receive the orders of her guest, and Mrs. Martyn surely thought herself dreaming when something in the look and smile of the portly matron awoke reminiscences of school-days and diversions. It could scarcely be Jenny Lawson who stood before her, and yet—there certainly was an answering gleam of recognition in those brown eyes, for after some mutual staring the hostess exclaimed, "Excuse me if I am wrong, but isn't this Mary Green that married George Martyn?"

"Jenny Lawson, how do you do?" was the ready response, and a very animated conversation ensued, in which many incidents of earlier date were rapidly narrated. It is true that the ladies had formed in girlhood only one of those casual intimacies that are not based on any real affinity, but this chance meeting awakened slumbering memories which it was mutually agreeable to recount.

After a brisk dialogue of half an hour, Mrs. Martyn remarked, "I met a very pretty girl at your door, whose features struck me as familiar. Does she belong to your family?"

"Bless you, no! I wish she did. That is Fanny Wilmot, and the handsomest girl in Rutland. It is hardly fair to call her a girl either, for she is thirty years old, and you wouldn't think she was eighteen."

"Your young men must be deficient in taste, if they allow such a flower as that to remain ungathered."

"No indeed, ma'am; Fanny has had more offers than she would like to acknowledge, but she is wise enough to keep her liberty."

"But don't you think even she would be happier if she were suitably married?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. I wish you could see her sister that is married. She is Mrs. James Martyn, of Greenville, about fifteen miles from here. She is three years younger than Fanny, and she looks ten years older. A poor, wan, faded thing, a sort of scarecrow upon the field of matrimony. Fanny understands herself better than that. You won't catch her throwing away her independence. She'll be young enough to marry when she is fifty, if she thinks it worth while to do so."

"Do you know this Mrs. Martyn of whom you speak?"

"I guess I do. She was here a few weeks ago. She has changed wonderfully within the last five years. She used to be as fresh as a rose; not so lively as Fanny, but the most quiet little puss. We all loved her dearly. And then she went

away to school and found this young Martyn. I hope he's no connexion of yours, ma'am—and he has just let her pine to a shadow, because he thinks, as he says, that women ought to have grit enough to take care of themselves."

Some domestic duties here called the garrulous matron away, leaving her guest very painfully occupied by this confirmation of the fears she had felt for the welfare of her son and his delicate bride.

With the first gleam of early daylight, Mrs. M. entered the stage-coach that was to convey her from Rutland to Greenville, and it was hardly seven o'clock when she found herself at the gate of her former residence.

The breath of the July morning was mild and genial, and yet the good lady felt a chill creeping over her system as she stepped within the enclosure. The gate was half unhinged. The path to the doorway was covered with grass; the bell made no responses to her most vigorous efforts. At length, lifting the latch, she entered the well-known hall, and made her way to the dining-room, where a slipshod maid was about arranging the breakfast.

"Mrs. Martyn will be down soon," said the girl; and she rang a cracked bell with merciless vehemence.

In about ten minutes a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and James himself, with hair unprofaned by brush or comb, was the first to enter the apartment. His warm and cordial greeting, full of surprise and pleasure, was scarcely over, when a languid figure, in a loose dressing-gown, appeared at the door, and kindled into sudden animation at the brief statement—

"Eliza, here is mother!"

The pale thin lips looked positively beautiful as they pressed the matron's ripe, good-humored cheek.

A cheerful breakfast followed, in spite of the forbidding circumstances that had preceded it; and during the whole of that pleasant day, Mrs. M.'s very considerable social powers kept those of her son and daughter in delightful activity. Once only, and then by accident, did she strike a chord that vibrated unpleasantly. At tea she remarked to her son, "These strawberries are delicious. I am glad to see, James, that you are such a successful gardener."

James colored slightly as he replied, "Our own strawberries have run out, but a neighbor, knowing of your arrival, has had the kindness to send us a supply."

There was a smile upon Mrs. Martyn's healthful lip, as she bade her children good-night; but she closed her door, threw herself in an easy-chair, and sank into a depth of very grave reflections.

"All is wrong," said she at last, as she rose to retire. "Not fatally wrong, I trust, but we shall see."

During the whole of the next day she was a quiet observer of events. Lenient and amiable, she only appeared to float upon the tide of joyous and hospitable feeling that her presence had called forth; yet she took silent note of all its eddies and shallows, and sketched a distinct chart for the guidance of her future course.

On the third morning, at breakfast, the coffee was turbid, and the toast burnt to a cinder. James said a few cutting words to his wife, who left the room in tears. After sitting a few minutes in moody silence, the young husband remarked, "It is useless to attempt to conceal the truth from you, mother. You must see how much I am disappointed in my wife. Without being positively ill, she grows more languid and drooping, and inefficient, from year to year; and where I hoped to find an aid in the manifold duties of life, I am only dragged downward by her weight of helpless weakness. I labor to fulfil conscientiously my part of the conjugal contract, but it is vain to expect from her any corresponding efforts."

"How do you divide the duties of the conjugal contract?" asked his mother, with a perceptible smile.

"Why, of course, it is my duty to provide the coarse materials out of which her skill may prepare domestic comforts. For instance, I am to see that the larder is abundantly supplied, and she that the table is a place of refreshment and pleasure."

"Then you hold that

"There is that in life

To which we cling with most tenacious grasp,
E'en when its lofty claims are all reduced
To the poor common privilege of dining?"

"Poetry, from my practical mother!"

"Certainly. There are few things more practical than poetry. My dear boy, woman was not given to man merely for his physical comfort. If she did not exist, cooks, and bakers, and tailors could supply, and perfectly too, the daily demands of life; and if some finer articles of the wardrobe were a little neglected, they would soon be relinquished altogether. Adam might have been a fine thriving animal, without giving up a portion of his physical existence to be formed into an helpmeet for him."

"But you see, woman was made for the purpose of helping him, after all."

"Yes, she was to be a help adapted to his needs, which certainly were not, at that time, those of the kitchen and laundry. What was needed by man, at that time, and ever after, was a companion; something that would awaken him to higher life than that of the senses, something that would call him out of himself and his own narrow circle of selfish enjoyments. In a world of full-grown men, some of the finest traits of manhood must lie comparatively dormant. There would be very little to protect and cherish, to cultivate and bless."

"But, dear mother, I have been from my childhood accustomed to seeing woman cultivating and blessing others, without waiting for the performance of any such duties towards herself."

"If you mean your mother, James, let me beg you not to throw your compliments away. You may, perhaps, remember thanking Heaven that Eliza was not like me."

"I do remember it, perfectly, and never was an unfilial utterance more severely punished. In the bitterness of my subsequent experience I have surely expiated those ungracious words."

"But, my dear son, what I then told you has

proved true. Eliza has one of those twining natures that need a perpetual support. If you had made it one of your daily aims to call forth, and develop, and perfect the finest qualities of her nature, I think your patient culture would have reaped a rich reward."

"But I have told you that, as the head of a household, I have something else to do besides cultivating my wife."

"And what more important pursuit do you recognize, my boy?"

"First and foremost, the pursuit of a livelihood; the means of defraying the expenses of the day and hour."

"Life with you, then, is a locomotive with just power enough to drag an empty car. There are thousands of such lives, but I hope not to be compelled to count yours among them."

"Mother! I am willing that others should blame me entirely for Eliza's lost vigor and faded bloom, but I did hope that you, if only from maternal partiality, might have felt some compassion for my position."

"My poor, selfish boy! I do feel chiefly interested in the subject upon your account. It is because I know that by no possibility can you avoid the penalty of neglect of your conjugal duties, that I wish to see them fulfilled to the letter. Believe me, you are mistaken in your ideas of the relative importance of pursuits. There is no field of labor that would so richly reward your exertions as that of cultivating the mental and moral qualities and personal graces of your wife. Animated by your regard and confidence, seeing her welfare of high importance to your comfort, she would awaken to a new beauty; she would become the most precious charm of your existence."

"But, mother, I have never regarded her with indifference. I may have been harsh and neglectful at times, but, deeply as I feel her defects, she is still very dear to me. With all her lifeless inefficiency, I could not find it in my heart to exchange her faded face for the freshest beauty in the village. I would as soon think of giving up my own identity."

"My dear boy, just say to her what you have said to me. You will find it a remedy of wonderful potency."

James blushed as he replied—

"These are delicate subjects to speak of, mother. I should feel awkward to introduce them. I have never opened my heart so fully to any human being before."

"And yet this very heart was pledged to Eliza, and she has never once looked into its depths. It was capacious and warm enough to have sheltered her, and you have kept her shivering outside of its barred and bolted door, and yet wondered that she grew wan and listless. I only wonder that she did not seek the warmth of another fireside."

"If she had done so," said James, with flashing eyes—but he quickly buried his head in his hands, and remained for some minutes absorbed in thought. Then he said sadly, "I have not much faith in your remedy for Eliza's defects, and I am afraid it would be difficult to try it now."

I should find it an awkward task to break the ice."

"Pity that any ice should ever have existed in your intercourse with one whom nature and your own choice have set apart as your very nearest friend. Yet these perverse habits can, I think, be broken. If you have been false to your own heart and to Eliza's through many weary years, it is never too late to be true. And without truth in the conjugal relation, there is a worm at the heart of life's most tempting fruit."

"True, mother: I am fully aware of that. And I am resolved to give your system a trial. I will go now to my wife, though I would rather go to the pillory, and I will say—something that she will like to hear."

And, though with manifest reluctance, the young husband left the room, and was absent for nearly an hour. The words of that interview have never been repeated, yet it would not be surprising if that one brief hour sufficed for the utterance of more earnest truth, for the mutual revealing to each of these long-estranged friends of more of the real character and feelings of the other, than seven years of married life had previously done.

The habit of closing one's own heart against an erring friend, thereby shutting away from his consciousness the affection that might be his salvation, is very easy to take root and very difficult to extirpate. Yet, in the present instance, doubtless the long discipline of lonely sorrow had prepared the way on the part of both for the recognition of the simple truths then spoken by a mother's loving lips. And when Mrs. Martyn prepared at last to return to her Western home, it was surely a living creature that kissed her benignant brow, and said, amid smiles and tears, "I am very sorry to have you go, but we shall never forget this visit."

"Well, remember, children," said Mrs. Martyn, "that when I come again I shall look for plenty of strawberries from the old neglected garden."

WENDELL, Mass., Sept. 22.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

"We remember," says one, "to have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the light house at Calais."

"The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when the visitor said to him, 'What if one of the lights should chance to go out?'"

"'Never! impossible!' with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis."

"'Sir,' said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India—perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying that such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim; the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir! sometimes on the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! no, never!'"

FIDELITY; OR, THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

"A heart as far from fraud, as Heaven from earth."

We recently read a brief inscription on a tombstone, comprised in these emphatic words:—"FAITHFUL TILL DEATH." The sleeper had been a wife, and the tribute recorded in marble, was by her bereaved husband. The epitaph was simple, and, in some degree, common-place; and yet it told the story of a life of truth and fidelity. The memory of such a being must ever be cherished, not only with tenderness and affection, but with conscientious respect and awe.

There are but few who are faithful to the last, few who are true in all things, few who may be relied upon in every difficulty, and under all circumstances, few who will cling the closer in the hour of adversity. There is, indeed, nothing on this side of the grave, more truthful, more beautiful, more priceless than *fidelity*. And this language will apply to many conditions of life, many phases of feeling, many traits of character, and many understandings between man and man. Fidelity is the true, and treachery is the false. The one has its source in the noblest feelings of our nature, and the highest conceptions of principle, and the other finds its excuse and its apology in sophistry, selfishness and self-deception. The one adorns, dignifies, elevates and refines; the other darkens, defaces, debases and brutalizes.

Who that has ever enjoyed the privilege and the blessing of a faithful friend—one who was so in deed as well as in name—one who was so in the hour of vicissitude, in the day of trial, as well as in the summer and sunshine of prosperity and fortune—one who was so through good report and through evil—one who was so, not for a day or a year, but from boyhood up and on, through weal and through woe, in manhood, and in declining age—who, indeed, that has experienced all the truth, the sympathy, the solicitude, and the generosity of such a friend, can imagine anything more valuable, more precious, or better calculated to console, to cheer, and to brighten the gloomy paths of the working-day world? Alas! for the being who has never realized the genuine sympathy of a kindred spirit—who has gone through the world alone—who has never met with one responsive heart—who has never won the confidence, the friendship, the respect and the affections of a fellow-creature! And still more lamentable, if the isolated, the neglected, and the friendless have been sensitive, susceptible and capable of appreciating all the finer and gentler emotions of the human breast. And yet there are such unfortunates—at least there are many who, full of sympathy themselves, can excite little or no sympathy in others. They are kind, generous, and amiable, and yet they lavish their affections in vain, and meet with no response. Is it to be wondered at, that such beings sometimes become disheartened, peevish, and at last cynical? Can we be surprised that they at length seek for some new source of pleasure, and wrapping themselves up in their own unhappiness, so to speak, determine that the world is cold, heartless, and unfeeling?

It is regarded as somewhat romantic and sen-

timental, to see two individuals of the same sex warmly attached to each other, living, as it were, the one for the other, always associating, always harmonizing, always defending, if necessary—in brief, knit and united by an indissoluble bond of friendship. Nevertheless, the spectacle is one that is often gazed upon with feelings of envy. The sympathy, the confidence and the fidelity that unite and bind two such spirits, must be delightful. And if this be the case between man and man—how heavenly must be the union and harmony between the sexes! "*Faithful till death.*" Who that is about to enter into wedded life, would not hope to have such an epitaph written above his mortal remains by the being of his choice, and at the same time desire to be able to indite a like inscription, should he be the survivor? We can imagine no situation more touching than that of the two aged beings bent with years and travelling slowly down the hill-side of life, hand in hand, and heart to heart—who feel, as they tread upon the threshold of the grave, that from the moment they stood together before the altar, the sentiment of respect and affection had remained unchanged—that they had gone on from year to year, and from season to season, united in spirit and in soul, relying, confident, satisfied and faithful.

Fidelity is one of the noblest of virtues. It purifies and adorns the human character. It is a twin-sister of truth, and it can never have affinity or sympathy with treachery or falsehood. "He is," observed a friend of ours, a few days since, when speaking of another, "he is a *true man*." There is nothing false, double-dealing, or hypocritical in his composition. He would scorn to speak an untruth, and he could never debase himself by a treachery." A warm eulogism, and a just one, under the circumstances. But fidelity is a virtue that is not sufficiently appreciated. There are few, moreover, who are faithful in all things, who are faithful in business, faithful in friendship, faithful in morals, and faithful in those courtesies and obligations which are so admirably calculated to soften and sweeten the social amenities of society.

We some days since saw a poor fellow earnestly engaged in caressing a dog. The affection that he lavished upon the animal was so extraordinary that we ventured to ask the reason. He hesitated a moment, and then related a story of domestic sorrow, and turning to his dog, with tears in his eyes, and a voice broken with emotion, exclaimed, "This poor beast is all I have left. He at least is faithful." A distinguished Statesman, some years since, exclaimed, "One country, one home, and one wife." He had doubtless garnered his affections within his own hallowed household, and his idea of human happiness was embodied in the sentiment we have quoted. And where, indeed, on this side of the grave, should we look for real enjoyment, for earthly happiness, if not within the sacred precincts of home, and in the fidelity of the beings of our friendship and affection?—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

MY HUMMING BIRD.

MR. ARTHUR—I have always loved Humming Birds, and the articles from Webber's pen, which appeared in the early numbers of your Home Gazette, interested me exceedingly. The following year my husband espied a nest in a Silver tree, by our Western window, and we all watched with great pleasure the mother and her two little ones. Our nephews and nieces came from twenty miles round to see the pretty creatures, so packed in their tiny nest, no larger than a walnut; the mother too, flying off for food, and then cramming it down their throats with such efforts, that it seemed like a miniature wrestling match. We were surprised to find the young birds almost as large in the body as the mother—though head, neck and bill were much shorter. 'Twas very sweet to see the young mother trying to gather them under her wings; and as they grew older, to win them to follow her in her flights. We never wearied of watching them, and when after some weeks they took their flight, we mourned their absence, and thought not that we should one day know even more intimately, some of this shy but most attractive family.

Shall I tell you of "My Humming Birds"? If I had the pen of Webber, I might; and though unused to description, I will, in plain, unvarnished English, introduce you to a little one, just in the path of every passer-by, upon the pavement of a well-shaded home, in an old town upon the Delaware. The night had been one of storms and showers, and it was still blowing in the morning, when I heard the cry:—"Aunt, here's a Humming Bird! Don't you want to see it?" I was sick, but called my sister, who ran down and soon returned with the little stranger, nearly drowned, but half-fledged and scarcely able to stand.

"What shall I do with it?" she said.

Memory was not in full vigor; but my thoughts instantly turned to Webber's delightful sketches; and honey, with water and flour, were soon made ready to feed it. A wire cover formed the cage, and we put it on the window, hoping the mother would find her lost one. My nephew had seen her humming round whilst he laid upon the pavement. The little bird put out his long thread-like tongue, and took eagerly the food we offered him; but it seemed too powerful, and a search into the file of the Gazette showed me that the food Webber mentioned was composed of two parts of loaf sugar, one of honey, with ten of water.

In a few hours, I heard a humming noise, and found the mother's instinct had brought her to the window on the front of the house, but more than thirty feet from where she had left her little one, and in the upper story. I at once removed the cover; her joy seemed great at finding him. She flew around and returned so often to feed him, that I was obliged to place the cage on the window near my bed, that I might more freely admit her. We fed him also with the food prepared, into which we dipped the coral honey-suckle and put it to his bill. He did not yet understand how to feed himself.

On that night, Thursday, August 17th, I put

him in an open window in the library, which adjoins my room. In the morning, by sunrise, the mother awoke us by her call. To our dismay, the little bird seemed almost dead—a severe and unlocked for change had taken place in the weather, and without a nest and a mother's covering wings, he had suffered greatly. We placed him by a warm air-flue, and put him in a bag with moss, and afterwards placed him in an Eastern window, where the sun shone upon him, and his bright little mother soon found him. Ere long she became so tame that she would feed from the flowers I held in my hand, and would then give of her food to the little one. He, poor fellow, flew into his food, and gugged himself so, that I had to sponge him off with warm water.

On Friday the mother came into the room, but was so terrified, that I thought she would kill herself. She flew for hours about the ceiling. We left her, hoping she would then become calm and find her way out, but she did not. At last, she lit upon a table, and not wishing to frighten her by my touch, I offered her a flower dipped in honey, as I had done before; but she darted off again, and finally fell upon the floor. I took her up gently, and thought, for a moment, that she was feigning death; but I soon found that she was insensible. She took no notice of the young bird by whose side I placed her, fell over upon her side, the blood oozing from her bill. I cut the fibres which entangled her, and had caused her fall—and sponged the head and bill with cold water. I found her bill was cut, and more blood flowed from the wound than I should have thought was in her tiny body. She began to revive—opened her eyes, and in half an hour was able to put out that thread-like tongue, and take the food and flowers we offered her. She appeared very weak, and did not attempt to feed the little one. As soon as she was able she flew away, and came back no more that day.

I feared we should not see her again, but about noon, on the next day, she returned and fed the little one—whose home was now a basket, the box being shallow, and he now able to climb out of it, while the basket was roomy, and had a lid, which we shut down at night. In the day the mother had free access to him, sipped from his little cup and from the fresh flowers beside him, but would not now take food from those I held in my hand. She was much more shy, but attended to her youngling each day, until sundown, and would arouse us by her call by sunrise in the morning. The little one had the same note, and would answer her. 'Twas curious to see how he trembled when she drew near; he would stop feeding, look up so eagerly, and seem so fluttered by her approach.

On Monday the young bird fell from the window to the ground, when I was not in the room. On Tuesday we gave him a tepid bath, which took away the honey, and greatly improved his flying. I had him on my finger at the front door, when the mother-bird drew near, and he flew into the street. We put him on a twig of the elm tree, where she fed him, and tried to induce him to fly with her, but in vain. He flew from my hand to the grape-vine on the porch, but readily came back to his basket, and feared

not my hand which took him from the vine. He would take sugar from my mouth, and hop about my dress, seeming to have no fear of me at all. Altheas and honeysuckles were enjoyed, but he would now dart his tongue into the cup and enjoy the food greatly. The next day—Wednesday—was the seventh of his sojourn with us. I felt that he would soon be able to fly away; but wished to detain him a little longer, that he might be old enough to remember his home, and perhaps one day revisit it. I wanted, also, to take him to see a dear friend of my early days, who would, I knew, take much interest in him. In the afternoon I gave him a full meal: he jumped upon me and flew about me, evidently greatly improved in his flying powers. His mother fed him at four o'clock, and I closed the shutters and also his basket, whilst we went out to ride.

When I came back, he was gone. His mournful call sounded all the evening from a branch of the mulberry tree—a dead one—so we could not venture on it to reclaim him. I learned that the mother had come to the window which was opened, and the bird put in it. She fed him, and after enticing him some time, he flew to this branch not far from the window, but evidently feared to go farther. The next day I put fresh flowers in the window, but I saw them no more.

The nest is there, and I often long to see that bright little face upturned again to mine. The plumage was green and golden: not so brilliant as I supposed; the throat was of a grayish-white, with a little yellow upon it—the young bird was not feathered there when he left us. May he flourish and thrive, though I never see him again.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 5.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"In man or woman, from my soul I loathe
All affection."

"Is, madam, is; not seems; I know not seems."

"O dear! this is a world of shams!" exclaimed I, on the morning of the Fourth, as the antique and horrible procession, with its calithumpian accompaniment, passed my window. Men and boys of the village, transformed into old seventysixers, negroes, female drummers and nondescripts, resembling all kinds of mystified animals, clattered through the gray, rainy twilight, scaring back the dawn with the din of their conches, fish-horns and kettle-drums. Yet such a display as this can only excite a gaze and a laugh; as the stories of Sinbad, the sailor, and Baron Munchausen are great lies, but comparatively harmless, because they are so monstrous.

We need not go far to find all shades of pretence; but we shall look in vain for much that will bear, like this, to be called by its right name. "Keep up appearances at all hazards," the world says, "no matter what comforts you risk."

There is a man who is willing to pay the highest rents in town, and be taxed for a score of thousands, while he is not worth one, for the sake of being thought a rich man. And there is another,

spoiling his silver locks, the old man's crown of glory, with a villainous hair-dye; to persuade himself and others that his life-lease is not as nearly out as they had supposed.

There is a woman of sixty, disguised in the muslins and ribbons of a belle of twenty. And here is sweet sixteen herself, why will she put forth such efforts to be unnatural? Her waist, before small enough for proper proportion, she has managed to reduce to half its real size. Her foot, never beyond a reasonable magnitude for the purpose of walking, she has crammed into the tiniest of fairy shoes, which are, to use an Irishman's description, "full and running over, entirely." Her face, whose bloom she has stigmatized as "countryfied," she has made sufficiently pale by depriving herself of necessary exercise, but yellow blotches are coming out in place of the roses, to tell their own tale. Poor child! every step she takes, slow, limping and stiff, defeats her efforts by writing a commentary upon her mistake, that all may read. Hebe, aping a pale nymph, has become a ghost.

All disguises are seen through, at some time or other, by somebody or other; and then, it is so much easier to be natural! Why, half the distress of some people's lives arises from thinking what others will think of them.

Of course, we are not responsible for the defective vision of any of our neighbors. If one who always wears rose-colored spectacles, tells me that I have a young and blooming face, he may believe it, but I shall not. And if one whose glasses are green, insists that I have a consumptive hue, I can enjoy my rough health just as well as if he had given me no such agreeable information.

We may be honest and straight-forward, and yet be misunderstood, because of being looked at through some other medium than our own atmosphere. So the bad cannot appreciate the good, nor the cunning the simple-hearted.

Why, even I, who from sheer indolence, when no higher motive is dominant, would not take the trouble to cloak my real character, have been accused by some wise heads, of being a "perfect puzzle." A puzzle indeed! The tangle must have been in their own brains.

Mysteries may be great things, but it is better to decide about that after they have been solved. The smoke that darkens the horizon may arise from the conflagration of a town, but it is just as likely to be a burning stubble-field.

The world is full of shams, and shows, and sad, sickening falsehoods. Yet there are those who are true to their own souls and to Him from whose essence those souls were breathed, and there are enough of them to be thankful for.

A noble little fellow was he, who, when tempted to do wrong, with the additional inducement, "Nobody will see you," answered, "But I would see myself." Aye, if our actions do not deserve our own respect, they are unworthy the good opinion of other people. To revel in the festivities of popular favor, while we run from ourselves as from the grasp of a constable, is a shameful pawning of the heart's sacred jewel, peace; a miserable preparation for a land where there is no seeming—where all veils are to be removed.

DEPART! OH, SUMMER.

"It is only with the return of cold weather that we can hope for the pestilence to be stayed."—*Letter from the South.*

Depart! oh, Summer!

Hence, with thy gorgeous flowers!
With all thy treasured sweetness, hence,
To other climes than ours.
Gather thy drapery green
From off our Northern hills—
Hush thy leaf-music in the woods,
Thy laughter in the rills!

Depart! oh, Summer!

To thy far haunts convey,
Thy glorious sunshine, shadows deep,
Waft thy sweet birds away,
Stay not 'mid groves of pine,
Nor Southern orange bowers;
Leave not a fragrant breath of thine
'Mid the magnolia flowers!

Depart! oh, Summer!

From climes where myrtles blow,
Room for the frost-king's mantle there!
Room here, for Winter snow!
Hence; that the storm may rage!
The North wind fierce and wild,—
That biting blasts from polar plains,
Revel where thou hast smiled!

Depart! oh, Summer!

Fain would we wish thy stay,
But death and woe are in thy train,
Therefore, away, away!
From the doomed cities rise
Imploring bursts of prayer,
With dying groans and mourners' cries,
Rending the sultry air.

Depart! oh, Summer!

From where the cypress waves
Beneath the glorious Southern skies,
Over a land of graves!
Gather thy beauties hence,
Since thou can'st not restore
Sunshine and joy to stricken homes,
We welcome thee no more!

Depart! oh, Summer!

Beautiful as thou art—
That the destroying angel's sword
May from our land depart!
Meekly our hearts would learn
The lesson thou hast given—
Loving each day the less of earth,
And more, far more, of Heaven! H. W.

BROOKLINE, Mass.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

Two perfumes of the soul that burn and languish,
One full of *rapture*, and the other *tears*:
Of a pure passion, the delight and anguish,
As rise our thoughts to yon pure atmospheres!
Then we become through Thee, thou Infinite,
Great and Eternal! and beyond this being
We lift our eyes, the pure celestials seeing,
Cloth'd with a portion of their sacred light!
Nature is one great Prayer—the Earth a Hymn
Of adoration to Thy name, O Father!
Angels and sainted ones around us gather
And naught imperfect doth our vision dim!

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

One evening, in a gay party at Herr Kretchman's, the subject turned upon female beauty; and a gentleman of the company asserted that the youngest daughter of the Kamerath Ammon—a blonde, born in April, 1776—was the most beautiful girl in the city. I instantly resolved to satisfy myself upon the subject, without loss of time, and slipping out of the room, I went straight to the Kamerath's house, and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the youngest daughter herself, who explained the unusual circumstance by saying that it happened that no one was in the house except her parents and herself.

I looked earnestly at the maiden, and found her beautiful beyond description; so, without hesitation, I asked her there, upon the threshold, if she would be my wife.

"Why not?" answered she, "but come in and speak to my parents."

We parted late in the evening with a tender embrace—all was settled between us.

In the village of Trupach, on the 18th of January, 1796, we were married, in a good, simple country fashion, and late in the evening the bride stepped into my carriage at her father's door, and went with me to my old home.

I soon found that it was easier for a man to become a bridegroom than a wise husband.

We plagued each other constantly in the beginning, out of pure love, till, from continual vexation, a coldness ensued, which we both felt, but could not account for.

Yesterday my little lady would not suffer me to leave her side, and to day she found it good to visit her brother, ten miles in the country, without bidding me adieu, or naming the time of her return.

Two days after this, hasty messengers came, one after another—I must come—I should come—without me she could have no peace.

I went, and the joy of the re-union seemed as if it never could end. On the following day I was again a burden. I left with a cold parting, and that self-same night came the repentance by an extra post—she could not live without me, I must hasten back.

This certainly would not do—in this way all my identity would be destroyed.

Since the day of my marriage with my beautiful wife, I had been the submissive slave of her will, but now that it was plain she had a will of her own, I must follow some other plan. I sat down to consider, and after some reflection, determined what to do.

Since my marriage my old employments and pursuits had been altogether neglected, but I now resumed them, and as much as possible returned to my bachelor life.

My wife sent every day letters full of tears, but I paid no attention to them outwardly, although they touched my heart sorely. At length I wrote her a long, serious letter, in which I said that as we had been married without previous courtship, it was not at all strange that, being unacquainted with each other's character, we could not harmonize together, and I proposed

that she should remain at her father's house at present, and that, with her permission, I would visit her two or three times a week, and spend an evening with her in conversation, until we were acquainted with each other, and after that, if she would like me enough, I would take her home to be my wife—but if she found she could not be satisfied with my habits, manners and character, I would leave her under her father's roof, giving up all claims upon her.

This plan did not please her much; but she appeared to think it would not be becoming in her to bring up any objection.

Well—to cut a long story short, after a formal courtship of no very great length I once more took her home, and she made one of the best little wives in the world.

SINGULAR STORY.

It will be remembered that while Kossuth was in New York city, and stopping at the Irving House, he received the visits of numerous persons of both sexes, who deeply sympathized with him and his cause. Among the rest, there was one day a lady of a remarkably sensitive constitution who came to the hotel, in company with two or three of her friends, fully determined upon having an interview with the illustrious Maygar, if it were possible. After she arrived, she ascertained that Kossuth, unrecognized by her, had passed out of the door at the very moment she entered, and so near her, in the crowd, as to probably have touched her. The lady, with her companions, took a seat in the parlor, and, being chagrined at the disappointment in her expectation to see the object of her ardent interest, it may be naturally supposed that her mind wandered forth after him in thought. Be this as it may, however, after she had sat there for some time, she became apparently insensible to the presence of her companions and to all things around her, and afterwards rose upon her feet, assumed a majestic air, and commenced gesticulating in the most graceful manner, as if addressing a public assembly. This she continued for a long time, despite of every effort of her friends to arouse her to a state of outer consciousness; and finally she resumed her natural state suddenly and spontaneously. It was afterwards ascertained that during the whole time of the lady's strange gesticulating movements, and coinciding with its beginning and termination to a moment, Kossuth was engaged in delivering a speech to one of the numerous congratulatory assemblies with which he was honored while in New York!

Here was a psychological phenomenon which, like all other effects, must certainly have had an adequate and corresponding cause; and we are totally at a loss to conceive of its cause, unless we refer it to the law of psychical sympathy, which we might illustrate by a thousand other, though perhaps for the most part less remarkable cases. The strong attractive tendency which the thoughts of the lady had toward the Hungarian leader, doubtless brought her into that intimate magnetic union with him which enabled the energies of his mind, unconsciously to him-

self, to vibrate through her nervous and muscular system, and cause her to gesticulate coincidentally with himself. This conclusion is farther established by the fact that her gestures, as it was said, precisely resembled those of Kossuth; and the respectability of the lady is such as to preclude the suspicion that the scene was merely feigned by her, even supposing such a thing to have been possible.—*American Phrenological Journal.*

A LIVE AUTHORESS.

Once I was driven by a young Irish friend to call upon the wife of a rich farmer in the country. We were shown by the master of the house into a very handsomely furnished room, in which there was no lack of substantial comfort, and even of some elegancies, in the shape of books, pictures and a piano. The good man left us to inform his wife of our arrival, and for some minutes we remained in solemn state, until the mistress of the house made her appearance. She had been called from the washtub, and, like a sensible woman, was not ashamed of her domestic occupation. She came in, wiping the suds from her hands on her apron, and gave us a very hearty and friendly welcome. She was a short, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasing countenance; and, though only in her colored flannel working-dress, with a nightcap on her head, and spectacled nose, there was something in her frank, good-natured face that greatly prepossessed us in her favor. After giving us the common compliments of the day, she drew her chair just in front of me, and, resting her elbows on her knees, and dropping her chin between her hands, she sat regarding me with such a fixed gaze that it became very embarrassing.

"So," says she, at last, "you are Mrs. M——?"

"Yes."

"The woman that writes?"

"The same."

She drew back her chair for a few paces, with a deep-drawn sigh, in which disappointment and surprise seemed strangely to mingle.

"Well, I have he'd a great deal about you, and I wanted to see you bad for a long time; but you are only a humbly person like myself, after all. Why, I do think, if I had on my best gown and cap, I should look a great deal younger and better than you."

I told her that I had no doubt of the fact.

"And pray," continued she, with the same provoking scrutiny, "how old do you call yourself?"

I told her my exact age.

"Humph!" quoth she, as if she rather doubted my word, "two years younger nor me! you look a great deal older nor that." After a long pause, and another searching gaze, "Do you call those teeth your own?"

"Yes," said I, laughing; for I could retain my gravity no longer; "in the very truest sense of the word they are mine, as God gave them to me."

"You are luckier than your neighbors," said she. "But, ain't you greatly troubled with headaches?"

"No," said I, rather startled at this fresh interrogatory.

"My!" exclaimed she, "I thought you must be, your eyes are so sunk in your head. Well, well, so you are Mrs. M——, of Belleville, the woman that writes. You are but a humbly body, after all."

While this curious colloquy was going on, my poor Irish friend sat on thorns, and tried, by throwing in a little judicious blarney, to soften the thrusts of the home truths to which he had unwittingly exposed me. Between every pause in the conversation, he broke in with—

"I am sure Mrs. M—— is a fine-looking woman—a very young looking woman for her age. Any person might know at a glance that those teeth were her own. They look too natural to be false."—*Life in the Clearing, by Mrs. Moodie.*

THE MOTHER OF AGASSIZ.

[In the progress of his tour on the continent, Prof. Silliman visited Lausanne, the former residence of the eminent naturalist, Agassiz, of whose family he gives some agreeable details:]—

Although it was raining, our new friends took us a considerable distance to the residence of this venerable lady in the family of her son. She soon made her appearance, and although nearly four score, her beautiful person was erect, tall and dignified, while her animated and warm address placed us instantly at ease. Madame Francillon had sent before us her brother's introductory note by her little son, a lad of ten years; grandma had mislaid her spectacles and could not read the note; she said, however, that her young grandson was a faithful commissionaire, and told her that two American gentlemen and a lady were coming, in a few minutes, to see her, and she felt at once convinced that they were friends of her son Louis. As soon as we explained to her our intimacy with him—that he had been often a guest in our families—that we had the pleasure of knowing his interesting American wife—and when we added the friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart, not yet chilled by age.

A beautiful group of lovely grandchildren was gathered around to see and hear the strangers from a far-distant land, beyond the great ocean. When we inquired of Mad. Agassiz her entire number of grandchildren, she replied 15; and when she was informed that my whole number exceeded hers, she was both amused and surprised, and smiles of sympathy succeeded to tears; for she had considered me—from my being still an active traveller—a younger man than I am. She is the widow of a Protestant clergyman, who was the father of Agassiz. She has a vigorous mind, speaks with great spirit, and is a mother worthy of such a son. She was grieved when she heard that our stay was to be very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house; or, at least, that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality.

The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted, evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mrs. S. a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her *pensees* were all for him.

Such scenes come near to every benevolent heart, and prove that human sympathy has a moral magnetism whose attraction is universal. I value highly the art of statuary, but I prize more highly still such a family scene as this; a scene away here in Switzerland, 4,000 miles from my home, on the borders of the beautiful Lake Lemán; and I would not exchange such living exhibitions of the human heart for all the mute marble men and women in the Vatican, although they have a high value as exhibitions of talent, and still more as representations of human character and feeling.

Agassiz, and many other excellent people in countries bordering on France, are descendants of French Huguenots who fled from persecution, and, like the Puritans of New-England, they retain strong traits of the Protestant character—for they were the Puritans of France.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

When Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death-bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, the Countess Steenbock, between whom and the queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by the most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock at the same moment, lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Horse Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch. During the afternoon, the outside door of the ante-chamber opened, and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines, and presented arms, as a respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributing her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the side of the corpse, and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her.

The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officers present then hastened into the room, and there they all beheld the queen standing upright in her coffin, and tenderly embracing the countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Pre-

sently the apparition seemed to waver and resolve itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state; but the countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once dispatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the Countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased queen! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

A child sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars shone in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars, and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted; and his eyes wandering all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above.

He was so absorbed, that his mother called to him, and said:

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

He started as if suddenly aroused from sleep, and answered:

"I was thinking—"

"Yes," said his mother, "I knew you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "*I want to be an angel!*"

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live, and love God, and are happy; I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on Him for ever."

The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom, and wept. She wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God, now, while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him up to Heaven when he died, and then he would be with God for ever.

His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side, and said:

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Wash me in Thy precious blood;
I Thy little lamb would be,
Help me, Lord, to look to Thee."

The mother took the young child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and Heaven.

A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, and the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear:

"I am going to be an angel."

Little reader, do you not wish to be an angel?

COLONEL BURR, AND JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Colonel Burr, who had been Vice-President of America, and probably would have been the next President, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, with whom I was very intimate. He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance: rough-featured, and neither dressy nor polished; but a well-informed, sensible man, and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion. People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and an Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigor and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him. We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph, and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert. Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes.

At length the door opened, and in hopped a small, bent figure, meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head. This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously, and asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed; Grattan, therefore, of course, took him for the Vice-President, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph, at length, begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James, for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself. This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right-Honorable Henry Grattan. I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment. He pulled

down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way apologized for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them that he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was about returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting. The Americans were charmed with their reception, and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, while Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

No. III.

PAPA, MARY, STEPHEN AND WILLIE.

Papa. Well, Miss Polly, what makes you afraid of geology teaching you infidelity?

Mary. Oh, I was reading a short time ago, that it taught us different things from what the Bible does, and thus weakens our faith in the Bible.

Papa. Why, surely, you don't think that I am an infidel?

Mary. No, I know you believe the Bible to be God's Word; but still, everybody might not have as firm a belief as you have.

Papa. Very true; but that is their fault. I hold every one, who, professing to be a Christian, yet neglects to make himself certain that the Bible is God's Holy Word, to be culpable in the extreme, for he is willingly rendering himself an easy prey to the attacks of the infidel whenever he chooses to present himself.

Geology and the Bible do not contradict each other. The Bible, says an eminent divine, was not designed to teach science; and so, I would advise you, if you are not already fully convinced of it, to examine anew the evidence on which we receive the Bible as God's Word, and not heeding attempts to identify scientific theories with the Mosaic account of creation. Study at once both the book of God's word, and the book of God's works, and, as Lord Bacon advises, "*Do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together.*"

Mary. Well, papa, I almost changed my mind yesterday, and had half determined to come and hear the next conversation you had on geology; for I heard Stephen and Willie talking about amethysts and other stones, and I thought there could not be much harm in knowing about such things; besides, I should like to know how to tell a real stone in a brooch, for there are such numerous imitation ones now.

Papa. I am glad you have heard some part of what I told your brothers, for it will enable you to understand what I have to tell you to-day. We have had to talk about two classes of rocks, the Plutonic and metamorphic.

Stephen. I do not remember hearing about the Plutonic rocks, papa.

Papa. Why, granite is a Plutonic rock. Pluto, with the ancients, was god of the lower regions, and the granite rocks are often called Plutonic, because they are thought to have been

formed by fire, at great depths below the surface: so we have learnt two divisions of the rocks, Plutonic or igneous, and metamorphic or changed.

Now above the metamorphic rocks come what are called the *aqueous* or sedimentary rocks; that is, as I have told you, rocks formed by being deposited as sediment in water. They all contain the remains of organic beings; that is, they have preserved in their layers the remains of shells, or reptiles, or sea-weed, or plants and trees, or even of large animals, as the elephant and hippopotamus: and therefore they are called *fossiliferous* or fossil-bearing strata.

These fossiliferous strata are said to be not less than eight or ten miles thick in Europe.

Mary. Why, nobody has been down eight or ten miles into the earth: so how do they know what there may be there?

Papa. I was just going to explain that point. All the strata that have been deposited from water, must originally have been deposited horizontally: but we find them in slanting positions, and turned and uplifted in all sorts of ways.

The lowest rocks are sometimes brought to the surface, and thus, by combining together the results of observations made in different places, geologists have made out the regular succession of the strata from granite upwards.

Had the rocks remained as deposited, we should have known very little about them; indeed, the greater part would have been quite unknown to us, for the greatest perpendicular descent man has yet made into the earth's crust does not exceed half a mile.

Now, Willy, I have told you three general facts about the crust of our earth. Can you tell me what they are?

Willie. Why, papa, you told us that granite formed a framework for the other rocks, and that those other rocks had been formed upon the top of the granite, and that they had been twisted up and down.

Papa. Yes; that is since they were deposited. Well, now we come to consider what force has twisted these rocks up and down, and sometimes made vertical what was originally horizontal. Now these forces were subterranean. You know that heat expands bodies; well, we have in the interior of our earth a constant source of heat. Heat applied to some rocks would cause them to expand, while applied to others, to clay for instance, would make them contract.

Willie. You don't call clay a rock, do you, papa?

Papa. Yes, geologists call all large masses; rocks, of whatever they may consist. To proceed, however. You will thus see that the mere contraction or expansion of extensive beds of rocks would cause great elevation or subsidence in the surface materials of the earth's crust. But besides this slow elevation or subsidence, we find that strata have sometimes been violently broken through, by the eruption of red-hot rocks; and here we find a fourth kind of rock, the *volcanic*, so called from their being the product of the agencies of volcanoes.

You have often seen pictures of the basaltic pillars of Giants' Causeway. Well, those pil-

lars are examples of volcanic rocks, and the bluish-looking stone they use to macadamize the roads with, about here, is another volcanic rock, called trap. Trap and basalt are the products of ancient volcanic agency, and pumice-stone and lava of recent action of a similar kind. So that all the rocks composing the crust of the earth are divisible into four groups, Plutonic, volcanic, metamorphic and aqueous.

No. IV.

PAPA, STEPHEN, AND WILLIE.

Papa. Well, Stephen, how old do you think our world is?

Stephen. Why, I have always been taught that it is about six thousand years old.

Papa. Just attend to me for a moment, and I think I can show you that six millions of years would be under the mark, when assigning a probable age to mother earth. I told you that the fossiliferous or sedimentary strata are supposed to be between eight and ten miles thick in Europe. Now, the process of sedimentary deposition is by no means a rapid one. Lakes are ascertained to deposit sediment in the proportion of only one foot in a century; while Professor Hitchcock says that, except in extraordinary cases, it requires a century to produce accumulation of sediment a few inches thick on the bed of the ocean. If, then, it requires a hundred years to produce a sedimentary deposit of about 12-63360ths of a mile thick, you may easily fancy how long a time it must have taken to form the eight or ten miles of the sedimentary rocks. Indeed, we can have no idea of the great age of our planet.

Stephen. Well, then, papa, I suppose the volcanic rocks broke through the sedimentary strata before man was produced?

Papa. Yes; but still volcanic action on a large scale is continually going on in our globe.

Willie. Are there any fossil men, papa?

Papa. A very natural inquiry. I have seen, in the British Museum, bones of men embedded in rock from Guadalupe; but they are not fossilized, and the limestone in which they are found is quite a recent deposit.

Stephen. Well, then, what is a fossil, if bones imbedded in rocks are not fossils?

Papa. When I said the bones were not fossilized, I meant that they had not lost their gluten and phosphate of lime. All fossils or organic remains are generally found to have undergone a change which has a connection with the substances in which they are imbedded. For instance, a fossil from a limestone rock will be more or less calcareous, or impregnated with lime.

Willie. Oh, then, that petrified bird's nest, that Mr. Green has, is a calcareous fossil; for you told us once how to test lime by acid, and I got Mr. Green to try the bird's nest, and it was lime.

Papa. That bird's nest came from Matlock, and is not a fossil at all.

Stephen. Well, then, it is a petrification.

Papa. No, nor is it a petrification. It is an incrustation. If you broke the nest, you would

find that the enclosed substances had undergone no change but that of decay. You know that the inside of the kitchen kettle is covered with a stony substance—*fur*, as it is called. That lime has been deposited from the water which has been boiled in the kettle. Now, you would not call the kettle a petrification because the inside is covered with lime.

Willie. Oh, brother Stephen, just fancy a petrified kettle.

Papa. And you cannot call a bird's nest a petrification because its outside is covered with lime. Now, in a true petrification every part of the structure of the object petrified has undergone a change. Wood-opal, for instance, is wood entirely transmuted into flint or chalcedony. When bone is petrified, a similar phenomenon takes place; every portion of the internal structure of the bone is preserved, and all the cells are filled with carbonate of lime. When a body has undergone chemical changes through being embedded in a rock, it is called a petrification.

Stephen. Is coal a petrification?

Papa. No, I should consider coal as an example of *bitumenization*.

Willie. Oh, papa, there is another big word.

Papa. Well, I must use them. Every science has its own peculiar phraseology, and in geology the technical terms are pretty numerous; but when you know the meaning of "big words" you need not be frightened at them. This word, for instance, just means changed into bitumen.

Willie. Well, but what is bitumen?

Papa. You know what naphtha and asphalt are like. Well, they are both bitumen; and coal is principally composed of the same substance and carbon.

Stephen. Then I can give you examples of both the processes. The ammonites you have are petrifications, and the coal we burn is a bitumenization.

Papa. You are correct about the coal, but all those ammonites are not petrifications. If you will examine them, you will find that they are turned into *pyrites*—the substance you mistook for gold.

Willie. What are pyrites?

Papa. I dare say brother Stephen could tell you, for he came to me one day with a lump out of some coal, and thought he had discovered a piece of pure gold.

Willie. Is it like gold?

Papa. It certainly has a yellow color, and is often mistaken for the precious metal.

Willie. How can you tell it from gold?

Papa. Oh, there are many tests; but the simplest is to strike it with a hammer, when it flies into bits, which gold would not do. Gold would become flattened. But, to return to the ammonites; they are converted into iron pyrites, and are examples of *metallization*.

Stephen. Were you not going to tell us something about fossil men, papa?

Papa. Yes, we have wandered from our subject. If man had not been a very recent introduction upon our globe, we would have found the remains of his works and himself in the different sedimentary strata; for no animal exposes himself so much as man does to the possibility of

being drowned. If ever the present bed of the sea should become consolidated and raised, as it may do in future ages, the remains of man and his ships will be found fossilized. Perhaps the lowest bed of a deposit will contain rude canoes, and such things as the corricles of the ancient Britons, and the higher beds contain, in order, Roman galleys, the transports of the Crusaders, the merchant ships of Venice, the men-of-war of Britain and France, and lastly the screw and paddle steamer.

Stephen. Or, perhaps, the caloric ship.

Papa. Well, we will wish it a better fate than to be fossilized.

Willie. Oh, I could fancy such lots of things fossilized; and you know ships take out preserved meats in canisters; so, perhaps, there will be fossil pea-soup.

Papa. You can speculate on those interesting things when I have told you one or two things more; but just attend to me for a few minutes longer. Stephen mentioned the ammonites just now; can you tell me in what sort of water they lived?

Stephen. Oh, I know. In the salt water of the ocean, because it has a thick shell.

Papa. You have guessed right; but you would have been certain that your opinion was correct had I told you that the ammonite is a chambered shell. You have seen a section of the nautilus, and the ammonite was divided into airtight portions in a similar way. You may, perhaps, remember that in the nautilus a tube runs through the centre of the chambers. It is called the *siphuncle*; a term derived from the Latin word *siphunculus*, a gimblet, because the tube is like a hole bored by a gimblet. In the ammonite, though, the siphuncle did not run through the centre of the chambers, but as if along the top of each chamber.

Willie. What was the good of it?

Papa. The animal did not live in the whole of the shell, but only in the mouth chamber, and the rest served as a buoy to keep it and its shell of about the same weight as the water it lived in; and the siphuncle kept up the vitality of the shell which the animal did not live in.

Stephen. Then, could the ammonite rise to the surface like the nautilus does?

Papa. I do not know that the nautilus does so, unless when forced up by storms. I believe it lives at the bottom of the ocean. The nautilus of the poets is not a nautilus at all. Its true name is *Argonauta argo*, and its shell is not chambered. But I will tell you more about the ammonite, and other fossil shells, soon.

No. V.

Stephen. Oh! papa, I wish you would spare us a few minutes just now for a little more talk about fossils; for I have found one, and none of us can imagine what it can be, except it be a tooth.

Papa. Let me see it, and then perhaps I can give you some information about it.

Stephen. Here it is. I broke it out of a lump of chalk that was lying in the road.

Papa. Well, so it is a tooth. It is the tooth of a species of shark. The quarrymen call

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them fish palates. They belong to a genus of the shark family, called, from the peculiar nature of the teeth, *ptychodus* (rugous teeth.) But I've got a fossil here I wish you to examine.

Willie. I don't see it.

Stephen. I can't see anything but the mantle-piece.

Papa. Well, that's the fossil I wish you to examine. It is almost entirely composed of the remains of a peculiar fossil animal, called the *encrinurite*. I cannot give you a very accurate idea of the animal, but it was something like a starfish attached to the shore by a long flexible stalk. You see the marble of which the chimney-piece is made consists of tubes of a white substance, imbedded in a dark-grey ground.

Now these tubes were the stalks of the encrinurite, and at the top of the stalk was a sort of head or body. In one species, it is something of the shape of a pear. So, perhaps, you will have a better idea if you imagine it as a pear of shelly substance, on a stalk a foot long, and having at the top a number of arms, surrounding the aperture of the mouth. This will give you an idea of the skeleton, which, when the animal was alive, was covered with an integument or skin. There were an immense number of joints in it; for the number of separate pieces in one skeleton is computed at *thirty thousand*.

In the middle ages, fragments of these crinoidæ were often used as rosaries, for they are often found hollow; and in Germany are sometimes known as *spangenstein*, or bead-stones. In Westphalia they are considered to be the petrified tears of giants; and it is to these stems Sir W. Scott alludes in "Marmion," Canto I.

"On a rock by Lindisfarne,
St Cuthbert sits and tells to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name."

And sharks' teeth are, at Malta, supposed to be the tongues of serpents, petrified by St. Paul; while, in Germany, they are thought to be the devil's nails—the idea being, that the evil spirit scraped them off among the rocks of the mountains.

Ammonite shells are nearly always believed to be petrified snakes. The legend of St. Hilda has perhaps diffused the idea. Sir W. Scott has recorded this also:

"And how the nuns of Whithy told,
How of countless snakes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed,
Themselves within their sacred bound
Their stony folds had often found."

Stephen. What were the first things that became fossilized?

Papa. The first vegetables were most probably *algæ*, or sea-weeds; and the first animals, perhaps *zoophytes*.

Willie. What are zoophytes?

Papa. Why those things which sister Mary calls sea-weeds, and sticks on cards are, in reality, zoophytes.

Stephen. What does the word itself mean, papa?

Papa. It is a compound of two Greek words, *zoon*, an animal, and *phyton*, a plant; and the term is used, because these animals were formerly supposed to form a sort of connecting link be-

tween the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Coral is produced by a zoophyte, and so are the brown plant-looking specimens that sister Mary has. If you will examine them under the microscope, you will find them composed of cells, in each of which a little creature, called a polype, lived.

Now the first animals were probably zoophytes, or polypes; and it is a very extraordinary feature in examining the vast series of fossils exhumed from the different strata, to find how all the animals and plants which existed on our globe, till within a very short time before the introduction of man, have become extinct. The mammalia that we have now are totally different both in genera and species from those which were first created. None of the first created zoophytes now remain; the fossil shells are distinct from the recent ones, and the plants have obeyed a like law of extinction.

Mary. But, papa, did these fossil animals die before man came into the world?

Papa. Certainly; not only did individuals die, but species and genera died, or became extinct long before man was introduced upon our globe.

Mary. Well, then, does not geology teach in opposition to Scripture, if it tells us that there was death in the world before the creation of man; for it says in the Bible, that "sin entered into the world, and death by sin"—and if there were no men, there could be no sin?

Papa. Several explanations of your question have been given. But for my own part, I believe that change and death is a law of material existence; and as the lowest stratified rocks prove the existence of death, I think we may reasonably infer that it was the result of one of the very essential laws stamped upon creation. Indeed, if birds and beasts, and creeping things had not died, they must have been immortal; and, as to the passage you quoted, I don't see that it has any connection with material death at all, any more than the declaration of our Saviour, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," means that no true Christian shall undergo that separation of body and soul which we call death.

Willie. What sort of animals used to live here before man?

Papa. That is not an easy question to answer, for there were so many of them; I will tell you of a few that are remarkable, because so different from what exist now.

Stephen. Let me interrupt you a moment, papa, to ask how you know that these animals did exist; for if they are all dead so many millions of years ago, I don't see how anybody can know anything about them.

Papa. I thought you understood that fossils were the remains of animals and plants preserved in the different strata?

Stephen. Yes, so I do; but I don't see how anybody can tell from a bone what sort of an animal it belonged to.

Papa. But I can assure you that such is the state of perfection to which comparative anatomy is now brought, that it is perfectly possible to do so—and not only is it possible, but Cuvier, Buckland, Mantell and Owen, have rendered themselves world-famous for their labors in this de-

partment of science. Just now, however, you must take it for granted that what I tell you is sustained by the most accurate principles of science; for I cannot at present enter into such minute particulars, nor would you understand me were I to do so.

The fossil world has been divided into different periods, each characterised by some leading peculiarity in its fossil animals; thus, there is the period of invertebrate animals—the period of fishes—the period of plants—the period of reptiles, &c. This division is in some respects convenient; but there is a looseness about it, which cannot be approved of. However, I may describe to you one or two of the animals of the period of reptiles.

And first for size, though not for peculiar character, comes the iguanodon. It was about sixty feet long.

Stephen. Why is it called iguanodon, papa?

Papa. I was about to explain it. Dr. Mantell, who discovered its teeth in the Wealden strata, was long at a loss to what division of animals to assign it; but at length he found that the teeth of the unknown reptile had a considerable resemblance to those of the iguana—a West Indian lizard; and he accordingly named the fossil animal the iguanodon.

NO. VI.

CONCLUSION.

Stephen. I should like to hear some more about the iguanodon, papa.

Papa. It seems as if there had always been upon our globe animals, whose office it was to diminish the number of vegetables by feeding on them, as if there had also always been other animals, whose province it was to prey upon the vegetarians themselves. It is a remarkable distinction, and the huge iguanodon in its day performed the office now executed by cows and sheep. But what an immense quantity of food it must have consumed! With its fore feet it could seize and pull down the foliage and branches of trees; and its teeth were of a peculiar form, fitted to masticate the ferns and coniferous trees on which it fed.

Willie. What sort of trees are coniferous trees?

Papa. Why trees bearing cones, to be sure; the fir-tree and pine are coniferous.

Stephen. But how do you know that the iguanodon fed on such trees and ferns?

Papa. Because the structure of the teeth and jaws shows the nature of its food; and as the remains of arborescent, or large tree ferns and coniferous trees are found imbedded with its remains, I think it is a legitimate conclusion to come to, that the iguanodon lived on them.

Stephen. Did any animals live on the iguanodon?

Papa. Oh yes, the monster iguanodon had very formidable enemies in the *megalosaurus* and the crocodile on land, while the ocean swarmed with plesiosaurs, cetiosaurs, and other monsters; and the air was peopled by awful creatures called pterodactyls.

Willie. Oh, papa, papa! whatever shall we do with such a lot of saurians and sauruses?

Papa. We will try to do our best, and I

don't think you will find it difficult to understand something of the nature of each animal from its name.

Three of the words are compounded of the word *sauros*, which means a lizard.

The *megalosaurus* might have had a better name given to it. Its name means the great lizard, from *mega*, great. It was about thirty feet long. Its teeth were of a sabre form—just the very sort adapted for a carnivorous animal.

Well, then, the *plesiosaurus* derives its name from *plesion*, near to, and *sauros*, so,—translated, it means, almost a lizard.

It was a most peculiar animal; an eloquent Professor has compared it to a serpent threaded through the shell of a turtle.

Like other fossil animals, the *plesiosaurus* had a remarkable combination of characteristic modifications of structure; for instance, it had a head such as lizards now have, teeth like a crocodile, and a neck of such extraordinary length as to be peculiar to itself.

The swan has the greatest number of bones in the neck of all existing animals.

Stephen. Has not the giraffe a longer neck than the swan?

Papa. Not in proportion. I believe the giraffe has only seven vertebrae in its neck, while the swan has twenty-four; but the *plesiosaurus* had as many as forty. Indeed, the neck is equal in length to its body and tail put together.

Stephen. What was the use of such a long neck?

Papa. The *plesiosaurus* is supposed to have arched it in the same way that the swan does, and to have darted down at the fish which happened to come within reach.

But a more extraordinary animal than the *plesiosaurus*, was an inhabitant of those ancient seas; one is called the *ichthyosaurus*, from *ichthys*, a fish, and *sauros*, because it combined characteristics of a fish and a lizard, and, like the *plesiosaurus*, it united such combinations of structure as no longer exist in any one animal.

It had the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the breast-bone of the *ornithorhynchus*, the vertebrae of a fish, and four powerful paddles.

Willie. I never heard of the animal that you said had a breast-bone like the *ichthyosaurus* has.

Papa. I suppose you mean the *ornithorhynchus*.

Willie. Yes, that's it, I couldn't pronounce it.

Papa. Well, then, call it the Australian water mole. It is an animal about eighteen inches long, that has the body of a quadruped and the beak of a duck.

Stephen. How large was the *ichthyosaurus*?

Papa. Some species were about the size of young whales, and others smaller.

Perhaps the eye of the *ichthyosaurus* was as wonderful an organ as the animal possessed. What would you think, Willie, of an eye, the orbit of which was three feet in circumference? The outer coat of the eye was made up of moveable thin plates of bone, which changed the shape and size of the pupil, as circumstances required, so that its eye was in fact a telescope and microscope combined.

The jaws were eight feet long, and it had two hundred formidable teeth. It was covered, it is supposed, by a smooth skin, and was altogether a fearful animal.

Stephen. Did it live altogether in the sea?

Papa. Yes, I imagine so; for though it breathed air, yet its paddles would allow of but very feeble locomotion on land, though nothing could have been better adapted for progression through the water.

Willie. But you have missed out one animal, *papa*.

Papa. Which was that? Oh, I recollect—the *cetiosaurus*.

Willie. Yes, that was it.

Papa. It was a reptile as big as a whale, and is supposed to have had web feet: but we don't know so much about it as about other reptiles; we know, for instance, more about the *ptero-dactyl*.

Now that is a reptile, with a very appropriate name—when translated it means wing-fingered (*pteron*, a wing; *dactylos*, a finger.)

Cuvier pronounced the *ptero-dactyl* to be the most extraordinary of all the extinct animals.

The general form of this strange creature, with the exception of the head, was probably that of a tropical bat or vampire.

The head was like a crocodile's, with an enormous snout and large eyes, while each jaw grined with some sixty bloodthirsty teeth. Although it was a reptile, yet it was provided for flight by a membrane sustained principally on a very elongated toe. Its arm was articulated as the animal's needs required; but the fourth finger of the hand was very much elongated and the membrane was stretched between it and the body. Some species of this reptile were but small; others, however, have been found whose remains indicate a width of from sixteen to eighteen feet from the extremity of one wing to the other.

But besides the power of flight it could walk on the ground, swim on the water and dive beneath it, perch on trees and climb up rocks. There is a passage from Milton often quoted with reference to the *Pterodactyl*:

"The fiend

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

It is highly descriptive of the varied powers of locomotion possessed by the *ptero-dactyl*. So much for the age of Reptiles. I will just briefly notice one or two of the other divisions of the fossil Animal Kingdom, and then I think you may begin to read a work on Geology.

One of the earliest animals which existed on our earth was the *Trilobite*, so called from its having two divisions down the back, which make it seem to consist of three pieces. It was a small creature, and had a shelly covering composed like that of the shrimp, of a number of plates.

The peculiar organ of the *trilobite* was its eye, for the lenses found in it, show us that the light we now enjoy, and the light that shone in those remote ages, the condition of the atmosphere and of the waters, then were much the same as now. No less than 400 lenses have been found in the

visual organs of the trilobite; but the number is not extraordinary, for the common fly has an eye composed of no less than 14,000 distinct optical tubes.

The next period is the one called the period of fishes.

Stephen. Did the fishes live after the trilobites?

Papa. Yes, for the beds in which they are found rest upon the strata in which the remains of the trilobite occur. The trilobites were created, lived for thousands of years, at last began to die out when the fishes of the Devonian system began to appear.

Willie. What is the Devonian system?

Papa. The fishes I am about to tell you of are found in strata of sandstone and cornstone, which are largely developed in Devonshire, and hence the name Devonian.

A most excellent book has been written about the Devonian system by Mr. Hugh Miller, who began his remarkable career as a stonemason in a Scottish quarry, and now ranks as one of the first of living geologists. The Devonian strata used to be classed as unfossiliferous, and Mr. Miller says that he was acquainted with it for ten years before he ascertained to the contrary.

Two of the fishes discovered by him are called respectively *Pterichthys* and *Cephalaspis*.

Stephen. I am sure I know what *pterichthys* means. Is it not "winged fish?"

Papa. Yes, that is it. It is something like the shield of a small tortoise with a gradually tapering tail, a broad head, with no neck, and a pair of hard, long, paddle-looking things at the shoulders.

It was covered on the upper side by hard plates, and the under side was protected by a tough skin. The *cephalaspis* was also covered with bone. Indeed, the name "buckler-headed" is given to it on account of the buckler of bone which forms the head.

Hugh Miller compares it to a saddler's crescent-shaped cutting-knife, the body forming the handle.

But I shall not have time to notice many more, so I will pass to the next period of animal life:—it is called the period of frog-like reptiles.

They lived during the deposition of those immense beds of sandstone which abound in Warwickshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire.

There are very few fossils indeed found in the system, but those discovered are of great interest. At some quarries in Germany, and afterwards near Birkenhead, were found, on the clayey sandstone, large footprints something like those of a man's hand; at least, two of the feet were large and the other two relatively very small, and geologists did not know what kind of an animal could have made them; but at last some bones were found in Warwickshire, and they are believed to be those of the animal that made the footprints.

It is ascertained to have breathed air and to have been amphibious, and that it was carnivorous. Its legs must have been of a very peculiar form, as the footsteps are very singular. It was a big salt-water frog, or animal allied to that tribe.

Stephen. Why, papa, how big was it?

Papa. It is calculated to have been as big as a rhinoceros.

Willie. Oh! brother Stephen, what a noise they would make when they croaked!

Papa. After this period ought to come the age of reptiles; but I have already described the principal creatures that lived then; so we come, lastly, to the Tertiary period.

Stephen. You did not tell us what the big frog is called.

Papa. By some it is called *Cheirotherium*, or handed wild beast, and by others *Labyrinthodon*, because a section of one of its teeth has a very labyrinthine structure.

The tertiary formation is found both in Europe and elsewhere, and I will pick out an animal from Europe, and one from South America.

The one from South America is called the *My-lodon*, an animal as big as the hippopotamus. It belonged to that division of the mammalia called the *Edentata*.

Now the *edentata* are not properly toothless animals, but they have no front teeth; and the *mylodon* had none, it had only grinding teeth: it had both claws and hoofs on the same foot, the hip-bones were of enormous size and the hinder legs were exceedingly colossal and heavy, and the tail was very strong and powerful.

Now the *mylodon* lived on the leaves and young twigs of trees; but it was a ponderous and heavy creature with a short neck, and so clumsy and weighty that no tree could have sustained its weight; but still it had to procure these leaves and twigs; and how do you think it contrived?

Willie. It would root the trees up, I dare say.

Papa. That's just what it did. It had recourse to the expedient for which its whole frame fitted it, of pulling down the trees themselves; and thus you see the powerful tail and hind legs are accounted for, as it supported itself on them as on a tripod. Now the animal from the tertiary of Europe is called the *Deinotherium*, or terrible wild beast. It was an herbivorous animal, from fifteen to eighteen feet long. Its body was like that of the hippopotamus, its legs were ten feet long, and it had a proboscis like an elephant. The lower jaw was about four feet long, and had two large tusks fixed in it, and these tusks curved downwards.

Stephen. What good were they if the points were turned down, the animal could not hit anything with them?

Papa. The *deinotherium* used to inhabit swampy places, and was indeed an amphibious animal, and the tusks were very likely used as pickaxes.

This is the last of the large animals I have to tell you of. You will find in your reading that England has often been the bed of the ocean, and that these strange animals lived here. Geology will teach you that our world was a strange one before man occupied it; and what varied scenes it must have passed through,—the insensible object of mighty convulsions, as in silent majesty it rolled on in the process of preparation for the most wonderful of God's works—that one which He made after His own image—MAN.

Stephen. Are there no remains of the insect tribe ever found?

Papa. Oh, yes: I have seen several fossil insects—some of the best preserved were inside pieces of amber.

Mary. Well, they would be strange objects. How could they get inside?

Papa. Of course, when the amber was a gum newly exuded from the tree the insects would, perhaps, fly on it and stick there. But several hundred specimens of insects have been found in the marls and other strata in England.

Willie. What kind were they?

Papa. Oh, some of your friends—crickets, dragon-flies of gigantic size, cockroaches, cuckoo-spit insects, and such like. About 800 species of insects have been discovered in amber alone.

Stephen. There must be a great many fossils altogether?

Papa. Yes, I rather fancy there are; but, indeed, I do not know how many thousands there may be, and if you will only remember that there are now, at a moderate calculation, about 700 terrestrial mammalia alone, without saying anything about birds, or fishes, or insects, and that there were many successive creations of animals on our globe, and that they have all become fossilized, you will at once see that the number of them must be immense.

Geology is too extensive a science to be successfully studied in all its branches by any one mind. All our eminent geologists are eminent in some one department. Some are great mineralogists, others excel in investigating fossil animals, and some have devoted themselves to the study of geological phenomena.

Geology as a science is a noble pursuit. Herschel says, that it ranks next to astronomy in the scale of the sciences in the sublimity of the object of which it treats; and I should, indeed, be glad if I could induce you to study it earnestly.

Indeed, in company with every department of natural science, it affords lessons of the highest wisdom and instruction, and no one can say with greater truth than the geologist—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

—*English Magazine.*

CUVIER AND SATAN.—It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the *tooth* of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage, whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly "*rich*."—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, an article called "*Traits of the Trapists*," and bearing the signature of "John Doran," concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "Horns! hoofs! *graminivorous*! Needn't be afraid of him!"

WATER-LILIES.

I.

Nay! plant frail nymphaeas in the rushing wave—
Feed ardent Fancy with hopes, gushing wild—
Ye'll find the lily is the lakelet's child,
And ye but bind it in Despair's dark grave.
But let the torrent the bold cliffs dash by,
And lull its turmoil in some placid pool,
Where genial suns illumine the ripples cool,
Its roots, self-anchored, will the storm defy.

How many a lily hope has thus been crushed,
And found rude burial in unquiet tomb,
And its sole record, writ 'mid passion's gloom,—
Graven on rock,—revealed alone, when hushed
The life-stream, which its fiery being fed;
How many a vain attempt to build with art
Love's vestal fire on altar of the heart,
Can but be known when the deeps yield their
dead!

II.

Yet have we known, in feeling, as in flower,
The lily-bloom, in bosom and o'er lake,
From pearly chalices rare sweetness wake
Through leafy heart-home, as on watery bower.
Nor cease its redolence with autumn's chill;
But pour, till winter ice-locks all the glen,
Delicious incense—all unsought of men—
Quiet as holy—exquisite as still.

The Sabbath-morn but types each other morn:
The soft mist rises, and soft light peeps in;
Unseals their golden hearts, rich sweets to win—
Fragrance of warmth and cooling night-dews born.
Plant, then, pure nymphaeas in the tranquil lake,
Where gentle zephyr feeds with balmy air;
Lay deep and firm—the rooting watch with care,
Then fear no gale their wave-twined stems may
break.

ELLEN MORE.

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two brothers met after an absence of many years. One of them had remained at home, or, rather, in the neighborhood of their early home. The other sought, in a distant country, the wealth he saw no opportunity to acquire in the pleasant village where his eyes first opened upon the light. But the beauty of mountain, valley, lake and breezy woodland had indelibly impressed his spirit, and now, disappointed with the world—though the world had given him riches—he had returned, under the vain delusion that here he would find that tranquility and contentment which, thus far in life, he had failed to secure. We say delusion—for, like other men, he carried in his own bosom the elements of his dissatisfaction, which no mere change of place could remove. It was innocent childhood that made him happy in that old home to which he now returned; but childhood had passed for ever. He came back, not with the perceptions and capabilities of a child, but with the unsatisfied yearnings of a man. Ah! how changed was all; changed, and yet the same. There was the landscape, in all its varied attraction of wood and river and mountain, but to him its beauty had departed. He wandered away to the old haunts, but their spell was gone. He could have wept in the bitterness of his disappointment.

"You look troubled, Edward," remarked his brother, on the day succeeding his return.

"Do I, William?" he said, with a forced smile. "It should not be so, for I have no trouble to weigh down my spirits."

Yet, even while he spoke, the feeble light faded from his countenance.

How strongly contrasted were the two brothers. The one having but little of this world's goods; the other possessing large wealth. The one bearing on his brow an ever-cheerful expression; the other a look of self-weariness and discontent.

In a few days, Edward announced his intention to purchase a handsome estate offered for sale in the village, and remove his family thither. He had been in many places, but none pleased him like this. Here, if anywhere in the world, he believed he would find that repose of mind he had sought for so long yet vainly.

Accordingly, the estate was purchased, and, in due time, Edward J— brought his family, consisting of his wife and three children—two sons and a daughter—to reside in the pleasant village of Glenwood.

Not a very long time passed before William J— saw that his brother was far from being a happy man. The cause, to a close observer like himself, was clearly apparent. Edward was a very selfish man—and such men are always unhappy. While in the pursuit of a desired object, the mind, from anticipation and its own activity, may be pleasantly excited. But when the object is gained, and mental activity declines, there succeeds a state of oppressive disquietude. Selfishness, like the horse-leech's daughter, for ever cries, "Give, give," and for ever remains unsatisfied.

In the possession of wealth, Edward J— fully believed happiness was to be found. In seeking to gain wealth, he had thought little of the interests of others. Not that he recklessly trampled on his neighbors' rights, or wrested from the weak what was lawfully their own. His mercantile pride—honor he would have called it—prevented such lapses from integrity. But, as he moved onward, with something like giant strides, conscious of his own strength, he had no sympathy for the less fortunate, and never once paused to lift a fallen one, or to aid a feeble toiler on the way of life. No generous principles belonged to the code of ethics by which he was governed. Benevolence he accounted a weakness, and care for others' interests the folly of a class, less to be commended than censured. "Let every man mind his own business, and every man take care of himself," he would sometimes say. "Help yourself is the world's best motto. This constant preaching up of benevolence and humanity only makes idlers and dependants."

Edward J— fully acted out his principles. And so, for future enjoyment, he had only laid up wealth. In all his business life, there was not a single green spot watered by the tears of benevolence, or warmed by the sunshine of gratitude, back to which thought could go, and find delight in the remembrance. All was a dull, dead blank of money-getting, the recollection of which gave more pain than pleasure.

No wonder that, after the excitement of removal, and the interested state of mind attendant upon the fitting up of a new home, the mind of Edward J— receded again to its state of disquietude, or that the old shadows deepened once more on his brow.

How broadly contrasted was the stately mansion he occupied with the humble cottage in which his brother resided, and to which, in self-weariness, he often repaired. Yet, so selfishly did he love his own, that never an impulse of generosity towards this brother stirred, even for a moment, the dead surface of humanity's waters lying stagnant in his bosom. If he thought of his humble circumstances at all, it was with something of shame that one so nearly related should occupy so low a position.

One morning, Edward called upon William J—, and, with unusual animation, said—

"I have just made a valuable discovery."

"Ah! What is it?" enquired his brother.

"You know the beautiful side slope of land just beyond my meadow?"

"Where Morgan lives?" said William.

"Yes. There are some ten acres, finely situated, exceedingly fertile, and in a high state of cultivation."

"Well?" William looked, enquiringly, at his brother.

"That piece of ground belongs, unquestionably, to my estate."

"What?" The brother was startled at this announcement; for he saw a purpose in Edward's mind to claim it as his own, if he could prove that the right referred to did actually exist.

"That piece of ground is mine."

"Why do you say so?"

"It originally belonged to the property I have purchased."

"I know it did. But Morgan bought it from the former owner, more than fifteen years ago."

"But never met his payments, and never got a full title."

"How do you know that?"

"I have the information from good authority—the best, I presume, in the county."

"From whom?"

"Aldridge. And he says he can recover it for me."

"Did you purchase it, Edward?" asked William, looking steadfastly into the countenance of his brother.

"I purchased Glenwood, and all the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging, and this I find to be, legally, a portion of the estate—and a valuable one. It is mine—and it has been one of my maxims in life always to claim my own."

An indignant rebuke was on the tongue of William J—, but he repressed its utterance, for estrangement, and consequent loss of influence, would have been the sure consequence.

"Before taking any steps in this matter," he said, "look very minutely into the history of the transaction between Morgan and the previous owner of Glenwood, the late Mr. Erskin. Morgan was his gardener, and had laid Mr. Erskin under a debt of gratitude, by saving the life of an only son at the imminent risk of his own. As some return, he offered him the cottage in which

he lived, and the ten acres of ground by which it was surrounded, at a very moderate valuation, Morgan to pay him a small sum, agreed upon, every year. The place was actually worth three or four times what Morgan was to give for it. Mr. Erskin at first thought of transferring it to him as a free-will offering, but he believed the benefit would be really greater, if Morgan, by industry, economy, and self-denial, earned and saved sufficient to pay what was asked for the property. At the end of a year the gardener brought the money due as the first instalment. Mr. Erskin felt a reluctance to take it, and, after questioning him as to the product of the farm, finally told him to expend the money in an improvement designated by himself. Sickness, and bad crops, during the next year, prevented the payment of the second instalment. The third and fourth years were more prosperous. The only sums paid to Mr. Erskin were received by him during these years."

"So I am informed," said Edward. "And I learn, farther, that no transfer of the property was ever made in due legal form. Mr. Erskin died intestate."

"He did; and his son came by heirship into possession of all his property."

"And he, dying a few years later, disposed of the estate by will."

"Not naming Morgan's farm," said William, "which he fully believed had been, during his father's lifetime, properly transferred to the present possessor."

"A very serious mistake, as Morgan will find," said Edward.

"You will not question his title to this property, Edward?"

"I assuredly will."

"He has a large family. It is his all."

"No matter. He has never paid for it, and it is not, therefore, his property. Glenwood is just so much the less valuable by the abstraction of this portion, and I am, in consequence, the sufferer. Had he paid for the land, as he had engaged to do, the money would, most probably, have been expended in improvements. So, you see, my rights are clear."

"Ah, brother! you cannot find it in your heart to ruin this worthy man. He has a large family, dependent on the product of his farm, which barely suffices to give them a comfortable living."

"I have no desire to ruin him, William. But he has no right to my property. If Morgan wishes to remain where he is, I will not, for the present, disturb him. But he must pay me an annual rent."

As mildly as possible, yet very earnestly, did William J— urge a different course of action upon his brother; but with no good effect. Legal measures were early taken, and due notice served upon Morgan, who, on submitting his papers to a lawyer, was appalled to learn that they contained informalities and defects, clearly invalidating his title. In a state of much alarm and excitement, he called upon William J—, and implored him to use his influence with his brother to stop the unrighteous proceeding. William could not give him much encouragement,

though his heart ached for the unhappy man. It so happened that Morgan passed from William J—'s place of business, as the brother entered. The two men had never met; and the rich owner of Glenwood did not know, by sight, the individual whose farm he coveted.

"Who is that man?" he enquired, in a voice of surprise.

"Why do you ask?"

"What ails him? His face was pale as ashes, and his eyes wild like those of one in terror, or deranged."

"He is in great distress."

"From what cause? Has he committed a crime? Are the minions of justice at his heels?"

"No. He is a man of blameless life—not as careful as he should have been in the management of his affairs. Upon a sudden, he finds himself on the brink of ruin. He put too much faith in the world. He thought too well of his fellowmen."

"A common fault," was the sententious answer. "But what of this man? Something in his face has interested me. Can I aid him in his troubles?"

"Yes, brother, you can aid him, and at no loss to yourself. No loss, did I say? Rather let me say, to your infinite gain."

"What do you mean? Infinite gain! You make use of a very strong word, William."

"I do; yet, with a full appreciation of its meaning. Everything gained to true happiness, is an infinite gain. Believe me, there are few sources of human pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed. What we seek, with only a selfish regard to our own enjoyment, loses its charm with possession. This is the life-experience of every one. But, the benefits we confer upon others, bless us in a perpetual remembrance of the delight we have created."

Only a dim perception of what this meant, dawned upon the mind of Edward. Yet, a few rays of light streamed in upon his moral darkness.

"The blessing of a good deed, brother Edward!" said William, speaking with something of enthusiasm in his manner—"did you ever think what a depth of meaning was in the words? Generous, noble, unselfish actions are like perennial springs, sending forth sweet and fertilizing waters. How much they lose, who, having the power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"All very well, and very true, no doubt," said the rich brother, with a slight air of impatience. "But you haven't yet told me of the individual in whose case you desire to interest me."

"His name is Morgan," was answered.

"Morgan?" An instant change was visible in Edward J—. His face flushed; his brow contracted, and his eyes grew stern.

"Remember, my brother," said William, in a calm, yet earnest and affectionate voice, "that God has bestowed upon you, of this world's goods, more than sufficient to supply all your real wants; while to this poor man He has given what barely suffices, with care and labor, to supply food, raiment, and a humble home for his wife and little ones. You have 'flocks and herds'—do not take his 'little ewe lamb.' Remember David and the prophet Nathan."

"Good morning!" said Edward, turning off, suddenly, and leaving his brother.

What a conflict in the rich man's mind did this incident and conversation arouse. The white, terrified face of poor Morgan, haunted him like a spectre; and not less troublesome were the warning words and suggestions of his kinsman. On the afternoon of that day, he was to have met his legal adviser, and given further instructions for the prosecution of the case against Morgan. But Aldridge waited for his appearance in vain. Evening found him restless, unhappy, and in a very undecided state of mind. He was sitting, moodily, with his hand shading the light from his face, when a little daughter, who was at the centre-table, reading in the Bible, said—

"Oh, papa. Just listen to this—" And she read aloud—

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the way-faring man that was come unto him; but he took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man."

"And did king David do that?" said the child, lifting her eyes from the page—"I thought him a good man; but this was so wicked!"

The father's countenance was turned more into shadow, and he answered nothing. The child waited his reply for some moments; but none coming, she bent her eyes again to the holy volume, and continued reading, but not aloud.

In a little while, Mr. J— arose, and after walking the floor for the space of five or ten minutes, left the sitting room. It is doubtful whether he or Morgan were most unhappy at that particular period of time.

It was a clear, moonlight evening. Too much disturbed to bear the quietude within, the rich man walked forth to find a more burdening stillness without. The silence and beauty of nature agitated instead of calming him. All around was in harmony with the great Creator, while the discord of assaulted selfishness made tumult in his breast. How a generous impulse towards Morgan, cherished and made active, would have clothed his spirit with peace as a mantle. What a different work had cruel and exacting selfishness wrought!

As he walked on, with no purpose in his mind, a man passed him hurriedly. A glimpse at his face, as the moonlight fell broadly upon it, showed the pale, anxious, depressed countenance of poor

Morgan. The sight caused a low shudder to go creeping to his heart. Nay, more, it awakened a feeling of pity in his bosom. Pity is but the hand-maid of sympathy. The rich man's thought went homeward with the victim of his cupidity—went home with him, though he strove hard to turn it in another direction—while fancy made pictures of the grief, fear and anxious dread of the future, that filled the hearts of all in that humble dwelling. Suddenly he stood still, and bent his head in deep thought. Then he started onwards again, but evidently with a purpose in his mind, for he took long strides, and bent forward like a man eager to reach the point towards which his steps were directed. He was soon at the house of Aldridge, the lawyer.

"I want a piece of writing made out immediately," said he, as the lawyer invited him to enter his office.

"To-night?" enquired Aldridge.

"Yes—to-night. Can you do it?"

"O, certainly, if it be not too long."

"I wish a Quit Claim drawn up in favor of Morgan."

"A Quit Claim!"

Aldridge might well be surprised.

"Yes. Write it out in due form; and let it describe accurately the cottage and ten acres now in his possession. How long will it take you?"

"Not long. Half an hour, perhaps. But, Mr. J—, what does all this mean? Has Morgan indemnified you?"

"No matter as to that, Mr. Aldridge," was the rather cold reply. "The Quit Claim I wish drawn. I will wait for it."

In a short time the paper was ready, attested and witnessed. Thrusting it into his pocket, Mr. J— hurried from the presence of the lawyer. His purpose was to go home. But, now that sympathy for those he had made wretched was awakened, he could not bear its pressure upon his own feelings. The dwelling of Morgan was at no great distance. Thither his steps were directed. A light shone through one of the windows. As he drew near, he saw, moving slowly against the wall and ceiling of the room, to and fro, the shadow of a man. Nearer still, and he could see all the inmates of the room. By a table sat a woman in an attitude of deep dejection; she had been weeping. A boy stood beside her with his arm lying on her neck, while a little girl sat on a low stool, her face buried in her mother's lap. The whole picture conveyed to the mind of Mr. J— an idea of extreme wretchedness, and touched him deeply. A few moments only did he contemplate the scene.

How suddenly the tableaux changed, when Mr. J— entered, and briefly making known his errand, presented to Morgan the Quit Claim deed! What joy lit up every face; what gratitude found ardent words; what blessings were invoked for him and his!

In a tumult of pleasure, such as he had never before experienced, Mr. J— hurried from the presence of the overjoyed family, and took his way homeward. How light were his footsteps! With what a new sensation did he drink in the pure evening air that seemed nectar to his expanding lungs. How beautiful the moon looked,

smiling down upon him; and in the eye of every bright star was a sparkling approval of his manly deed. Never in his whole life had he done an act from which he derived so exquisite a sense of pleasure. He had tasted angel's food.

Calm was the sleep of Mr. J—. Ah! how often he had tossed on his pillow until after the midnight watches. Morning found him with a new sense of enjoyment in life. He could hardly understand its meaning. Dimly he perceived the truth at first, but more and more clearly as his brother's words came back to his remembrance—"There are few sources of pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed." This had sounded strange, almost repulsive to his ears. Now it was perceived as a beautiful truth. And so was this—"How much they lose, who, having the power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"How much have I lost," he said to himself, with an involuntary sigh. "Here is a new experience in life. I am wiser than I was yesterday; and wiser, I trust, to some good purpose."

And did this prove to be the case? Profited this rich man by the discovery that sources of happiness were within his reach undreamed of before? He did; and yet how often came the dark clouds of selfishness over his mind, obscuring his nobler perceptions. But a good seed was planted, and there was one in the village of Glenwood, who loved him and mankind too well to let the soil in which it was cast remain uncultured. From that little seed a plant sprung up, growing in time to a goodly tree, and spreading its branches forth in the air of Heaven. Beneath its shadow, many, weary on the rugged journey of life, found rest and shelter.

Edward J—, from a narrow-minded, unhappy self-seeker, became a man of generous impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal hand, that ever came back to him with a double portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It looked to him even more beautiful than in childhood. At this he sometimes wondered—for, at his first return, after long years of absence, the old beauty had departed. But the reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any to him, when he contrasted his state of mind with that existing, when, tired of himself and the world, he came back to his native village, seeking for rest, yet finding none, until he sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to his fellow-men.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men—nay, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes' challenge to Lord Townshend is well known:—"Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one!" He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

VARIETIES.

An accordion is styled by the negroes at the South an "edicated bellows."

It is said that whiskey is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. What will cure the bite of whiskey?

An enterprising young statesman says he can steer the ship of State in perfect safety if he can only keep his hand on the "tiller of the soil!"

Eliza Cook very truly says: "To appreciate the value of newspapers, we have only to suppose that they were to be totally discontinued for a month."

Some genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for travelling "bimeby," that you can go anywhere for nothing and come back again for half price.

Ladies manifest a praiseworthy insensibility to ridicule, by continuing to wear their bonnets round their necks and dresses which sweep the pavement.

There is a man down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New. His next child was called Nothing; it being Nothing New.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It's full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

One day, as Judge Parsons was jogging along on horseback, over a desolate road, he came to a log house, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A poor, half-starved fellow, with uncombed hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head through a square, which served for a window, with—"I say, Judge, I aint as poor as you take me to be; for I don't own this 'ere land!"

As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am—go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, "Why did you tell me a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you tell me the truth, if you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but nevertheless it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

NAPIER AND THE INDIAN SWORDSMAN.

We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the General, his family and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant.

Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the Talisman.

To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less. Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much," he added, "for the brave swordsman of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee."

This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

THE DISHONEST CONVERT.

Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole, if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances

of the transaction: stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the man called again for payment, Isaac said to him in a quiet way, "Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately."

He replied in a solemn tone: "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear," continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Hunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative.

"Well, he also was dipped some time ago," rejoined Friend Hopper; "but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy within him ever since. I am afraid they didn't get *thee* quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.—"Isaac T. Hopper, *A True Life*," by Mrs. Child.

IRISH EQUIVOCATION.

The Irish peasant, never answers any question directly; in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply. "Does your honor see that large house, there all among the trees, with a green field before it?"

You answer, "Yes."

"Well," says he, "plaze your honor that's *not* it. But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same, and you'll see the top of a castle among the trees there, with a road going down to it, betune the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it, neither—but if your honor will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough*—and if your honor's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*—(a figurative expression for 'with all possible speed,' used by the Irish peasants; by taking short cuts and fairly hopping along, a young peasant would beat any good traveller)—and tell the squire your honor's *galloping* after me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honor, is coming to see him? he's my own landlord, God save his honor day and night!"—*Barrington's Sketches*.

THE OLD NEGRO'S LOGIC.

A clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God:

"Sir," says he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one; the doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no

good, he gets worse; gives him more, but he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die had come, and all the doctors in the world can't cure him.

"One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way: the rain and dew comes, and I make a good crop.

"I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the Sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stands where it did the first time I ever seen it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars, keep on the same way all the while. There is a Power which makes one man die, and another get well; that sends the rain, and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African on the language of the Psalmist: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The Blacksmith comes and says:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith."

The Mason applies for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says:

"I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker,—we must have you."

So in turn applied all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails and prisons and poor-houses."

"And is that all?"

"No; I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow, I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

IRISH UNCERTAINTY.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to distances, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe, he will probably say it is "three short miles."

"You travel on," and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that "it is five long miles."

On you go, and the next will tell "your honor" it is "four miles, or about that same."

The fourth will swear "if your honor stops at three miles, you'll never get there!"

But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies, "Oh! plaze your honor, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off!"

"Oh yes! to be sure and sartain, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honor. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honor, but from our own little cabins? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honor."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then* are, but from his *own cabin*; so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

I'LL THANK THE GENTLEMAN.

A Kentucky traveller dining at a hotel in Albany, was annoyed by the showing off of some of the members of the Assembly, who kept calling each other from their respective counties, after this fashion—"I'll thank the gentleman from Onondaga," &c.; whereupon the Kentuckian said to the huge darkey waiter:—

"I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham."

This cooled off the fashion of addressing the gentleman from —, and so, and so.

A CHANGE ANTICIPATED.

A young lady in a class studying physiology, in the High School at Sandusky, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it.

"Then, Miss L.," said the young gentleman tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L."

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

FIRST AFTER ALL.

An Irish gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving, finding the room empty—

"So I am first after all."

The waiter informed him that he was mistaken; that his friends had been there, but were gone.

"Very well," replied the Hibernian, "then I have made no mistake; for as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying I was first after all."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HONOR TO LABOR.

The first visit ever made by the British Queen to an untitled subject, was paid to Wm. Dargan, the public spirited individual, to whose noble enthusiasm in the cause of labor, Ireland owes her Great Exhibition of art, manufacture and industry. It took place on the occasion of her late visit to Dublin and the Crystal Palace there, and does her great honor. An Irish newspaper thus chronicles the incident:—

"The crowning act—that which gave a meaning and a purpose to the Royal visit and all its incidents—was, in our mind, the gracious, the cordial, the almost affectionate reception which the greatest Monarch gave to her greatest subject when he was yesterday presented by her Minister. Formalities gave way for the instant before the instinctive impulse of a woman possessed of intellect to understand, and of heart to appreciate the signal services rendered to the cause of progress by the man in whose presence she then was. The cordial grasp of the arm—the arm ennobled by industry—indicated what was expressed in words not meant for the public ear; but no one who was close enough to observe the emotions of the crowned Monarch, as she looked upon the untitled subject by whose munificent patriotism the temple in which she then stood was raised, could fail to see that the Queen felt that a great man was there, and that feeling so, she was desirous before that august assembly of her people to mark her appreciation of his character and of his services. The impulsive cheer that burst from all around as the Queen thus pressed the arm of William Dargan, showed that those who witnessed it appreciated the compliment paid to the man, the compliment paid to the country, and the homage paid to industry in the person of the great apostle of labor. One other incident occurred in the afternoon, perhaps still more indicative of the purpose of the present visit of the Queen. We do not desire to intrude pryingly into the private proceedings of the Sovereign; but we can hardly look upon the visit with which the Queen yesterday honored Mr. Dargan at his private residence as other than a public recognition by the Sovereign that industry—let us rather call it labor—is ennobling, and that she, at least, whatever an inert aristocracy, generated in corruption, and unconscious of the value of human labor, may think, respects and honors those who, living by industry, promote it, extend it, refuse to sever themselves from it, and become the apostles of industrial development as the best means of elevating the nation and giving prosperity to the people. The honor paid to Mr. Dargan by this act of Royal favor, marks an epoch in the progress of the age. It was the first visit ever paid by the Queen to an untitled subject. To him it was a high and honoring distinction. His countrymen of every class will with one accord accept it as a national compliment, while every man who lives 'by the sweat of his

brow,' will feel a new impulse spring up within him from the consciousness it will impart that 'labor' is no longer held to be dishonoring—that favors denied to Dukes and to Earls have been awarded by the Queen to the family of a man whose present position of pre-eminence is due to his connexion with 'labor.' "

We notice this circumstance with pleasure, and for more than a single reason. A false estimation of worth, growing out of the marked distinction of classes in Great Britain, has assigned to honorable labor a degraded position when compared with titled, unproductive idleness. The very fact above recorded—that Queen Victoria had never before visited an untitled subject—shows how high the precedent for this false estimate could be traced. But, with a true womanly perception of real worth in the man, the Queen, irrespective of all time-sanctioned conventionalities, rejects the old classifications and sets an example whose influence will be felt throughout the kingdom, and lead the way for a broader appreciation of individual worth, irrespective of title or station. An enthusiastic friend, who is a "good hater" of all pretensions, that have no broader basis than wealth or social privilege, said to us in reference to this incident—"It is the noblest act of Queen Victoria's life." And we will not gainsay his words.

The fact is worth noting, that while in this country, upstart pride is seeking to throw around itself a barrier of exclusiveness, and to make the condition of labor degrading, according to its poor estimate, the Queen, whose social rank in England is highest, voluntarily takes labor by the hand and acknowledges its true nobility.

There is only one just standard by which personal worth can be determined. He that is most useful is most honorable. The world is beginning to see this truth more and more clearly, and beginning also by the new light it gives, to discover who are in reality its greatest men.

BY DIRECTION OF THE SPIRITS.

Not far from Tacony, on the Delaware, two houses are in the process of erection, which are being built, as we are informed, under the direction of the "spirits." The plans were furnished, the materials designated, and all the various architectural et ceteras minutely described, in answer to formal consultations with his invisible friends, regularly held by the projector, who is a man of wealth. At least, such is the story that is told. In our daily trips on the river during the past summer, we noticed these two houses

as being somewhat peculiar in style, though not varying to any considerable extent, externally, from the ordinary square frame-house, with the hall running through the centre. When completed, they will, no doubt, form a kind of headquarters for spirit-rappings.

LEAF FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

A lady sends us a leaf from her journal, from which we make a single extract, descriptive of an every day character:—

"JANUARY 23.—This has been a long day to me. My good neighbor, Mrs. P., has been with me, this afternoon, and it required such an effort on my part to entertain her. She is a well-disposed woman, and I like her, only there are so few subjects upon which she will talk. She is fond of going to market, and likes to tell what she saw there. She was describing a new kind of vegetable that she saw; it had a sort of twisted appearance, and was *powerful* tender. Then she bought some butter, which was *powerful* sweet. She confessed, though, that she saw some at a higher price, which was *powerful* strong. This unlucky word is always upon her tongue. The babe has a bad cold and coughs *powerfully*, while she was kept awake during the night, and felt *powerful* weak this morning.

A SEASONABLE HINT.

While the advocates of temperance are moving vigorously in behalf of a radical change in the laws licensing the sale of liquors in various States of the Union, a movement which, while collaterally affecting the welfare of families, addresses itself especially to men, there is a question regarding the health of the women of the United States, which is scarcely of less importance, and should not be lost sight of. The number of deaths caused annually by the inordinate use of ardent spirits in our country, and the shame, poverty and distress it but too frequently entails, indeed entitles that subject to paramount consideration. But among the lesser evils which fashionable folly has fostered, none have produced a greater degree of physical prostration, or engendered more fatal diseases than, the neglect of proper clothing during the inclement season of the year.

During the autumn and winter a constant succession of concerts, balls and social parties offer temptations in the way of personal display that but too frequently induce fashionable women to drape themselves in a manner utterly at variance with either health or comfort. Regarding show rather than health, they wear thin muslins when the state of the weather imperatively demands

either woollens or their equivalents; and satin, or paper-soled shoes, when the condition of the streets require a warmer, stouter, and more impervious covering to the feet. How much of suffering this folly entails; how many severe colds are brought on in this way, and what numbers fall victims to consumption from the same cause, the registers of our city physicians but too plainly tell. Fashion murders its victim when fashion inculcates a mode of dress unsuitable to the season. Those who are not yet slaves to its caprices should refuse to obey its dictates, when they are opposed to common sense, and preserve their health and good looks while setting the example of a better and more rational taste.

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING.

Hillard, in his "Six Months in Italy," introduces the reader, briefly, to Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poets. A happier home, he says, and a more perfect union than theirs, it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other.

"Browning's conversation is like the poetry of Chaucer, or like his own, simplified and made transparent. His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness, and refined power, that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate, and profound; but he himself is simple, natural, and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air, with no nervous uneasiness, and no unhealthy self-consciousness. Mrs. Browning is, in many respects, the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill-health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long brown locks; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire encased in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such

beings singly and separately; but to see their powers quickened and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs—in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for—is cordial to behold, and soothing to remember."

FANNY FALES.

Not a few of our readers will be pleased to learn, that "Fanny Fales" has published a small volume containing the choicest of her beautiful poems, which, for chasteness of style, and exquisite tenderness, have rarely been surpassed. Many of these have appeared, at intervals, during the past two years, in the "Home Gazette;" and now, in reading them over again, we find our first judgment of their merits fully confirmed. Take the following fine specimen:—

"YES, AS A CHILD."

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

LONGFELLOW.

O say not so! how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted,
I see the features of my angel-child;
She passed away, ere sin her soul had tainted,—
Passed to the undefiled.

O say not so, for I would clasp her, even
As when below she lay upon my breast:
And dream of her as my fair bud in Heaven,
Amid the blossoms blest.
My little one was like a folded lily,
Sweeter than any on the azure wave;
But night came down, a starless night, and chilly;
Alas! we could not save!

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet,
(O Heaven were dark, were children wanting
there!)

I hope to clasp my bud as when I wore it;
A dimpled baby fair.

Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed
daughter,
My heart yearns oft'times with a mother's love;
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her,—
Enfold my child above.

E'en as a babe, my little blue-eyed daughter,
Nestle and coo upon my heard again;
Wait for thy mother by the river-water,—
It shall not be in vain!

Wait as a child;—how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

Or this:—

NIGHT.

"The day is for the work-shop of life; the night is its
diurnal Sabbath."—A. STEVENS.

How still! how beautiful! the balmy air
Toys with the tresses of the willow near;
And rocks, with fingers light, the lily fair,
Cradled, like Moses, by the waters clear.

In light and shade the uplands sleeping lie;
And through dim woods Diana's arrows quiver;
And stars, the harps of angels, gem the sky,
Tuned to the praises of the Lamb for ever.

How still! how beautiful! the placid deep,
Flooded with moonlight, stretches far away;
And calm-bound ships upon its bosom sleep,
Like white-winged seagulls, waiting for the day.

How like the Sabbath comes the holy night!
Serene, and pure, the blessed time of rest;
Peopling the earth with angel spirits bright,—
Op'ning the temple of the heart for worship
blest.

Or this:—

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel her
sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know
that it is death.

I would gaze upon the treasure; scarcely given ere
I go,—

Feel her rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my
cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed
shore appears,—

Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss
away thy tears

Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from
midnight until day;

It may leave an angel's blessing, when it vanishes
away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can
be there,—

See! how to my heart she nestles,—'tis the pearl
I love to wear;—

If in after years, beside thee sits another in my
chair,

Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face
than hers less fair;

If a cherub call thee Father, far more beautiful
than this,

Love thy first-born, oh my husband! turn not from
the motherless.

Tell her sometimes of her mother,—you will call
her by my name,—

Shield her from the winds of sorrow,—if she errs,
oh gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will
answer if she calls,

And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my
voice in blessing falls.

Her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder
whence it came,—

In her heart when, years pass o'er her, she will
find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two
angels here,—

One records the ill, but blots it, if before the mid-
night drear

Man repenteth; if uncanceled, then he seals it for
the skies,

And the right-hand angel weepeth, bowing low
with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel, sealing up the good
for Heaven,

Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed
unforgiven.

You will not forget me, darling, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee,—
next to God.

How deeply they stir the heart! How tender the emotions that are awakened! Only true poetry has power like this.

We gratefully acknowledge a too flattering dedication of the volume by the fair author, which is published in Boston by B. B. Mussey & Co.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.

A letter from Berlin says:—"It is well known that the paper prepared for photography grows more or less black by rays of light falling on it. One of our young painters, M. Schall, has just taken advantage of this property in photographic paper to determine the intensity of the sun's light. After more than fifteen hundred experiments, M. Schall has succeeded in establishing a scale of all the shades of black which the action of the solar light produces on the photographic paper—so that, by comparing the shade obtained at any given moment on a certain paper with that indicated on the scale, the exact force of the sun's light may be ascertained. Baron Alexander von Humboldt, M. De Littnow, M. Dove and M. Pongendorff, have congratulated M. Schall on this invention; which will be of the highest utility not only for scientific labors, but also in many operations of domestic and rural economy."

A MAINE LAW ARGUMENT.

The New York Times draws the following painful and disgusting picture of drunkenness in that city. A stronger Maine Law argument we have not, for a long time, seen. What man, calling himself a good citizen, could look on this picture, and not at once throw all his influence in favor of the quick repression of a traffic, that can show not one good result to set off against its myriads of evil consequences:

"Last Sunday night, in a walk from Nassau street to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the fourth commandment. Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness—a howling, staggering pandemonium of bestialized men. The sidewalks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discovered by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming head, paralyzed limbs, and countenance of imbecile sensuality.

Drunkenness lying in the kennel, stentoriously respiring its foetid breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp-posts. Drunkenness coiled up on the doorstep, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the tops of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney-cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent melodies. Drunkenness walking apparently steadily along, laughing idiotically to itself, and thickly rehearsing the drunken jokes, the drunken songs, the drunken indecencies, that adorn the convivial meeting it has just left. Drunkenness waiting at the ferries, snoring on benches, quarrelling with its drunken company, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water, and being fished out half sober."

☞ We have known religious parents who purposely checked, and crossed, and disappointed their children, as a system of home education, in order, as they alleged, to break the natural will, and thus make it easier for them, in after-life, to deny self and practice virtue. When we see such a course pursued, we think of the child's remark when asked why a certain tree grew crooked—"Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow."

Childhood needs direction and culture more than repression. There is a volume of sound truth in these lines:—

"He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

"Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.

"Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow for ever;
Better teach it where to go."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Works of Shakespeare, the text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632, with a History of the Stage; a Life of the Poet, and an introduction to each Play.* By J. Payne Collier. Vols. I and 8. New York: Redfield. (For sale by H. C. Baird.) These volumes complete the new edition of Shakespeare, of which so much has been lately written. Some able critics doubt the value of the emendations, but with all respect for their opinion, we hold to our own, and regard them not only as valuable to the integrity of the text, but for the most part as absolutely essential.

— *The Child's Pictorial History of England, from the earliest period to the present time.* By Miss Corner. Philadelphia: Henry F. Annens. In

one of De Quincey's letters to a young man, whose education had been neglected, that delightful writer and profound logician advises his correspondent to begin the study of history by obtaining a knowledge of the principal events, leaving the mastery of details to a subsequent period. This little book is exactly suited to such a purpose; the story of English progress from barbarism to refinement, is briefly but clearly told. It narrates all the important incidents, and gives in a small compass the framework of that history, the adjuncts to which may be found in Hume, Rapin, Lingard and Macaulay.

— "*All's not Gold that Glitters*;" or, *The Young Californian*. By Cousin Alice. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) We have here another volume of that admirable series of Home Books, by the same author, of which "*No Such Word as Fail*," and "*Contentment Better than Wealth*," formed a portion, and were so favorably received by the public. Among our own children, Cousin Alice, is a decided favorite; and they always hail a new book from her pen with marked evidences of pleasure.

— *The Second War with England*. By J. T. Headley. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) There is always one great merit in the writings of Mr. Headley, and that is the spirit which he infuses into his narrative. It would perhaps be difficult for him to write a dull book, and if he is not always quite accurate, he is yet pretty certain to be entertaining. In some of his earlier works his style was somewhat high-stepping and over-strained, but in this the latest and not least interesting of his publications, we recognize a chaste and more subdued tone, and one which better becomes the character of a historian. In these two handsome volumes, Mr. Headley has told the story of the war of 1812 very effectively. Gathering his materials from a variety of sources, he has moulded them into the narrative with great skill, and has succeeded in producing a work far more ample in its details than any which has preceded it.

— *Fun Jottings; or, The Laughs I have taken a Pen to*. By N. Parker Willis. New York: Chas. Scribner. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) Every now and then Willis takes the public by surprise, by issuing in a collective form the numerous sketches of his younger days, under some one of those quaint distinctive titles for which he is so famous. Though rarely developing character, and but too frequently skimming the surface of things, Willis is yet unapproachable in his peculiar walk. Light, graceful, airy and fantastic, his style is admirably adapted to short piquant articles, and in such kinds of writing he approximates more nearly to the better class of French

authors than to those either of England or America.

Fresh, lively, gay and gossiping, these "*Fun Jottings*" deservedly merit the more enduring garb in which they now appear, and though they neither serve to point a moral or to lay bare any deep emotions, they will be found to have a charm of their own in the easy brilliancy of the narrative, and in the airiness of the dialogue which frequently reminds one of the old comedies of Farquhar, Wycherley and Congreve, divested of their grossness.

— *The Daughter at School*. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. (For sale by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.) This little elementary treatise on education will be found valuable, alike to children and parents. It abounds in fine moral teachings, and while evincing in every page the presence of a thoughtful spirit, is charmingly written and full of interest. The lessons it conveys, and the advice it gives, are sound throughout, and we know of no book which condenses so much practical good sense into so small a compass. A work so much called for at this time, and so eminently useful, deserves to be widely circulated.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

We close the Second Volume of the "*Home Magazine*" with this number. On the cover will be found our announcement for 1854. It will be seen that we continue the very low price to clubs, the large amount of reading matter, and the highly finished steel plates, with other fine engravings. In addition to these, we shall add, for such of our lady readers as desire to see the prevailing styles of dress, Plates of Fashions, colored or plain. Not that we design to make this a leading attraction—we have far higher aims—but so many who take magazines look for this feature, that we deem its introduction expedient.

It is our purpose to make the "*Home Magazine*" a first class Magazine in every respect: yet, so moderate in price, that no one who desires its introduction into his family, can hesitate a moment on the question of expense. The encouragement thus far extended is quite beyond our anticipations, and all the indications now apparent point to a heavy circulation of our Magazine during the year 1854. In consequence of larger orders than was expected, we have been unable to furnish many new subscribers with the first numbers of the present volume. To be certain of meeting all demands, we shall stereotype the earlier numbers of the coming volume.

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